Gc
929.2
D29015
1620642

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01208 0070

THE WILLIAM DAVI(E)S FAMILY

(RHIWLAS)

MT. PLEASANT TOWNSHIP

RACINE COUNTY

WISCONSIN

****

FROM WALES TO AMERICA

1848 - 1948

****

Historical, Genealogical, Biographical

****

A Personal Narrative

by

David J. Davis

Anonymous donor

Source Materiel

1. Early memories.

2. Personal experiences.

1620642

3. Collection of news clippings, obituaries, etc., of Cousin Annie Davis, 2713 Wright Ave., Racine, Wis. (Still in her possession in 1948)

4. Family records, genealogy, etc., of Cousin Gwendolyn Cadwalader Griffith, 8551 S. Oglesby Ave., Chicago, Ill. (1945)

5. Records, letters and experiences of Cousin Ellen Jones, Maes-y-ceirchdir, Newborough, Anglesey, N. Wales.

6. Records of D.J. Davis at University of Wisconsin Class of 1898, Madison, Wis. Rush Medical College, Chicago, Dec. 1903 (Diploma)
University of Chicago Ph.D. 1905
University of Illinois - College of Medicine, Chicago, Ill., 1913, Faculty, Dean, etc.

7. Letters from my brother Wm. O. Davis, Bozeman, Montana (Star Route).

8. Collection of Diplomas, Certificates, etc., in large folio, now at 721 Elmwood Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois.

David J. Davis
Dec. 1945

"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee."

Deuteronomy, 32-7.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

https://archive.org/details/williamdaviesfam00davi

PREFACE

At the outset I wish to make it plain that what is written here is not intended to be a history of Mt. Pleasant Township in Racine County, Wisconsin. I have intended simply to write a brief history of one Family and some of its descendants who happened to have settled there just 100 years ago (1848).

A complete history of this Township would include a composite of hundreds of such family histories together with a systematic historical presentation of names, dates, institutions, physiography and environment. This has been done to some degree by several local historians, especially as concerns the City of Racine. However, very much more still remains to be done. What I will say will constitute a mere additional "drop in the bucket" in relation to a final full and complete story of that community.

These records are set forth for several reasons: First, because for years, and especially as I grow older, I have deplored keenly the fact that no written records exist concerning even my immediate ancestors; practically all of whom had most interesting experiences as participants in one of the grand mass movements of mankind, namely, the winning of our Great West. What stories all of them could have written! (Some could not write.) Second, becuase we owe it to our descendants as well as to society to record our life histories so far as they are known, including pertinent data concerning health, family diseases, causes of death, occupation, career and unusual experiences. And, third, because my two sons have asked that I furnish them with an autobiographical sketch.

I hope that these records will initiate a custom in our family of setting down important notes and data concerning their lives for the benefit and perhaps the pleasure of our posterity. I trust therefore that my sons, as well as some of my many other relatives, and their offspring too, will continue this practice. In so doing, posterity, I am sure, some day will be grateful.

Here is what Lewis Mumford in his "Faith for Living" has to say on this: "The widespread keeping of family records is at least mechanically an easy job; spiritually it will require immense effort before we pour into the work all the love and skill it demands. The writing of journals, psychological records and family histories beginning with the here and now should be one of the most grateful tasks for parents; the gathering of souvenirs, memorabilia, drawings, the recording of anecdotes and stories - all these things will build up that past which will form a bridge over the most turbid autumnal torrent to a firmer, finer future.

"Some of our young people will die before their time, fighting barbarian forces or combating famine and plague. Those who survive them in the family will bear the loss more easily if they do not vanish completely, leaving behind only a few fading photographs. The richer the record the less of them will die. That is the consolation of the writer and the artist when he faces death; let it also be the consolation of parents and children. Life becomes precious again in the family; let us therefore live and re-live its best moments; first in

action, then in memory."

Attached to these records is a genealogical chart which was worked out in cooperation with several members of our Family. This "tree" naturally supplements these records. It is, of course, incomplete. It is also inaccurate, for since it was printed I have found a few discrepancies in names, dates, etc. They are not serious, however.

From genealogy charts much general information of interest may be revealed. I will mention here one point the extent and rate of the dispersion of families in the United States.

One hundred years ago (1848) several members of two families (Davies and Hughes), two of whom had been married in Wales, came to Wisconsin. Soon they began to disperse. Some of them are unknown to me, but many I have been able to follow. As families or as groups, let us call them foci, they have scattered widely throughout the country. The locations of many such foci are as follows: one focus in Baltimore, one focus in Washington, D.C., a large focus in and about Philadelphia, a focus in New York State, a focus in Ohio, four foci in Illinois, three foci in Wisconsin, two foci in Iowa, one focus in Minnesota, one large focus in Nebraska, two foci in Colorado, three foci in Montana, one focus in Nevada, three foci in California, one focus in Oregon, and one in Honolulu. No doubt there are others about which I have no knowledge. The number of individuals amounts to many hundreds.

It often has been said of the Welsh that they are clannish. When strangers in a new land and familiar with only one language, they naturally tend to adhere closely to their friends and relatives, and especially to their church. But in general it is evident from such data as are shown in the chart that during the second generation and particularly in the third generation, they disperse rapidly and widely and soon intermingle and intermarry with the general population to such an extent that often their lineage becomes obscure or obliterated in a few decades.

I trust that the several members of the family whom I have approached, and to whom I have sent copies, will continue to add to this chart. The value of such charts increases in geometrical ratio with the succeeding generations.

INTRODUCTION

On a farm three miles southwest of Racine, Wisconsin, on August 9, 1875, Dr. John Meachem, the second, brought me into the world. Both mother and babe lived. They were "just lucky" for at that time the mortality rates for mothers and children were appalling. (See tombstone data. No official death rates for that period exist.)

Dr. Meachem, the second, was the son of a venerable father, Dr. John Meachem, the first, an eminent pioneer physician in Racine nearly a century ago. Only the other day, Dr. Meachem, the second, died at the age of 96. Attached

is a newspaper clipping giving briefly his biography. He was our family physican for many years. Later the two Drs. Buchan, sometimes one, sometimes the other, officiated in this capacity. Dr. Teegarden and the two Drs. Hoy were other prominent Doctors in Racine at this period. Dr. P. R. Hoy was well known also as a student of Science, especially Natural History and an authority in Ornithology in the State of Wisconsin (see Biography of Citizens of Racine County; also attached item from Science). All these physicians were typical "Horse and Buggy Doctors" belonging to the days long before the telephone, the auto, or the hard roads.

I was the youngest of a family of eight children born to my father from three marriages. The family details will be set forth hereafter under appropriate headings.

Copy

OBITUARY

Dr. J. G. Meachem

Special to The Chicago Sun

Racine, Sept. 10, 1942. - Dr. J. G. Meachem, 96, oldest living graduate of Rush Medical College, who practiced medicine in Racine since 1864, died today. Dr. Meachem was one of the incorporators of St. Luke's Hospital in 1872, serving as its first cheif of staff. He was also secretary of the hospital board for 70 years. He was president of the Alice Horlick Memorial Hospital Association, and president of the Racine Board of Health for 15 years. He built St. Barnabas Chapel at St. Luke's Hospital in memory of his wife, and endowed the hospital library. He retired in 1934.

PRIMITIVE AND PIONEER YEARS

As civilization appears and advances in such a locality as southern Wisconsin, there is a trend from the primitive unorganized state to a more heterogeneous and organized life. The Indians had their trails, rendezvous and villages; but on the whole these were transient and unstable. The advent of the white man was soon followed by more stable institutions. Where the trails crossed, and where the shores, rivers and paths met, the people gathered. They lingered to rest, to talk, to learn, to discuss, to treat and

recover from illness, and often to pray and to preach. Some of these wanderers went on, some decided to remain, and still others retreated. We should remind ourselves that the discussions and decisions made by these very earliest gatherings constitute our true basic history. Most of them unfortunately were never recorded. Diaries and personal letters written on the spot may approach these true records. Most of written history deals with the organizing stage, usually a much later event.

In some such way our very early communities begin, a few pioneers at first, then later, larger and larger numbers assemble. Those that remain soon begin to organize and create. They build crude shelters, crude bridges, crude roads, crude stores for barter and trade, primitive repair shops; later a crude church and a school house, perhaps.

Some of these units soon disintegrate for one reason or another. Some persist but remain small. Others continue to grow and enlarge, a few of them becoming great cosmopolitan centers or cities. To some degree, the course of future events may be predicted, but by no means with certainty. We may say that in a very general way the location of these centers, both small and large, is determined by local resources, environment, transportation facilities, great regional cross roads, etc., etc. Even so, there is much chance in these predictions.

At Racine and vicinity were (1) a lake (Lake Michigan) upon which were Indians and their canoes, and later, the boats and vessels of white men; (2) a river (Root River) furnishing a harbor, though a poor one, and which required a ford; (3) a fertile region round about, heavily timbered; (4) an abundance of game animals and birds. Naturally sooner or later in such locations, people congregate and organize. That is essentially what happened in and about this region of Racine and environs about 130 years ago. With the exception of a few very early French couriers, the whites in the 1820's began to assemble, first, down about the River and the Lake; then gradually expanding through the primitive trails and roads, creating secondary points a few miles away perhaps, thus initiating corners, junctions, groves, villages, etc., often, but not always, attaching names of the earliest settlers or pioneers to them. Thus we have today Mygatts Corners, Pike Grove, Ives Grove and the many other communities in Mt. Pleasant.

The very earliest roads were often winding trails through and about woods, swamps, streams, etc. Later, with the official surveys many roads were constructed along county,section and other lines, and therefore were straight and direct. Suitable names expressing important features, terminals, etc., were applied.

Roads

The character of Roads was and still is determined by three factors: one, the topography of the region; two, the nature of the soil; and three, the amount of intelligent work applied to them.

The land round about Racine is generally low and flat, with drainage

often inadequate. The soil is black loam with an admixture of clay here and there. Along the Lake Michigan shore is a belt of sandy loam; or, in places of nearly pure sand. In the early days, a road tax law was applied to property and the farmers worked out their proportionate amount at so much per diem for team and wagon and man. Much of the work was done with plows, small scoop scrapers, wagons, shovels and picks. The idea was to keep the middle of the road high with both sides sloping into lateral ditches; which served to drain the road and also the adjacent land. As a rule, the results in that locality from such a technique were deplorable. In the Spring and late Fall in places the roads were quagmires and all but impassable, especially during the heavy rains. The mud was heavy and sticky. During the summer, the road surfaces readily became dry and powdery, and clouds of choking dust arose with every gust of wind or passing vehicle. During the long winters the frequent snows were heavy and deep with drifts on and along the roads for miles. Sleighs were in universal use. The tracks were narrow, with deep pitch holes common along the way. Heavy sleds were used by the farmers, and especially the dairymen, to open the roads after the storms for the marketing. And all was made merry with sleighbells.

In some places over low bogs, corduroy roads were used - logs laid side by side across the road. In the early days, too, heavy planks were laid down, lumber then being cheap. These roads were called plank roads. Washington and Asylum Avenue was such a one, and for years called the old plank road. When I was small, the planks had by that time rotted out, but one could see an occasional piece of the old timbers along the way.

It was not until the nineties that the people began to work out their road taxes (or pay them outright) by hauling gravel from pits with which to top the roads. Why they were so slow in adopting this improvement is difficult to understand. (I have heard it said that Bryon Reed was the instigator of this progress in MT. Pleasant.) Once undertaken, gravel or stone roads made rapid headway and are still used on secondary roads, the main highways of course having been cemented or black topped with the advent of the automobile, now some 20 to 30 years ago.

Since Racine was the local metropolis, the roads issued from it in fan-like fashion north, west and south. Along the Lake shore was an ancient sandy road running both north and south. To the north west was the Milwaukee Road and one to the Mill at Horlicks. Then another road ran northwest to Caledonia and Franksville, and still another to the north township of Racine County and to Waterford. Washington Avenue, with a strong south curve around the River flats, reached the southwest corner of Mound Cemetery, thence west through Mygatts Corners to Ives Grove, Yorkville and Rochester. From Washington Avenue, just at the large Murray residence, at Asylum Avenue, proceed southwest past the Taylor Orphan Asylum, past Beebee School and thence south into Kenosha County. The Burlington road began at the Lake just south of the city and proceeded direct to Western Union Junction, to Union Grove and to Burlington. North and south cross roads (Kilbourne Road and Green Bay Road for example) at intervals furnished approaches to the intervening regions areas and homes. All these roads today have numbers. But a few of us still like to use the old names.

The Lake Shore Road south of Racine very early ran a quarter of a mile

from the Lake bank in places. Year after year the waves wore back the shore line, until this old road, even when I was a boy, had fallen into the Lake and another road was made far back of it. An old cemetery of early years (1830's and 40's) was located close to the Lake bank near the site of the Racine College. This cemetery too, along with the road, houses, barns, fences, etc., all went their way into the Lake. When a boy I, with others, went swimming here and there at times along the shore. I vividly recall looking upward and seeing the coffin boxes protruding from the bank as the relentless waters continued to wear away the bank. For the protection of the shore in the vicinity of Racine, through the years, the costs rose to enormous sums of money.

In our old home was a large map of Mt. Pleasant Township and the City of Racine, size about 3 feet by 4 feet. It indicated the roads and location of farms, together with Range, Meridians, Sections, etc. Like many other old valuables, it disappeared. I suppose it was burned along with some of our fine walnut furniture, chairs, bedsteads, lounges, books, candlesticks, etc., etc.

Roads are vital, active, dynamic institutions. They are a fair measure of the age of the country, as our blood vessels are a measure of our own ages. If only they could tell us what has transpired along their ways, what a true and fascinating history it would record!

Fences

Fences are among the oldest of our institutions. They have both architectural and functional features. Since human beings first conceived the idea of "possessing" territory or land, they have been confronted with two specific problems; first, that of conquering the territory and, second, that of later protecting it from outside marauders. Both these problems gave rise to a third one, namely that of the "barrier".

The earliest barriers were the fixed natural defences and physiographic features such as lakes, rivers, sea, swamps, rocks, hills, canyons, mountains, jungle, woods, etc. Then the exercise of human ingenuity soon resulted in the creation of movable barriers naturally out of the more available materials at hand, namely, rocks, stones, trees, logs, ditches, channels, etc.

In Racine County, Wisconsin, the first boundaries delineating a territorial possession were the lake shores and the banks of the rivers and streams. But soon these were altogether inadequate, and artificial fences of one kind or another were necessary.

This county was once covered with massive glaciers which brought down out of the North rocks of various sizes and shapes. Hardheads they were called. In places, too, lime and other rocks protruded. These stones early became available and were used often for basements and houses and to some extent as fences by the early settlers. But they were limited in number and often difficult to prepare and to move.

Far more abundant and more available to the pioneers were the trees

which grew there in profusion long after the glaciers had departed. So, for a generation or more, these trees became the standard materiel out of which fence materi l was made. In this region, oak was one of the commonest trees and it early became popular. It was easily split with the ax and wedges, especially the red oak. Other varieties of trees also were used. Thus in this country where fences were required as soon as possible to confine stock and for many other important purposes, there soon developed workers who became expert in cutting down trees and then in cutting and splitting the logs longitudinally into pieces suitable for fencing. These pieces were called "rails" and the men who did the work became the "rail splitters", soon famous all over the central West. These rails were irregular and roughly 10 feet long and several inches through. The work was hard and tough and to provide enough rails to "fence" the country into relatively small farms and fields surely was a job that must have seemed monumental to these pioneers. And it was just that. During that early period, the 1820's, '30's, '40's and thereafter - now a hundred years ago and more - literally every farm in that section was enclosed and partitioned by these "rail fences". It meant thousands upon thousands of trees to erect the thousands of miles of rail fences along the highways and about the farms and fields, and which for decades continued a dominating and characteristic feature of this region.

There were two kinds of rail fences. The more common was the crooked or worm fence, the rails being placed one upon another at an angle and supported at two-thirds of the height by two strengthening rails set up in X fashion. The second type was the post and bar fence which was straight but required more time and labor to perforate the posts so the bars could be inserted through the apertures. In a way the "crooked" fence was a nuisance since in its corners weeds and shrubs often grew in abundance and land was wasted by its width. These fences required frequent repairs especially when old. The rails at their ends and near the ground rotted after a few years and needed new bars from time to time. Their main virtue was the fact that the trees, both for repairs and construction, were readily available and cheap. For nearly two generations these fences predominated. But about or before the 1880's and '90's the supply of trees had largely been exhausted, and another kind of fence was necessary.

For some years about that time and especially on the horse farms, board fences came into vogue. Lumber was still cheap, and an abundance was usually found at the Lake Ports brought down from the northern pineries by the lumber schooners. The post-board fence was neat and substantial. But soon the boards began to rot and the price of lumber began to rise. Then it was that the wire fence, barbed for cattle and plain for horses, was invented and soon commanded the fencing industry which it has largely controlled up to the present time. The age of steel had again won out. The stone and rail fence now exists only here and there about gardens and yards as ornaments or as antiques.

Today one sees occasionally one or two wires strung along a series of posts. Somewhere along the line is a battery furnishing an electric shock to man or beast who might touch the wires for an instant. One contact for a sensitive animal is enough. Never again will it approach that "mystery". And so now electricity is winning out even over steel.

Fences like medicines often have been the object of quacks and crooks. In the early 1880's I recall the invasion of the township by a group of fence

swindlers. With fancy and decorative prints they induced the farmers to enter into a contract whereby the latter were to pay $1.00 per rod (25 cents for four years) including upkeep, for an osage orange hedge. The hedge they claimed would be full grown in four years and an effective barrier to animals and man. Soon it became evident that this hedge was not adapted to grow well in that territory. Many farmers were duped by signing contracts and paying for 2, 3 or 4 years only to find later that the growth of the hedge was a failure, and to find that still later the gang had skipped the country with as much money as they could collect.

One of my earliest memories (about 1880) concerned fence building and especially fence repairing. I recall my father in the Spring going into our oak woods and cutting down trees and splitting them into rails for the repair of the fences. But this was just at the close of the "rail fence" period - a period of hard work which was all done by hand; and a period it may be said that will never again return to that region.

After the removal of the trees there remained the land well covered with stumps and brush. It was called "stump land". Some of the debris could be burned. But most of it could be cleared and made ready for crops only by the hardest kind of hand labor, using the ax, the mattock, and the pick and shovel. This work was known as "grubbing" and was about the least popular job that confronted our ancestors. Now, with tractors, dynamite and power machinery of various kinds there is little to it.

And thus was terminated another pioneer period.

Houses

In the 1820's and 1830's small houses made of logs hewn out of the abundant forest round about were common. Many, together with out-buildings, stood for years. I recall several as late as my day (that is the 1880's) that were pointed out as relics of a far-distant past. But soon more substantial wooden frame structures were erected and rapidly replaced the ancient log houses. Generally these houses were small and simple, of one story or one and a half in height, with small stone basements. At a later time, in the 1860's and 1870's, perhaps as an expression of the new prosperity, a few large pretentious farm houses, built according to a substantial block plan and usually full two stories or more, appeared here and there on prominent corners and in attractive locations. They were, as a rule, of cream brick. Many are standing to this day. To name but a few, are the Murray, the Richards, the Griffiths (Hedke), the Walker, the Fratt, the Beebee, and the Newman. Associated with these houses were a cluster of red or grey painted stock barns. Naturally these fine old homesteads are disappearing - only to be replaced by the unspeakably shapeless structures of these recent years.

GENERAL ENVIRONMENT

My earliest years were lived on a farm of 154 acres and in a home which was more or less typical of the homes of the average Wisconsin boy of that period. The farms in the vicinity ranged roughly from 60 to 200 acres (or more) in size. Round about was beautiful rolling country with a temperate climate ranging from warm to hot summers, to cold and severe winters. The soil was fertile. General farming (oats, wheat, corn, hay, flax, potatoes, etc.) was the great industry of the day. Dairy farming and garden truck farming on a large scale were in their initial stages. In later years these latter were to play an important role as specialized industries in that region.

Our Neighbors - The Welsh

The neighbors were a hard working middle class people attracted to that locality by the soil. May migrated from the East especially from New York State. There were some New England Yankees. The majority however were immigrants and, in that territory just west of Racine, from North Wales. In two communities, Pike Grove (named from Pike Creek) and Skunk Grove within a few miles of Racine, the Welsh occupied farms almost continuously for miles around. Many Welsh also located in the city of Racine.

They were a thrifty, industrious and somewhat clannish people but affable and generous. To some degree they were socialistic, or better, collectivistic for in earlier years they freely exchanged workers, they shared crops and food and they loaned generously to each other. A death, a serious accident, a fire, flood, or cyclone or a tragedy of any kind was shared willingly and graciously by the members of the community - and this meant in those days chiefly the church community. There were exceptions, but, on the whole they, like the Welsh in Wales were a kindly, neighborly people and deeply religious. They lived their lives in a reasonable and democratic way and profoundly loyal to their newly adopted country. Most of them coming from Wales in that period (the eighteen forties and fifties) could speak only the Welsh language (a very different tongue from English).

They brought with them their church. Principally they were Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Methodists. As I recall there were two Welsh churches in the city of Racine, one at Pike Grove (about four miles southwest of Racine) and one at Skunk Grove about four miles northwest of Racine. There were many others at some distance away especially in Milwaukee and in or near Waukesha. These churches were the centers of the social as well as the religious life of these people.

The ministers in these churches were, as a rule, well educated and cultured men who preached their sermons in Welsh, in a forceful, oratorical style. They had developed an interesting delivery, a semi-intonation, the voice rising and falling as the sermon progressed and the tone and pitch of the voice and the gestures of the speaker becoming more and more fervid and finally reaching a grand climax called the "Hwyl". On occasions there was an abundance of "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" as well as other manifestations of a religious ecstasy by members of the congregation.

Every child went to Sunday School. Here the Bible was read in Welsh and verses were committed to memory in Welsh by the children. The A.B.C. book prepared in simple Welsh was the standard text used in the school. Personally I had this very experience using this A.B.C. book in Sunday School even before I attended the country public school. This was at the Welsh Congregational Church on Park Avenue in Racine which was the first church I attended and where I was christened in 1878 by the Minister, the Reverend Mr. Wm. Williams. (we later attended for a time Pike Grove Welsh Church.)

Welsh Music

Love of music is an outstanding characteristic of the Welsh people. (See my account in Appendix of my visit to Wales in 1927.) Everyone in a Welsh Community sings - or at least is interested in singing. Naturally, too, the church is the institution around which their musical festivals and choir singing mainly center. The Cymanfa was a great gathering or convention held usually in one of the Welsh churches on more or less regular occasions at which several denominations or churches assembled. Here the large audiences manifested their religious natures at their best. Singing was perhaps first in order. Everyone sang the old church hymns. (See my old Welsh Hymnal in my collection of old books G-14. People came from miles around and it was well worth a long journey to hear such music. I can recall such gatherings of 60 years ago almost as if they were yesterday. The volume and harmony of song were impressive. The bassos especially filled the church with their deep tones; for the voices of the Welsh people are naturally low and resonant.

The Eisteddfod, literally a sitting or session, in contrast with the Cymanfa which was an essentially religious occasion, was the real gathering of the Welsh musical and poetic clans. Here assembled the Bards. It was a great song festival, literally a feast of music. They were and still are held at irregular intervals and at the various Welsh centers in this country. In Wales the Eisteddfod is a Welsh national institution held each year in a great auditorium set up for the occasion. (See notes Diary of 1927 appendix.) It continues for five or six days. Crowds of 10,000 or more attend. Much of the time during the day is given over to competition between mixed choirs, male and female choirs, quartets, solo singers, etc. At times these competitions become monotonous, for many contests are involved. Usually each evening special concerts are given, with programs arranged for the union of these several great choirs, interspersed with songs from the best soloists available. At interims during the programs prominent national figures appear on the stage as the orators of the occasion. David Lloyd George for years has been the favorite in Wales. It was he I heard when I attended in 1927. (See Diary 1927.)

In addition to music both vocal and instrumental (especially the harp) and poetry, the festival includes competitive displays of handicrafts, laces, etc. These items later are sold. I purchased the prize-winning tea cozy at the Eisteddfod in 1927; a leather one which we have used on our table at home now these many years. (We still use it in 1947.)

(Note: See the "Introduction to Gems of Welsh Melody" - G-61 - an old song book in my library for a brief statement on Welsh music and the Eisteddfod. Also see Morton's "In Search of Wales" - G-277 - for an account of the Eisteddfod at Bangor and much Welsh history together with a short but useful bibliography of Wales and its people. Also see "Wild Wales" by George Borrow.)

THE COMMUNITY

Racine, the center of which was three miles from our farm, was a city (in 1880) of about 16,000 people. It was beautifully located on the west shore of Lake Michigan 60 miles north of Chicago and 25 miles south of Milwaukee. At this point Root River, a small sluggish stream draining parts of Racine and Waukesha Counties runs into the Lake. Racine was then and still is an industrial city. The chief industries at that period were the J.I. Case Threshing Machine Co. (created by Mr. J. I. Case - see chapter on Threshing), the Mitchel & Lewis Wagon Company, the Racine Carriage Company, the Freeman Company and a number of other industries engaged especially in the manufacture of farm implements. It was these industries together with the demand for farm laborers, that attracted about this time and somewhat earlier too, immigrants from various European countries.

The Welsh had appeared here early (1830-50) as we have already stated. Young men from Wales continued to arrive during my boyhood period. I well remember many, some employed by my father, who had recently come over and who could not speak a word of English. They soon learned, however. These young men had little or no money and were from the Welsh peasant class. They were excellent workers. Many soon or at a later time moved to the great West - to Iowa, to Dakota (Dakota had not then been divided), to Nebraska, Kansas and so on.

People of other nationalities also were appearing in this region, and for similar reasons. The Danes, Norwegians and Irish were common immigrants for many years. The Danes were a hardy people and efficient farm hands. They were also good shop men. In time, they acquired farms and gardens, often renting or purchasing the farms of the Welsh who gradually retired, moved away or died. Approximately from 1900 to 1910 this replacement reached its climax. To us, at that period, this change which we saw gradually occuring about us seemed a serious matter. The Welsh people, together with their lands were disappearing, dying, moving to the cities, dispersing in various directions; and taking their places were the foreigners chiefly Danes (in our immediate neighborhood). Never again, we predicted at that time, would that community be the same. And it never was. The Welsh churches closed their doors and Welsh social life largely ceased to exist. This change seemed to concern the country communities first and only later the cities. For some years (roughly until 1920) Welsh life and customs continued to exist though gradually losing ground until, at the present time, little remains.

As already stated, the Welsh people from the first were dominated by a determination that their children should have an education. They soon paid off their land mortgages and became relatively prosperous. They sent their children to the local schools. Many continued in the High Schools, and then went on to Colleges and Universities.

The rise of the State Universities about this time (from 1890 on) had a powerful influence on the progressive Welsh, not only in Wisconsin but throughout the West. Welsh names were numerous on the student lists of the Colleges and Universities of that period. Though they did not realize it perhaps, this dominant desire for education by the Welsh spelled the doom of their communities. Once away from their homes, the children rarely returned. Few became farmers

again. They became lawyers, doctors, teachers, businessmen, etc. They scattered to the four corners of this great and expanding American country. They soon forgot the Welsh language, at least in a generation or two. They were naturally good mixers. And so, with exceptions here and there, where relatively few were caught in local eddies of Welsh life, the great mass of them joined other nationalities of diverse origins creating a population of amalgamated and unified people with the ideals characteristic of the midwest of today. (See "The Great Lakes" by Hatcher, 1944, for an account of the great migration to the Lake States. In my library. Also "Land of Promise" by Havighurst, 1947.)

At this point by way of interjection, I will refer to a small volume (G-46) entitled "The Welsh Community of Waukesha County" written by Daniel J. Williams of that County in 1926. I knew Dan when I was a student at the University of Wisconsin (1894-1898), at which time he was a graduate student there. In this volume (which I possess and prize) he gives in detail an account of the Welsh in that County, including the first settlers, their farm, church and school life. Our Welsh community near Racine was almost an exact duplicate of the Waukesha one, but on a somewhat smaller scale. I recall my mother when I was a very young lad visiting Waukesha where many of her relatives and friends lived. Later in life I became well acquainted with Mr. Williams of the Wern farms, also his son-in-law, Mr. Rowlands, not far from Genesee Station. This is one of the finest dairy counties in the country and the center of the certified milk industry about Chicago. This volume of Dan Williams is valuable historically, and I commend it to anyone interested in early community life in the Middle West. A similar volume was issued some years earlier by the Welsh communities in and around Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (Also see "Old World Wisconsin" by Fred L. Holmes (G-296) p. 197.)

The impression should not be created that in this general locality (southern Wisconsin) the Welsh was the only foreign group existing there (loc. cit. "Old World Wisconsin"). In addition to the Danes and Scandinavians already mentioned, there were the Irish, largely Catholic in or near the center of Racine Co. with churches at Burlington, Union Grove, and at Western Union Junction (later Corliss). An English community settled in the western part of the County near Browns Lake, remnants of which are there today.

Near Burlington, Racine County, there settled two miles west of the city on the White River a group of Mormons under King Strand. This settlement was named Voree. It was an offshoot of the Mormons who had been drived from Nauvoo, Ill., about 1844 and their leader, Smith, killed at Carthage, Ill. This settlement later disintegrated and scattered (see "The Long Ships Passing" by Walter Havighurst -G-9- in my library. Also "Badger Saints and Sinners" by Fred L. Holmes - E.M. Hale & Co., 1939- G-297). King Strand moved his band to Beaver Island in Lake Michigan in 1849 where he developed a community largely of farmers and fishermen. To some extend polygamy was practiced. This proved to be their doom, for settlers from the vicinity attacked and demolished both their towns, St. James, and their houses, and King Strand was shot. He lived for a time, later dying at Voree, Wisconsin in 1856. The site of this settlement (Voree) is at present marked by a monument upon which is a plaque with a sketch map of the old town. At this writing (1946) three of the old stone houses are still standing and occupied.

At intervals of about two to four miles along the highways were the justly celebrated district school houses of that period. The people and especially the Welsh were intent on providing an education for their children. If a school was not already close by they soon saw to it that one was built. These school houses were usually of brick and in that section of cream brick. So here it was the little cream brick school house and not the proverbial little red school house that played such an important role in the life of the American people.

They were buildings of one story and one large room with a front entry. At one end of the room was the teacher's desk on a low rostrum. Blackboards occupied adjacent wall space and in one corner was the indispensable Webster's Dictionary. Near the center of the room was a large heating stove designed for burning wood, and tended either by the teacher or by some responsible student. The teachers chiefly were young women, as a rule graduates from a High School. At that time standards for teachers were not rigid nor high. Often persons, men or women with little education were employed especially those of the elderly class, who had some preliminary experience elsewhere in teaching. College graduates were rare and limited largely to the clergy. Even high school graduates were not numerous until about 1900, at which time the rise of the High School began to become evident throughout the country.

Three-forths of a mile from our home was the Fratt School, named after Nicholas Fratt, an old settler and a wealthy and prominent man who owned the land round about the school, and who later was President for years of the First National Bank of Racine. He lived in a large brick house on what is now 12th Street just across the road from the Mound Cemetery. Later I will refer to this school again in another connection.

Two miles south, on the now Lathrop Avenue, was and is still located the Beebee School. This was named after Mr. Beebee, another old pioneer who owned the adjacent land across the road from the school and who lived in a large home on the estate. The house still stands.

Other schools in the neighborhood were located at Mygatts Corners, at Pike Grove, at Hoods Corners, at Western Union Junction, at Berryville, and at several other points, all outside the City of Racine. All were similar in appearance and arrangement and gave similar courses.

Blacksmith Shops

Institutions as popular and as interesting to the youths of a community as a blacksmith shop should not be overlooked. What our boys today have missed with the exit of the smithy a generation ago, unfortunately they will never know.

A blacksmith shop in itself is an educational center for boys. There they see, and learn and remember, and have good fun in doing so. Boys are never bad around such a shop. They are too busy and interested.

In these shops the horses are shod. To do this requires the use of a hot fire made with a bellows. In the very early days oxen also were shod It is hard hot work that requires skill and patience to shape and to fit the red hot steel shoes.

There too, repairs of every conceivable piece of farm and home machinery are made. Setting a tire on a wagon wheel may require as much skill and ingenuity as a surgical operation - and more power.

From daylight to dark there issues from these shops those intriguing and pleasing musical sounds made by the hammer and the anvil - sounds imitated but never equalled even by our music masters.

In our neighborhood, chiefly at community centers, were the usual number of these shops. At Mygatts Corners on the southwest corner was the Phelps shop, operated efficiently for many years first by the father and later by the son, Charlie. Across the road was the shop of the Englishman, John Richardson. Another shop for a time was on 12th Street, a short distance west of Mound Cemetery. Other shops were found at Western Union Junction, at Franksville, at Ives Grove, and at Yorkville, as well as several in the City of Racine. All have long ago disappeared, having been replaced by the dozens of auto garages and oil stations. What a revolution!

Amusements

As already stated, a large part of the social life of the neighborhood centered about the church. In addition to the religious activities, there were the associated amusements - the socials, the parties, the concerts and especially the musical entertainments of a minor sort. At times they were held in the church; more often in the church basement, or in the old vestry building (at the Mt. Pleasant Church).

Years ago, singing schools were popular. These were held in the churches or in school houses during the winter seasons, and conducted by some person fairly well trained in music and possessed of a good voice. Prof. William Toas of Somers (near), Russel Lewis, Sr., and my Uncle, Edward Davis, were outstanding song leaders in the Mt. Pleasant neighborhood for many years. The singing school sessions were terminated usually in the spring with formal concerts at which times the character of the talent displayed was often very commendable, to say the least.

In our immediate circles in the eighties, dancing and card playing were not countenanced. In the nineties, however, the standards for amusements became more lenient and both dancing and card parties were given the "green light", at least by most families. Euchre was the popular card game for some years; other games later were slowly introduced. Square dances were the favorite pastimes, especially in large houses and in new barns. "Fog Horn" Worsley of Union Grove (near) was without a peer as the "caller" and was in great demand throughout the county. (He ran at one time for Governor of Wisconsin on the Populist Ticket.) His vocal power was unbelievable. John Demoulpied and Billy Williams were the favorite "fiddlers", and during the season in later years hardly an

open evening was allowed them, so popular had dancing become. At a still later time (about 1900) the round dances invaded the amusement circles and rapidly replaced the earlier forms.

In noting the variety of waywhereby these people of a half century and more ago amused themselves, in addition to these entertainments, dancing, singing, parties, etc., we should speak of the occasional farm auction or sale at which large crowds gathered for a "day's outing" as well as for a possible "bargain". The typical auctioneer then and still is a character. Not many real ones are born, for "born" they must be for the job. Here are some of the necessary qualities and characteristics: a sonorous voice, a perfect and pleasing enunciation, a good story teller, an actor, a naturally "funny man", a knowledge of live stock including humans, a knowledge of farm utensils and of household goods and furniture, a quick eye, and a fair sense of values and prices. And no stutterers need apply! One would admit that such a man could make a good living at almost any job.

There also were the barn raisings of which there were many in the good old days. To raise the heavy timbers required many strong men. Then, from time to time there were "Bees" of various kinds, quilting bees, husking bees, stacking bees, paring bees, etc. All these and many more were primarily arranged to perform work by the group system before the machine age. But they were also made to be delightful social occasions cleverly designed to relieve monotony and to add variety and gaiety to an existence at times both drab and lonely.

FROM WALES TO AMERICA

Into this community with an environment as described above, my ancestors about the middle of last century came to live and to create. In many ways they were fortunate. They found themselves in a great rich country, a land literally "flowing with milk and honey".

They came here because from their native land of Wales thousands of their countrymen, friends and relatives, were coming to America where land was plentiful and where there was a farm for all - a land of free men, free schools, free churches, free everything. What a word "free" was to them! For in nearly every conversation I heard when very young, the word "freedom" was their master word. At that time I wondered why they used so often that word "freedom". I did not then understand it, naturally, but they did. I was not to fully comprehend it for many years, indeed not until the times of World Wars I and II.

Freedom was their watchword for two main reasons: first, these people came from a Europe which then was not free in the many ways it is today. At that time they were poor. They belonged to the peasant and middle classes - at least most of them. In the old country they lived under restraints of various kinds. The revolution of 1848 involved many countries and peoples, and at that time was "in the air" as it were. Thousands came here on account of these disturbances which then were shaking all Europe and especially Germany.

The Civil War in the United States had terminated in 1865. In this great crisis "freedom" again was the watchword of the people - freedom for the slaves. Their position regarding slavery was a natural sequence of their earlier experiences; the one intensified the other and both lead up to a grand climax (as it were) as expressed in our democratic life and free institutions. Little wonder then that these people loved freedom and talked about it. Often I listened to my father and uncles and neighbors discussing the then recent Civil War, Abe Lincoln, the Copperheads and related topics. And always with emphatic reference to "this great free country". They were proud of this "free" country. No fifth columnists were among the Welsh. Nearly all of them were Lincoln Pepublicans. A few copperheads were still about, Democrats of Civil War days who had stood out for appeasement of the South in slavery matters. In my earliest memory (which was about 1880) these copperheads were not quite respectable persons in the community generally. And they were definitely "The despised and rejected of men" by those Republicans of the Abe Lincoln stamp. (Note. In my library is a book, G-15, "Racine County Militant" published by Leach in 1915, in which is a good account of Civil War, soldiers, copperheads, etc., of those times. See also "Badger Saints & Sinners" - Fred L. Holmes, G-296, for an account of the Underground Railway).

At that time too, a clear distinction was not always made between Copperheads and Democrats. This attitude is illustrated by the fact that at our local elections in the Mount Pleasant Township Racine Co. in my boyhood days a democratic ballot was not even printed.

And so my Welsh ancestors came to this country, together with thousands of their countrymen for the above very definite and substantial reasons - reasons which had much to do later in making them good citizens and in making this country the great free land it now is. Let us not forget these reasons today when we are fighting the World Wars. There is a definite sequential relationship.

My Paternal Ancestors and Rhiwlas

For information concerning ancestors on my father's side, I have depended chiefly on the records of Gwendolyn Cadwallader (Griffiths), my cousin; also those of my cousin Annie Davis of Racine, Wis., (see attached data especially Gwendolyn 's record). These reports indicate that the Davies family on my paternal grandfather's side lived on the same estate in Montgomeryshire, N. Wales., for four centuries. I take it there were five families at the time of my grandfather in homes as follows: William Davies (my grandfather) living on Rhiwlas, John Davis on Tyn Cylen, Morris Davis on Wayol, Morris Davis on Kyruatha (who married Mrs. Chesire), Elinor Owen on Cylen Bach and Elizabeth Jones on Brwlas Tyn-y-Meis.

My grandfather was the only one known to have emigrated to America. (I am very sorry I did not know of these several homes and ancestors when I was in Montgomeryshire in 1927.) The several names of this group all have come down in the progeny over and over again, as we shall see later on. I have no information about the parents of these persons. I assume their names were "Davies" - who would be my great grandparents and beyond.

As already stated, the name of my paternal grandfather was William Davies. He lived in Montgomeryshire, North Wales, on a farm about seven miles west of Llanfyllin in the parish of Llanfihaugel. The name of his farm was "Rhiwlas". When I visited there in 1927 I obtained pictures of the house, buildings and fields. No doubt they appear now about as they did when the family left them in 1848. These photos of Rhiwlas were taken by Miss Winifred Lloyd, daughter of Mrs. Lloyd now living there (1928) (see her attached letter) and later mailed to me. I also have the negatives. Rhiwlas is a Welsh word which translated means "Verdant Slope", a most appropriate name for this farm, for it is a gradual "slope" upward to the west and always green.

The naming of farms is in accordance with a very ancient custom in that country. Nearly 100 years later, in 1927, when I visited there, everyone round about knew of this farm "Rhiwlas". As was the practice too, these farm names were often carried over to this country. As we shall see later, my grandmother when finally established on her farm (later the Owen's farm) near Racine continued Rhiwlas as the name for the new farm in America In later years this name was gradually discontinued. (For futher details and photos see my letter to my brother, W.O. Davis written from London, England in August 1927. Also my diary of 1927.)

My grandfather's family was a fairly typical large Welsh family of that period, living in well-to-do circumstances, since they owned their fine farm of some 200 acres (this was its size in 1927) located in a really magnificent beauty spot in North Wales.

Speaking of this region as a beauty spot and with desirable features and advantages, I will refer to some notes I made when there in 1927. Rhiwlas is in a valley in the midst of a beautiful hilly country sloping in general downward and eastward toward the typical Welsh town of Llanfyllin. The land is very fertile. General farming and stock raising are the chief industries. The people round about apparently are quite pure Celtic. They are dark with profuse dark or black hair and rather large and stockily formed physiques. Being some distance from the sea, they have been less contaminated perhaps by Vikings, Danes and other sea rovers. In other words, they represent a fairly pure race or strain of ancient Britons who, it is purported, came originally from the Iberian peninsula, probably therefore a people of Mediterranean origin.

So about 100 years ago William Davies and his family decided to leave this beautiful land and move to the great country of America. It came about in this way: William's family then consisted of himself and his wife, Alice Hughes Davies, (see details of her life later) and eight children. The order in age was about as follows: Ellen, David (my father and the oldest son), John, William, Elizabeth, Ann, Edward and Morris (a ninth child, Alice, died in Wales at the age of 13 or 14 years). John (next to the oldest male child) in 1840 came to America and settled at, or near New York Mills, Oneida County, New York Evidently John was a forceful and determined young man of 18 years; so much so that he succeeded in inducing his family to follow him to this country. (See his obituary notice and record in Wisconsin Legislature.) No doubt others used their influence. The mother's brother, Thomas Hughes, had come to Racine, Wic., in 1846. (See below for his record.)

So, in 1848, William Davies sold his farm in Wales and brought his entire family to America to join John at New York Mills (which is near Utica). On the ocean the father became ill; I have heard it said by members of the family, of an intestinal trouble, possibly a dysentery. After landing in New York the family proceeded westward to Utica. The father died in John's house at New York Mills. Here and about were a large number of Welsh people. Among them in addition to the son, John, were relatives, Hughes by name, living at or near Rome, not far from Utica. William Davies, my paternal grandfather, was buried at New York Mills. I have been unable to learn of his burial place, cemetery, etc. No photograph or likeness of him is known to exist. (In my brother Will's letter attached herewith, he states that our father (David W.) was the oldest son and therefore would inherit the property. It has been said also that for 400 years the property of Rhiwlas had descended to the oldest son. I have heard it said too, as brother Will stated, that my father was induced to sign away his rights; whether in Wales before the family came to America or at what time I have no information.)

The mother (my grandmother) and children including John soon proceeded on their way westward via the Great Lakes to Racine, Wis. During this first winter, 1848-49 they lived in a small house known as the Hall house, located across the Asylum Avenue road slightly to the east of the Beebee School House. As stated, Thomas Hughes the brother of the mother, Alice, had bought the farm 3 years before (1846) just west of the schoolhouse. Thus they were close to their relatives (see account of the Hughes family later on). From this time on the family soon began to disperse. Many details are missing.

But the mother used her funds to purchase the farm which they at once named Rhiwlas from their farm in Wales and which later came to be known as the Thomas Owens farm and was located(Range 23 E of 4th P.M.) on what for years now has been called Lathrop Avenue (after Lucas Lathrop, an old Civil War veteran who owned the farm at the S.W. corner of Lathrop Ave. and 12th street). She later erected a large substantial house in front of an old small house already there. This was about 1856, perhaps a little later. This house remained there as the homestead of that farm until demolished in 1938 or 39. (Long before this the Owens family had sold out and the farm was subdivided). There remained with her the younger children Morris and Edward, perhaps others for a time, and they carried on farming until the mother's death in 1862. Soon the farm was sold or distributed. The details I do not know. Uncle Edward acquired part of the farm (the east side, 120 acres) by purchase and settlement and Morris also acquired some money when he later moved to Iowa. The mother is buried in Mound Cemetery, Racine, in the low known as the D.W. and E.D. Davis lot. No photograph of her exists, so far as I can determine. At the time of her death she was 70 years old. Cause of death unknown. (See Brother Will's letter of June, 1945.)

David William Davis, the oldest male child, was my father. But before entering upon his career I will set forth what information I have about his brothers and sisters, that is, my uncles and aunts; and, also, later the ancestors on my mother's side.

John W. Davi(e)s

John W. (Davies) Davis. (See attached letters, records, obituary notices, etc.)

As already stated, John W. Davis in 1840 when 18 years of age came to this country, settling at New York Mills near Utica, N.Y. Here he remained until 1848 by which time he had induced his entire family to join him. In or about 1850 he married Margaret M. Connell, by whom, and later by a second wife, he had four daughters and one son, John. Soon after the death of his father, he and all other members of the family moved to Racine, Wis., as already related. John soon (about 1848 or 1850) moved to Fox Lake, Wisconsin, residing there until about 1876 (exact date not known to me). In the meantime he had been admitted to the Bar and also was engaged in banking, becoming President of the First National Bank of Fox Lake. During this period too he became interested in politics. He served three terms in the Wisconsin Legislature. Attached is an interesting and informative letter in his own handwriting dated Feb. 10th, 1871. The letter heading is a picture of his bank (and law office). Also there is attached a letter dated January 17, 1945 from the Wisconsin State Historical Society, Madison, giving the records of his life so far as the Wisconsin data indicate.

From the letter he wrote to his brother Edward in 1871, it is clear his health was none too good. He was suffering from a chronic bronchial asthma. It was on this account that he moved permanently (about 1875?) to Colton, California. There his health was better. He engaged again in banking, conducting several banks in that region and becoming prosperous. He died in Colton, Cal. in 1887 (See obituary notice of Annie Davis).

When he first came to this country as a young man of 18, he went to school and also studied or read law. He was altogether a self made man of the pioneer type, keen and intelligent. His family, mother, brothers and sisters, including my father (and therefore myself) owe much to his energy and foresight in the eighteen forties. Also to his sympathetic family interest which he possessed and manifested to a high degree during the trying and tragic experience of his family in their migration to this country. For, following the death of the father, most of the responsibility must have fallen on his shoulders. Excepting him, it is doubtful if any of the family could speak English. Certainly my father could not. How many such experiences there must have been during that period and how little we now remember or appreciate what these forefathers of ours did for us during those hard years of just a century ago. All honor and glory to them, for it was they who made this country.

Uncle John had one son, John W. Davis, and 5 daughters: Elizabeth (died before 1860 - 3 years old), Alice Robinson of Bloomington, Ill., Fannie Gimble, Lillian (or Lydia) Hutchison and Erma (see letter from Wis. State Historical Soc.) All now are dead. Their descendents in turn are dispersed widely throughout the West, merging with the general population no doubt in a multitude of honorable and interesting ways, (I hope) but of the details I have little or no information. I trust some direct descendent of Uncle John W Davis will see fit to follow the offspring of this interesting man. I hope I may be able sometime to obtain a portrait of him.

COPY COPY

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN

State Historical Society

816 State Street

Madison 6

Edward P. Alexander
Director

January 17, 1945

Dean Emeritus Davis
721 Elmwood Avenue
Wilmette, Illinois

Dear Dr. Davis:

Your letter of January 6, requesting information on John W. Davis and family has been received. John Davis was born in Wales, March 6, 1822, came to the United States in 1840, settled first in Oneida County, New York and in 1848 moved to Wisconsin.

He was living in the town of Waushara, Dodge county at the time of the 1850 census. The census gave the following information: Profession-lawyer; value of real estate - 900; wife's name - Margaret, age 29, born in Scotland; children: Alice, 3 years, born in New York; Elizabeth, 1 year, born in Wisconsin, died before 1860.

Probably soon after 1850 he moved to Fox Lake where he practiced law in partnership with A. C. Ketchum. He was a member of the Wisconsin Assembly representing district 22 in 1853 and 1854 and served on the judiciary committee with Knowlton, Webster, Orton, and Remington; also on the Claims committee.

In 1854 he established the Bank of Fox Lake under state law and later succeeded in reorganizing it under national act as the First National Bank of Fox Lake. In 1864 it had a capital of $50,000 which was increased to $80,000 before 1878. Davis himself was a man of considerable income for that time; the value of his personal property and real estate in 1860 was $36,000, $41,750 in 1870. In both the 1860 and 1870 census he was listed as lawyer and banker.

By 1860 there were 3 more children: Anna or Emma 10 years old, Fanny 6 years old and Lydia (listed in 1870 as Tillie) 3 years. A son, John W. was born in 1861. His wife dies before 1870.

He was unsuccessful as Democratic candidate for Assembly and State treasurer in 1865, but in 1873 he was again a member of the Assembly. During this time he held many local offices; he was trustee and president of the village, county supervisor, and chairman of the county board. He was still living in Fox Lake in 1881, but was not practicing law at that time. We were

unable to find the date of his death, but the death records for Dodge county 1877-date are indexed and filed with the Register of Deeds, Juneau, Wisconsin.

References consulted:
Wisconsin Blue Books 1848-
History of Dodge county, 2 v.
Wis. State Bar Assoc. Proc. 1881
Wis. census records 1850, 1860, 1870

We called the Wis. Legislative Reference library and the University Law Library, but they were unable to furnish additional information.

Sincerely yours,

State Historical Society
of Wisconsin

By Genevieve Winchester (Signed)
Genevieve Winchester
Senior Library Assistant

GW:M

Edward Davis

Edward D. Davis (Uncle Edward), was next to the youngest of this family (see obituary notice), having been born in December 1831 on "Rhiwlas near Llanfyhangel, N. Wales. He therefore was 17 years old when the family came to this country. He continued to live with few interruptions with his mother on the farm Rhiwlas (U.S.A.) near Racine, Wis., until her death in 1862. He then acquired the south part of the farm (about 120 acres) by settlement where he continued to live until his death June 20, 1912, at the old homestead about 40 rods south and west of his mother's home. There was standing at that place then an old small house. About 1885 he built a new pretentious house at the site of the old one, which is still standing as I write. Some years after his death the daughters, Alice and Annie, sold the farm and bought a smaller house at 2713 Wright Ave., Racine, Wis., where Annie still lives (1943).

Edward married Ann Owen in 1854. She died in 1910. Three children were born to them, John, Alice and Annie. John P. Davis lived on the farm with his father for many years. Later he married a Miss Birch and moved to Kenosha, Wis. He died in May, 1904, at his father's home after a long illness with pulmonary tuberculosis (see obituary notice). He had no children.

Alice J. Davis and Annie E. Davis continued to live unmarried with their parents on the old farm, and, after their deaths, they established a residence on Wright Ave. in Racine. Alice died Mch. 30, 1930 from carcinoma of the lower bowel. Annie at this writing is living alone there. She is a gracious kindly soul, existing in the midst of her acquisitions of many, many years - shawls, dresses, silks, trinkets, dishes, etc., etc., but comfortable and resigned. Many wonder what will become of her and her belongings.

Uncle Edward was a man of character; a man who over a period of many years had acquired the confidence and admiration of a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. While he continued to operate his farm efficiently, he indulged in other activities many of which arose from his unselfish soul. For he was a man with a great soul. He was religious but not intolerant. He was from its inception a pillar of the Welsh Congregational Church on Park Avenue in Racine, where he occupied nearly all the responsible positions in the church during his long life. He loved music and he loved to sing. Later in life he conducted at the Beebee School House an old fashioned singing school. He went to public school in this country for he had little education in Wales. In every sense he was a self made man. For about 20 years he was elected, by the people, the Assessor for Mt. Pleasant Township and was rewarded by the universal confidence placed in him by the public. His records were immaculate, thanks to his daughters as well as to himself. He carried on general farming, but always with a fling for fine horses. For a good many years he was definitely interested in race horses and had some fine animals in his barns. Finally they nearly "got" him for when the slump came in horse racing and with the advent of the automobile about 1900 to 1910 he was caught with about 30 animals on his hands, most of which were hardly worth their value as horse meat. He held them for years, feeding them and wasting time and money, hoping for the return of the old time racehorse. He never came back - at least as he was. Uncle finally disposed of his collection for what he could get, which certainly was not very much.

When my father died in 1894, Uncle Edward was made executor of the estate.

He disposed of matters efficiently and to the general satisfaction of all concerned. He was surely kind to me. At that time I was preparing for the University of Wisconsin at the Racine Academy. He was generous in arranging funds for the continuation of my studies at the Academy so that I could enter the University in the Fall of 1894. This was a critical period in my life. I owe very much to him for his help and encouragement at the very time when my plans could easily have been thwarted by an Executor who might not have appreciated the value of a University education for a young man. I owe much to him in other ways - by example and by precept - which I did not fully realize when he was alive. I saw very much of him and worked on his farm for several years about that time (1890 to 1896). I spent many days there cutting grain, threshing, etc. I shall remember his gracious and kind personality as long as I live.

William Davis

William Davis (Uncle William). For some years he operated a grocery store in Racine, Wis., and later (in the sixties) moved to Mankato, Minn. He married into a family, Baxter by name, in 1858 and who were relatives of the Jenkins family. Mrs. Wm. Davis and Mrs. Jenkins were the Baxter sisters. Mrs. Wm. Davis, (Elinor Baxter) died in 1901 and is buried in Mankato, Minn. The Jenkins family lived for years on Asylum Ave. not far from our farm at Racine. Later William became a successful business man in South Bend, Minn., and was interested in banking. He had 5 children, 2 sons William and Thomas, and 2 daughters (one daughter died at 10 months) Alice and Ellen. I saw my Uncle William only twice in my life, first at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago (1893) when he visited us at Racine. And again in 1904 in Oakland, California when I was there visiting my sister Annie. He had moved there some time before from Mankato, Minn., living then with his daughter Alice, who for years taught school in that city. He was at that time about 73 years old which would place his birth in the year 1829. He was at the time suffering with cancer of the stomach. He was then confined to his bed and died shortly thereafter. Attached is an excellent picture of him. (Also see obituary notice attached). He resembled my father and perhaps even more my Uncle Edward. His son William Davis (my first cousin) continued to live in or near Makato, Minn., until he died there about 1935. He was president of a bank there. He was a man of character. I saw him in Chicago in the year 1929 at the time his sister Alice came through with the body of Hugh Davies who died in Wales during an extended trip in Europe. William met us at the C. & N.W. station and then went out to our home in Wilmette and also spent a day or two visiting the Jenkins family in Racine (Dave and Will Jenkins were boyhood firends of Brother Bill and myself).

Uncle William's second son was Thomas Baxter Davis. Attached is an "Appreciation". About 10 years ago he called on us here at Wilmette while attending a Presbyterian convention in Chicago. He was small in stature, a very pleasant man and intensely religious. When visiting in Oakland, Calif., in March, 1943, I had the pleasure of meeting his two daughters, Alice Davis Garrick and Elinor Drury. Alice's husband was pastor of one of the large Presbyterian churches in San Francisco. All are superior people.

Alice Davis, daughter of Uncle William was born in South Bend, Minn., Oct. 5, 1864, and became a teacher by profession. In her later years she moved

to Oakland, Cal., where she continued teaching in the public schools until she retired. In 1925, a year or thereabouts after the death of my sister Annie, Hugh Davies (my brother-in-law) and Alice were married. They continued to live at the Mountain View Cemetery residence where he was superintendent. In 1929 they took an extended trip to Europe, to the Holy Land and to Wales. While in Wales visiting his brother, Hugh died suddenly. Alice returned with the body to Oakland, Cal., where the burial took place. I met her at the railroad station in Chicago (see above) when she was passing through to the West. She continued to reside in Oakland until 1941 when she moved to Honolulu to live with her sister Ellen Williams and later with her niece Ellen. She died March 17th, 1943. For details see attached Eleanor's (Mrs. Wm. H. Smith) letter of May 16, 1943, and obituary. Attached also are photos of her. She was a small person - but especially in her earlier years, lively and smart and intellectual. She traveled widely. In her later years she suffered from senile mental derangement. She was 79 when she died. Her ashes are interred in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, Cal.

The other sister, Ellen, I know little about. She was married to a Mr. Williams who occupied a prominent position in one of the Express companied in California. In later years he was moved to Honolulu in charge of the company's affairs - where he still lives (1944) (see his daughter Ellen's letter of Sept. 8, 1945, attached). Ellen died about 1940. Her daughter Ellen took up horticulture and has for years conducted a florist shop in Honolulu (I think now for some time she has discontinued this business - 1945). She has not married. She cared for her Aunt Alice during her declining years. In 1914 (or 1915) the mother and daughter came through Chicago on their way to Europe. I visited 2 or 3 hours with them. The daughter was then on her way to study abroad and especially to study in London at the various plant gardens. It was on this trip that they visited our old home "Rhiwlas" in Llanfyhangl in Wales (see my attached London Letter of 1927).

I know of no other children of Cousin Ellen Williams. (Attached herewith is an important statement, an exact copy of which was written by my Uncle William Davis concerning his family and his father and mother, etc., deaths, etc. This came to me from Alice Davis Garrick of San Francisco, Cal. in 1944.)

Below is an exact copy of a statement written by my Uncle William W. Davis shortly before his death in Oakland in 1904. The original is in the possession of Alice Davis Carrick of San Francisco, his granddaughter, who loaned it to me in 1944.

(signed David J. Davis.1944)

(Note by D.J. Davis - 1948 - In the old Family Bible Feb. 1st 1829 rather than Jan. 23rd 1829 is given)

Family Record

"Rhiwlas was the name of Father's Farm in Wales, Llanfihangel, Montgomeryshire. We all as a family left the old home May 9th 1848 and came to America Wm. W. Davis, son of William and Alice Davis his wife was born Jan. 23rd 1829 A.D.

Ellen Baxter, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Baxter was born Dec. 24th 1834.

Wm. W. Davis and Ellen Baxter were married at Racine Wis. on Tuesday 3 o'clock P.M. January 26th A.D. 1858.

My father died July 5th 1848 in York Mills near Utica New York in the House of John W. Davis his son. He was 65 years old, therefore born in 1783.

Mother Died at her home Rhiwlas near Racine Wis. near the end of the year 1862. She was nearly 70 years old.

Wm. W. Davis, her son.

Ellen Baxter Davis my dear wife Died at Minneapolis Minn April 12th 1901. At that time her adge (sic) was 67 years 3 month 17 days. Enlargement of the Liver was her trouble. (Signed) Her Husband W.W. Davis, Sr.

Elizabeth Alice Daughter of William and Ellen Davis his wife was born at South Bend Minn. Sunday Nov. 14 at 3 P.M. 1858 A.D.

Ellen Baxter Davis Daughter of William and Ellen Davis his wife was born at South Bend Minnesota Feb. 11 1860.

Wm. W. Davis Jr. son of William and Ellen his wife was born at South Bend Minn. Tuesday 9 o'clock P.M. May 13 1862 A.D.

Alice Elizabeth Davis daughter of Wm. and Ellen Davis his wife was born at South Bend Minn. on Wednesday One o'clock A.M. Oct. 5th 1864.

Thomas Baxter Davis son of Wm. and Ellen Davis his wife was born at South Bend Minn. Sept 7th 1867 Sunday.

Death

Elizabeth Alice Davis Died at South Bend Minn Tuesday 9 o'clock A.M. Oct. 5th 1859 - her life was short only 10 months and 21 days."

Morris Davis

Morris Davis (Uncle Morris) the youngest of the family, continued to live with his mother and his older brother Edward (perhaps other members of the family were at home for a time) in the homestead (Rhiwlas) later the Thomas Owen's farm until the death of their mother in 1862. A part of the farm (the east side) was acquired by Edward (see below) while the larger portion of it including the homestead was sold to Thomas Owen (who with his family continued to live there until he died about 1890. There were two sons, Thomas and Lewis, and two daughters Annie and Lizzie. The farm was sold as a subdivision some years later - about 1910 -. At the present writing Lewis and Lizzie - both in middle seventies - are alive and residing on the west side of Racine.) Morris in 1869 or 1870 moved to Williamsburg, Iowa where his sister Ann was living. Then later he moved to Missouri where he acquired land and a homestead. Shortly

thereafter (about 1890) a flood devastated his farm drowning his livestock and destroying his buildings. He then moved to far western Nebraska, Rosefield, Hitchcock County where he again acquired land. He continued to live there until he died in 1907 (May 7). The family (or most of them) then moved to Lincoln, Nebraska. He had 6 boys and 3 girls from two marriages; Levi was the oldest. I came to know three of these cousins.

Margaret Davis was a woman of fine qualities. She was employed as a secretary in the U.S. Government Service. She lived in Washington, D.C. for a time, later moving to Olympia, Wash. She never married. She visited us in Wilmette, Ill., several times. I saw her at Olympia in 1936 when I was in the West delivering some lectures at Portland, Oregon. She went with me to Friday Harbor, Wash., to see my son Dave who was there spending the summer in study at the Biological Station Laboratory. Margaret then was secretary to Dr. Exner of the Bureau of Animal Industry at Olympia. The following year she was taken ill with pneumonia and died. She was about 50 at the time of her death. Her sister Sadie I know little about. She was at our house years ago, I think at the time of the Century of Progress. She is married and now lives at Lincoln, Nebraska with two (?) children I think. Only a few days ago (1943) she called me by phone, saying she was in Chicago on account of the death of her brother John. I did not see her as she was returning at once to Nebraska.

John W Davis, brother of Margaret, was 12 years old at the time of the flood disaster in Missouri. From that time on he supported himself never again living at home. He grew up to be a powerful fellow and became a fireman on the railroad. For several years he "fired" throughout the Western Country. Incidentally, he was a prize fighter of some note about this period in his life. Later he came to Chicago and when working in the railroad yards on an icy day in the winter he was run down by an engine, losing his left arm at the shoulder He was later employed by a law firm, assisting in railroad injury cases mainly He became prominent in railroad brotherhood circles. He was married and lived for years on the west side of Chicago. He had no children. In the spring of 1943 he became ill with cancer of the colon. I saw him in April when he was near death at the Franklin Boulevard Hospital. He died on May 5th, 1943, age 63 years. He was a man of good habits - a powerful physique and altogether a real "fellow". He became a noted bowler (even with his one arm) in his later years. He dressed well and always wore a smile. He met the world squarely and never whined. He was a "good soldier" even though seriously crippled. What a Marine he would have made in his early years. (I have the above from his own lips - I saw him frequently in Chicago.)

His brother (Elliott?) was a well educated man and became Superintendent of Schools in Lincoln, Nebraska for several years. He died about 10 years ago. His widow still resides in Lincoln (1943). I have no information worthy of note about other members of the family.

Later information:

David Davis, a brother, is alive (1944) and living at Aurora, Nebraska.

Alice Davis Rasmussen alive and well in 1944 in Lincoln, Neb. Her husband died suddenly of heart disease in 1944.

Sadie Davis Nigh, alive and well in Lincoln, Neb. 1944. See Sadie's letter attached, 1944.

Anne Davis Evans. Auntie Anne of Williamsburg, Iowa (see Annie Davis' obituary notice.) She was born at Rhiwlas in Wales, in 1832 and died July 11, 1923, at the home of her son Judge William D. Evans Hampton, Iowa, a veteran mother of over 90 years. She was 15 when she came to America.. In 1849 she was married to Rev. Evan J. Evans who was then the first Pastor of the Welsh Congregational Church in Racine (on Park Ave.). Many years later this was the church I first attended. An excellent biography of Auntie Anne is given in Annie Davis' notebook. She was a person of character and rare merit; and a mother who might well be taken as a model of American motherhood. In 1858 the family moved to Williamsburg, Iowa. Her husband continued there his work as Pastor of the Welsh church. He died in 1873. Eleven children - 7 boys and 4 girls - were born to them - John, William, Evan, Alice, Price (youngest), David, Libby, Ellen, Edward, Morris and Annie. What a family! At Williamsburg the family was reared on a farm. Shortly before the mother died in 1923 she lived with her son William at Hampton, Iowa. I remember her visit at our home in Racine some 50 years ago or more. She was a stately and dignified woman with heavy black hair - typical Welsh. Character was present in every move and in every line. A smiling face beaming with kindness and charm.

In the attached Photo are her daughters Ellen and Annie, together with my cousins Alice and Annie Davis (Uncle Edward) and my 3 sisters Annie, Alice and Catharine and my brother Will and myself. This photo was taken when Auntie Anne and daughters were on a visit here at Racine at the time of Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

All of her children became men and women of which the mother may well have been proud. I cannot enter into details. I came to know Edward, Annie and Ellen fairly well in later years. Most of them attended college, Grinnel and Univ. of Iowa, I believe. William studied law and settled in Hampton where he became one of the prominent lawyers of the State and a distinguished Judge. (see his picture in collection of Annie Davis.) He called on me in Chicago about the year 1905. We visited for a couple of hours. I never saw him again. Not many years after this his son John entered Rush Medical College. I remember him in my classes in Pathology. He graduated (about 1915?) and took his Interneship at the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago. Later he married one of the nurses he met there. He engaged in practice in Grinnell, Iowa, and did well especially in surgery. He had several children. In mid-life at the height of his professional activity he developed a cancer of the stomach and died. His records and pertinent data are at Rush Medical College.

Here was a family of sturdy folk, who joined with other families, contributed their spendid qualities to the life of the Mid west. Few if any of these first cousins of mine are alive as I write. Their descendants are scattered widely. (Some further data are found in the notes of Cousin Annie Davis.) I hope wherever they may be they will have the good fortune to know something of the life of that grand ancestor Auntie Anne, as she was known to all of us. When speaking of such a person, it is well for us to remember that her character and personality, as well as her blood, will continue in an ever expanding circle from generation to generation, and therefore she becomes "immortal".

Elizabeth (Davis) Gittins

Elizabeth (Davis) Gittins (Auntie Gittins) was born at Rhiwlas, North Wales, Nov. 9, 1823. (See obituary in Annie J. Davis' notes.) She was married to Mr. Richard Gittins in 1848. It is reported that he went to California during the gold craze in 1852. Mrs. Gittins lived for a time at Racine, then at Montello, Wisconsin (when my father was there) and finally at Williamsburg, Iowa. There were 3 children, Tom, Will and Mary Anne. The two boys were an interesting pair. They lived and farmed on the old homestead at Williamsburg, Iowa for years. On the side they loved to dig wells, to thrash and do other odd jobs. I have no definite information concerning the progeny. I have heard Elizabeth died about 1910 in Iowa. The old Welsh Family New Testament (now in my possession) of William Davies evidently belonged late to Elizabeth (see signatures on inside covers).

As to Elenor (Ellen) and Alice Davies I have no information worthy of note. It seems Ellen was mentally afflicted and irresponsible probably from birth. Ellen was born April 1st, 1819 and was the oldest of all the children.

I have learned through Cousin Alice Davies of Oakland, California that Alice died at Rhiwlas in Wales at the age of 13 or 14 years.

The available data concerning the mother, cousins and other relatives of my father will now be set forth.

Alice Hughes Davies, my father's mother

I have been unable to find a picture of her. She was born in 1792 in Montgomeryshire in Wales presumably near Dolanog Mills. (See Thomas Hughes, her brother. Also see notes from Maizie and Gwen Cadwallader attached.) She died at her home (Rhiwlas) near Racine, Wis., in 1862. She was buried in Mound Cemetery, Racine in what we now call the Davis Lot, in distinction from another Lot not far away known as the Hughes Lot. I already have written an account of her experience when coming to America in 1848 and losing her husband on the way at New York Mills; and then creating her home near Racine (Rhiwlas, later the Owens farm). To do what she did required courage, foresight and character.

She came from a Hughes family who had lived probably for generations at Dolonog Mills, a town not far from Llantyhaugle. Maizie Cadwalader Monk in her letter attached says they were of the yeoman class which means I assume that they were people of some means and owned their own home property. It is reliably reported that the mill there was owned and operated by this Hughes family. The name of their family home in Montgomeryshire was "Gydwunfa". The father of Alice (my great grandfather) was John Hughes, born in 1766 and died 1837. Age 71 years. His wife was Alice Hughes, born 1763, and died 1838. Age 75 years. Seven children were born to them at Gydwunfa (?) among them were Alice and my grand uncle Thomas Hughes (died in 1868) near Racine. (See also Gwendolyn Cadwallader's Family Tree herewith attached.)

Thomas Hughes came to Racine, Wis., in 1846 and purchased the farm of about 200 acres on the northwest corner of the intersection of Asylum Ave. and Lathrop Ave. The Beebee School House was on the northeast corner. It was a beautiful

farm of rich black soil. Thomas said he could stand on any one corner and view every part of the farm. The old homestead house faces south and was located about 40 rods west of the corner above mentioned. Back of the house was an imposing cluster of red barns, some still standing (1943). I do not know from whom he purchased the farm (see old records). It was to this place that his sister Alice (my paternal grandmother) came with her children in 1848. As stated above during the first winter the family lived in the old Hall house, located just east of the corner and almost directly across the road from the Beebee School House.

Thomas Hughes died in 1868 and is buried in the Hughes Lot in Mound Cemetery, Racine, Wis. His wife, Elizabeth, was known to all of us in our family as Auntie Hughes. She was born in Wales in 1795. She died in 1880 at the Hughes farm and is buried beside her husband. She was a grand old lady of whom I possess a very definite memory picture, one of my earliest. This memory is that of an elderly, feeble, kindly and gracious person of the Whistler's Mother type, with a white lace cap on her head and sitting in the family rocker near the warming stove in the rather large dining room of her home. I was 5 years old at the time of her death. Our families visited back and forth often.

Three children were born to Thomas Hughes, namely, Evan T. Hughes, a daughter Alice, and Jane who died in 1857.

Evan T. Hughes was born in 1826 at Dolonog Mills, Wales. He never married. He lived with his father, working the farm for years. After his father's death in 1868 he continued to operate it, caring for his aged mother until her death in 1880. After several more years at farming, he retired and came to live with our family about 1884, paying $4.00 per week for his board and room and feed and care for his horse; doing nothing but smoking his pipe and driving in to Racine (2 to 3 miles) every day for the daily paper. He rented the farm to George Peterson who operated it as a dairy for several years until his death.

Evan died at our home in 1889. He is buried in the Hughes Lot in Mound Cemetery, Racine, Wis. His death happened in this way: one bitter cold night near midwinter about 9:30 P.M., as was his routine he went out to the barn with a lantern in his hand to feed his horse. My mother who as usual was knitting near the stove in the living room noted when he went out and noted again that he did not return after the usual length of time. She went to the window and saw a dark object in the snow near the door which at first she took to be our old dog, Fido. But becoming suspicious she looked again more closely and then recognized that it was Evan. He had had a stroke of apoplexy when outside and was barely able to reach the house. The lantern was at his side and had gone out. She aroused the household. My father and others carried him inside to the lounge in the living room. He was unconscious. My brother Will rode into town, 3 miles away, on a horse for a doctor. After trying several he was able to induce one to come out. He arrived about midnight or a little later. Nothing much could be done beyond making the diagnosis. Evan lived about 10 days, never regaining complete consciousness or speaking an understandable word. Dr. John Meachem, the first, after a day or two took charge of the case. This experience happened when I was 13 years old. The details of uncle's illness, death, funeral etc., made a deep impression on me and today are almost as vivid in my mind as when they happened. My father was made Executor of the estate. There was no will, and no relatives nearer than first cousins. By a typical farm sale the

personal property was disposed of. Much of the family belongings still remained in the old house on Asylum Avenue. Later the real estate was sold and the entire estate was finally divided equally between some 23 heirs, scattered widely throughout the country, some of whom had scarely heard of Evan and had never seen him. Another valuable lesson to me, as I listened to the details of administration of the estate related by my father almost nightly.

Jane Hughes, the daughter of Thomas was married to my father in 1849 in Racine. They were first cousins. This was the first of my father's three marriages. An account of the tragedies of this marriage and the early death of Jane in 1857 will be related later when telling the story of my father's life. No photo of her exists, so far as I know.

Certain data exist in Counsin Annie Davis notes (also in Gwen Cadwallader's Genealogy - see attached data) about another branch of the Hughes family, namely the offspring of John T. Hughes and Gwendolyn Hughes of Doladron, Montgomeryshire, N. Wales, who came to America in 1852 and settled near Racine on a small farm about a mile south of Thomas Hughes farm and later the Degarris farm on Lathrop Ave. John was a brother of Thomas Hughes and of my grandmother Alice Hughes Davies. Gwendolyn died in Wales in 1850. John died in 1857 (age 63) and is buried in the Hughes Lot in Mound Cemetery, Racine, Wis.

Among the offspring were Hon. John T. Hughes, who became a prominent lumberman of Trinidad, Colo., as well as a pioneer of Colorado of 1865. He died Mch. 23, 1923.

Also Josiah Hughes of Pueblo, Colo., a sister Miriam Roberts of Pueblo, Colo., and another sister Sarah, wife of John Cadwallader, D.D., of Chicago or Oak Park (Formerly of Big Rock, Ill., where about 1900 I heard him preach in Welsh in his parish church there. Later he moved to Oak Park, Ill.). There also was a youngest brother, Josiah Hughes who joined the Union Army and died a prisoner at Andersonville during the Civil War.

I recall seeing Josiah, Miriam and Sarah at various times. I visited Aunt Miriam and Uncle Josiah in Pueblo, Colo., in 1903.

Mrs. Sarah Cadwallader died in Chicago about 1935. I attended her funeral on the north side, Ravenswood Cong. Church. She had 3 children, John, Gwen and Miriam (Maizie). Gwen now lives on the south side of Chicago (address, 8551 S. Oglesby Ave.). She has been married twice. Her last husband's name was Griffith. She is a cultured woman of character and very much of a poetess. Unfortunately she for years has been quite deaf. She has been interested in our Genealogy, a copy of which is attached to these notes, also letters. One child, Bonnie. Miriam (Maizie) her sister, is a fine character. She married Mr. Frank Monk and has a son John, now a noted lawyer in Chicago (see attached paper clipping), and also a daughter, Mrs. Pauline Schneider. John, brother of these sisters, died some years ago. Attached is his obituary notice. (Also Gwen's letter.) From time to time now I see Gwen and Maizie or call them by phone to talk over our "Ancestors".

Maizie died Feb. 16, 1947 (see attached notice).

David William (Davies) Davis

My father's name was David William Davies. Later the last name was changed to Davis by usage of several of his brothers, and especially by John Davis, shortly after coming to this country in 1840. His photograph is herewith attached. As already related he came to this country in 1848 with his parents and brothers and sisters. Soon thereafter (probably in 1849 or 50) he married his first cousin Jane Hughes (daughter of Thomas Hughes) and they journeyed to Montello, Wisconsin, then known as "Indian Land". There he engaged chiefly farming and stock raising. It was a frontier country, wild and primitive, with wandering bands of Indians here and there. I well recall the many vivid stories he told us children of his experiences there. (see attached memoranda).

But tragedies were in the offing. A child, Alice, (my half sister) was born to them about 1851. When very young she accidentally fell into a rain barrel standing near the house and was drowned. She was buried in Montello. The location of her grave is unknown to me.

My father after a few years disposed of his Montello property and returned to Racine (about 1854). His wife Jane died soon thereafter in 1857, after giving birth to her second child. Then the child (Elizabeth) died two months later. Both the mother and child are buried in the Hughes Lot in Mound Cemetery, Racine, Wis.

So ended my father's first marriage.

Soon after my father returned to Racine from Montello, he purchased about 1857 the Gittins farm of 80 acres, later known as the Ellarson farm. It was located on the west side of what is now Lathrop Ave. and just across the road from the then Smith farm, later my father's farm. The railroad formed the southern side of this farm (Gittins). After the death of Jane (Hughes) he married a Jane Evans in 1858. This Jane came from Llanrhwst, not far from Bettwys-y-Coed in North Wales. He had never seen her until he went to New York to meet her on her arrival from Wales. In those days it was necessary to do things that way at times. In 1861 my sister Annie was born. In 1865 my sister Alice was born but the mother died in childbirth within a few days. Her grave is in the Davis Lot in Mound Cemetery. She was born in 1823. I have no specific information about her and I know of no photograph of her in existence.

So ended my father's second marriage. He was left with the new born infant Alice and the 4 year old child Annie to care for.

In 1868 occurred my father's third and last marriage; this time to my mother, Catharine Jones, originially from Newborough, on the Island of Anglesy, N. Wales. She was born in 1833 and died in 1894. She had come to this country in the late eighteen fifties. After a few years she returned to Wales for a visit. On her return she was stricken with acute rheumatic fever and was confined in a hospital in New York for several weeks. Returning to Racine, through Mrs. J. R. Jones (my aunt - see later) she became acquainted with my father, then a widower, and soon they were married. Further details of my mother's life are set forth later on.

About this time (1869) my father sold his farm to Charles Ellarson

(orginally from the Catskills of New York) (and who died in 1902) and then bought the Smith farm just across the road (see Range of farm, etc., later). During the change, the family occupied temporarily the "old red house" then an old farm house which had belonged for years to a Mr. Search. Later it was bought by Mr. Thomas Owens and then became attached to "Rhiwlas". It was directly across the road from the present location of the home of S. B. Walker and Alice Davis Walker home. (This old house was vacant for a long time, and later, about 1888 was moved up near to the Owens house and used as a granary.) Here in 1870, June 20, my brother William Owen Davis was born. Later, after moving to the Smith farm in 1871, Ellen was born; in 1873 Catherine was born, and in 1875, I was born. And that completed my father's family at a time when he was 55 years of age and my mother was 42. In addition to these four children of my own mother, there were also Annie and Alice, my half-sisters.

OUR FAMILY LIFE

My parents together with these six children therefore constituted our family group with whom it was my personal good fortune to be reared and nurtured. My sister Annie, the oldest, was 13 when I, the youngest, was born. We grew up together as a fairly compact unit, considerate, kind and loyal to each other. We lived the life common to the average farm family of the neighborhood. Everyone became useful and helpful about the home and the farm at an early age. All attended the Fratt country school, 3/4 of a mile away. We were about 3 miles from the center of Racine and about 2 miles from Racine Junction where there was a group of stores which we mainly patronized. Regardless of snow, rain, storms and mud we could quite readily reach a city of roughly 20,000 population for markets, doctors, churches and other advantages offered by a good-sized city. Our income was decidedly limited and in those years money was scarce. My father had a large farm mortgage to liquidate, as well as his family to rear. So all of us early came to appreciate the value not only of the dollar, but of the penny. Concerning mortgages there has come down to me the attached note signed by my father. It is the only specimen I have of my father's handwriting and I am quite sure the only one in existence. This note, dated April 9th, 1872, is for the sum of $1,760.00 payable in 5 years with interest at 10% per annum. On the back are recorded payments from 1873 to 1883. It is difficult for me now to understand how anyone at that time could retire a principal and a 10% interest rate. No wonder we seemed poor.

My father upon acquiring his new farm, settled down to general farming which meant the raising of oats, wheat, corn, barley, flax, hay, cattle, horses, hogs, chickens, potatoes and a fairly large garden including an apple orchard of about 4 acres. He was just past 50. He had a big job before him. He continued to work very hard for the next 20 years. His health was fairly good, though he had a severe attack of lung fever (pneumonia?) about 1880 which slowed him up decidedly. A little later he injured his knee severely which caused a limp as long as he lived. He employed farm laborers, largely young Welsh and Danes, using two or more at times during the harvest season. With cows to milk and heavy chores to do, he was up and at work at 5 A.M. and continued until 7 to 8 P.M. He was the owner and the manager, and, as was customary in those days, he, the boss, worked harder than any other man on the place.

During the spring, about April 1st, occasionally earlier, usually later, preparations for planting the crops began. Plowing, seeding, harrowing, and dragging for wheat, oats, and barley. Often some of the plowing had been done in the fall in this locality. Corn planting came later, about May 10th to 15th. "When the leaf buds of the oak were as large as a rabbit's foot was the proper time to plant corn" said the farm philosophers. June was the month for cultivating corn, potatoes and garden truck. In general, July was the month for making hay, and August was the month for harvesting grain and stacking it. In September the corn was ready to cut. (In our section all corn was cut and shocked or put in a silo.) Potatoes and garden crops were ready for harvesting in late September and in October.

My father physically was well set up; 5 ft. 11 in., and weighed 170 to 190 lbs. He had square shoulders and was not and never was "fat". When walking or standing his head drooped forward rather sharply at the neck - partly due no doubt to habit but not entirely. This stance revealed itself in the Davis family generally - Uncle Edward had it. I have it to some degree and my son Dave shows it even more. Dave, by the way, has a "set up" almost identical (size, height, stoop, etc.) with his grandfather Davis including a very hairy body. But my father's hair was black and coarse as was his beard with little tendency to early baldness, so evident in Dave. At the time of his death at 74 my father's hair was still heavy with a round area of baldness at the vertex about 2 inches across. He also revealed a characteristic grey patch of hair 2 or 3 inches across beginning at the hair line of the forehead and extending back and slightly on the right side. This is seen clearly in his photograph. It appeared when his hair began to turn grey in his fifties. This patch similar in size, shape and position appeared in his sisters Anne and Elizabeth (this is not so clear) and very strikingly in my sister Catherine and in myself. (Will it appear in Dorland and/or Dave? Perhaps we shall never know because of early baldness in both. Are there others?) My father also had grey patches in his whiskers which appeared in rather characteristic fashion in his later years. He did not wear a mustache.

He was a man of character and integrity. He was scrupulous in his business affairs, and prompt in paying his bills and mortgages. He had a contempt for people who did not and said so. He was not much of a churchman though he maintained he was religious. He supported the church and encouraged his family to do so. In his earlier years he attended church quite regularly but in his later years he rarely went. We did not have morning or evening prayers in our home. Most of the religious atmosphere that prevailed there (and it was there) was created by my mother. My father never used tobacco or liquor in any form, nor did any of his brothers. (I do not know to a certainty about John.)

I doubt if my father had a day's schooling in his life. In Wales when he was a boy schools were only for the gentry. In the seventeen hundreds practically none of the common people could read or write (see "Cambrian"). Then later through the churches and the great revivals of that time some progress was made so that the people could read the Bible. But it was limited to relatively few. I think all of his brothers went to school after coming to this country and became educated men in a sense. I never heard that my father went to school. It was always difficult for him even to sign his name (see specimen). I never knew of his writing a letter. My mother did all (later my sister aided) the correspondence that was carried on in connection with our family affairs. When

he became Executor of the estate of his cousin Evan T. Hughes, I recall him practicing penmanship to improve his signature to documents. He early learned to read and spent a considerable amount of time during the winters reading Welsh papers, especially "Y Drych" and the Bible. He read practically not at all in English. As early as I can remember he spoke English fairly well though never fluently. He always preferred to converse in Welsh. This was why in my early years I heard more Welsh than English spoken in our home. He nearly always conversed with my mother in Welsh.

Generally he was somewhat reticent. He was anything but a great or loud talker. But he did enjoy telling and listening to good stories. With his Welsh friends and neighbors he loved to visit and was most hospitable to them. Reminiscences and stories of the "old country" were the favorite topics. It was a common custom for the Welsh families to visit each other for a day or at times for several days, depending on how far they had to come. On such occasions the time was devoted to conversation - an afternoon perhaps - then a meal fit for a king, then again stories and "talk" far into the night. These occasions my father enjoyed thoroughly. He was a good story teller and had a keen sense of humor.

Late in the eighties my father had paid all the farm mortgages and also certain railroad bonds which were imposed on the property at the time the railroad was built many years before (I think in 1857) and which cut our quarter section farm into 2 unequal parts. But by this time he was getting on in years. We children were growing up and making certain demands on the family exchequer. So our family never got very far ahead in the matter of a money surplus. But our standard of living became higher and we were decidedly better off for a number of years.

Then occurred a tragedy initiated by the influenze epidemic of 1889. The disease became widespread. I was the first one attacked in our family, an experience which I recall vividly as I now write. I awoke one morning early suffering all the severe and typical symptoms of that dreaded malady - headache, backache, fever, sore throat, vomiting, etc., etc. All of us excepting mother suffered. My father was then 69. He had a severe attack from which he never fully recovered. For weeks he was prostrated, the disease manifesting itself as a severe disorder of the central nervous system, as happened often in old people during that pandemic. He never was able to work again. He became mentally deranged with a definite tendency to suicide which he attempted several times. It was necessary to commit him at 70 to the State Hospital at Oshkosh for several weeks for treatment and later to the Racine County Hospital for mental patients which then was new and was located close to our home. He was there for some two years. He improved slightly both mentally and physically. He was returned to our home in 1892 where all of us especially my mother and my sister Anne cared for him as best we could.

In January, 1894, my mother died suddenly of an attack of pneumonia. Thus ended my father's third marriage.

In August of the same year my father died of an attack of acute enteritis. Both father and mother are buried in the Davis Lot in Mound Cemetery, Racine, Wis.

As heirs, five children remained, Annie, Alice, William, Catherine and myself, in order of age. My father left a will with my Uncle Edward Davis as Executor. It provided for the equal distribution of 144 acres and the homestead. Sister Alice in 1890 had married Samuel B. Walker and father had already deeded them 10 acres of the southwest corner of the farm, thus leaving the 144 acres mentioned above. Sam Walker had already built a house on this 10 acres and was working both this and a part of the farm.

1620642

Sister Annie soon went to California where she was later married to Hugh Davies and therefore became anxious to have her share of the property in cash. Brother William continued to work the farm for a year or two, then went out to Montana where he was married a few years later. Sister Catherine took a position in Racine, clerking in Schroeder's Dry Goods Store for several years. I had graduated from the Racine Academy in 1894 in preparation for the University of Wisconsin, which I entered in September, a few weeks after the death of my father.

All of us agreed it would be wise to break up the old home under the circumstances and gradually liquidate the property. Therefore all personal properties were disposed of at a large sale on April 5th, 1895 (see attached note) and S.B. Walker arranged to rent the entire farm and work it as a dairy, since he had already started one in a small way on his 10 acres. It was here with my sister Alice that I continued to make my "home" as it were during vacation and at other periods when I was preparing myself for medicine at Madison and at Chicago for the next several years - actually until I was married in 1908.

Sister Annie, as above noted, was married in California in 1896 and Brother William wished to remove permanently to Montana to marry. To liquidate their shares of the property the part (54 acres) north of the railroad was sold to Mr. Klinkert of Racine for about $12,000, and thus the two shares were disposed of. Sam Walker continued to work the remainder of the farm for several years paying rent to me and to my sister (Katharine). About 1915 Sam Walker with certain clients felt that with the encroachment of the city westward it would soon be time to create a subdivision and dispose of the property in that way. My sister Catherine and I preferred to sell out for cash which we did, receiving from this real estate group some $12,000 each as our shares.

Catharine, by that time, had married David Fraser, a young man of Scotch ancestry who was born and reared near Honey Creek, Wisconsin, a small village 30 miles west of Racine. With her share (in 1902?) she bought a fine farm located on the southwest corner of the two main streets of Honey Creek (with the exception of a few lots directly on the corner) known as the Seven Oaks farm. (For further details about sister Catharine see below.)

During this past decade or so I had been completing in Chicago my medical education. In 1908 I had married, and in 1914 had purchased a home at 721 Elmwood Ave., Wilmette, Ill., which I paid for largely with my share from the farm above referred to. But for further details concerning myself I will elaborate further on.

In the early twenties Samuel B. Walker (and his wife Alice) both were getting on in years and unable to carry on the hard work necessary to operate the farm. As stated above, (in 1922) a real estate subdivision was created and lots advertised and sold, most of them on time to persons who were laborers in the

Racine factories. For a time matters went on well enough but with the depression of 1930 this enterprise went the way of most real estate deals of that day and virtual bankruptcy ensued. S. B. Walker realized what he could. Fortunately his home and 10 acres were protected. He and his wife continued to live there working his garden and having other activities to occupy his time until his death in 1934. By his will his property was divided among his four sons (David, William, Charles and Burton), (David by the will became the Executor), Burton, the youngest, receiving the house and some adjacent lots. Some two or three years later Burton was married. He lived for a time in the house, then sold the entire property and moved into Racine on the north side where he continued to live in a rented house until he moved to San Diego, Cal., in 1943 where he now resides. At this writing, he has two children.

And so terminated the lovely and fertile farm that my father bought in 1871 and for which he spent his life in hard labor, in some ways comparable to that of a convict. But he was a free man. At present (1943) none of our family owns a foot of land there. A large part of the farm on both sides of the railroad is covered irregularly with small homes many occupied by people of recent foreign origin. The old house north of the railroad is still standing (see a recent photo of it) and appears quite as it did when I was born there in 1875. When Mr. Klinkert bought the north half in (or about 1900) he moved the house directly to the south about 100 feet, building a new house on the old foundation for his daughter. Both old barns were demolished many years ago (About 1905). (See description of the "House where I was born" below).

THE LAND OF MY MOTHER
(see "Wild Wales" by George Barror)

Having completed an account of what I know of my father and his ancestors and relatives, I will now relate what I know of my mother and her people.

My mother, Catherine Jones was born in the small town of Newborough, Anglesey, North Wales, in 1833. (See later account of her life.) All of her ancestors so far as I know came either from this village or close to it.

Anglesey

Anglesey is an island separated from the mainland of N. Wales by Menai Straits. It is a hilly and exposed land, whose shores have been beaten for ages by both violent seas and violent men. Historically it is one of the most interesting parts of Wales. The Romans called it Mona and tell of the Druids who were there in pre-Christian times. The oak and the mistletoe, according to Pliny, were important in their religious rites. The cromlechs found there today testify to this ancient seat of religion and priesthood. The Romans and later the Irish invaders and the Viking marauders, devastated its land and murdered its people time and again. Because of the resulting slavery and blood mixtures, many of the earlier characteristics of the Welsh race have been extinguished. Many people therenow are fair and/or red haired, and in other ways are different from the black haired, dark, square shouldered people of the interior region, about Llanfyllin for example.

But by no means have all their Welsh traits gone. Their language is still quite pure, and when I was there in 1910 most of the inhabitants, especially those away from the villages could speak only in Welsh. Their music is still excellent, and they love to sing as of old. Twice, once in 1910, and again in 1927, I was able to visit this Island and Newborough, the village of my mother's ancestors.

In 1927 occurred the National Eisteddfod at Holyhead, a town some 60 miles away from Newborough. At considerable length I have written down the details of both these visits in the form of Diaries; also a special letter to my brother William, all attached herewith as Appendix. I have preserved also the elaborate program and newspaper accounts of the Eisteddfod, which are available for details.

Snowdonia

From Newborough across Menai Straits is a charming view of Snowdonia. The top of Mt. Snowden is about 12 miles away to the southeast. In the foreground is Caernarvon Castle, the best preserved ruin in Great Britain. It is replete with legend and lore. (See Photo, cards, etc., in Appendix) The town of Caernarvon lies round about the castle, and beyond are the Welsh hills forming the foreground of Mount Snowden itself. Often the peak is enveloped in clouds. To the right is the Irish Sea with the sinuous shoreline of Wales extending far to the south with here and there rocky islands dotting the shores. On the left beyond the Strait is the town of Bangor, near which two great bridges span the Strait. Beyond lies the famous watering place of Llandudno with Penmaenmawr and Great Orms Head adjacent thereto.

When Myra and I were at Newborough in 1910, we saw all these things and very many more. It was at that time that I made the ascent of Snowden following the Llanberis route, a never-to-be-forgotten experience (see my Diary notes). From the top (there are two peaks of nearly equal height) one sees almost the entire coast line of North Wales, as well as the Irish coast, some 60 miles away. On clear days the Isle of Man is plainly visible. Round about and especially to the south and east are rugged mountains - Cader Idris, and Moel Siabod, for example. To the east is the narrow but picturesque Llanberis Pass into which one peers straight down from near the summit 1500 feet to the road below. Some 15 mountain lakes are visible from or near the top. We have had for several years in our home a painting (P.23) by Walter Williams made in 1815 of Mt. Snowdon from the confluence of the Glaslyn and Colwyn rivers at Beddgelert. This town is some 4 miles almost directly south. The painting is of the English landscape style of that period. (On the back of this picture is a statement signed by the artist giving date and location. Also date and signature of the artist are given in the left - your right - lower corner of the picture. I bought it at Grants Art Gallery in Chicago in 1937 from a consignment of art works from London, paying $77.00 for it.) We have come to admire it in its dominant position over the fireplace in our living room. Others have, too, though as a work of art it perhaps is not outstanding. For me it has both artistic and sentimental value; for 12 miles northwest my mother was born and reared, and some 35 or 40 miles to the southeast was the home of my father (Rhiwlas) Llanfyhangl.

Beddgelert has been a favorite English watering place for a hundred years or more, a center attraction to sportsmen, artists and mountain climbers alike. I looked down upon and far over it from Snowdon's summit. The view was beyond description in its grandeur. I viewed the beautiful valley of the Glaslyn from the region of Port Madoc near the sea a few miles below. (Unfortunately I was unable to visit the town itself or to see Gelert's grave.) Beddgelert, translated, is Gelert's Grave, Gelert being the renowned dog of Prince Llewyllin of the 12th century. The grave of the faithful hound is not far from the town and is appropriately marked by a monument. The traditional story (see Morton's "In Search of Wales") has been set to verse by Spenser and appears in "The Gossiping Guide to Wales (see my library). Every Welshman knows it (or did). (Regarding this story see a letter in my Letter Collection from the Editor of Readers Digest written to me in 1942.) Spenser not only tells the story well, but in addition gives excellent descriptive pictures of this beautiful part of Wales.

My Mother's Ancestors

What I have to say about my mother's ancestors is based upon (1) certain information I obtained during my visits to Newborough; (2) what I remember of my mother's statements to me about her girlhood; and (3) records and statements from my first cousin Ellen Jones - still living (June 13, 1943) in the old homestead near Newborough. Letters, papers and photos are attached in Appendix.

Emerging from this background of life on Anglesey and vicinity appeared my mother's ancestors. (See Family Tree.) Proceeding backward from my mother (whose name was Catherine Jones) the record runs as follows: Her father's (my grandfather) name was Owen Roberts (Jones) who was born in 1792, married Ellen Jones in 1823, and died July 10, 1879. Age 87 years. He is buried in the cemetery at the chapel in Newborough. I saw his grave when there in 1910. I have an excellent photograph of him and his wife. He probably died at Maes-y-ceirchdir. I recall my mother speaking of him as a man of character and worth. He had three brothers, Griffith, David,and John, and two sisters Ellen and Mary. I have no information concerning them.

Owen's parents (my great grandparents in this line) were Robert Jones and Mary Griffith Jones. Cousin Ellen writes that they came to Newborough from the middle of the Island of Anglesey early in the 17 hundreds (18th century) and lived on a farm called Gyn-y-Graig near her home, that is, near Maes-y-ceirchdir. Robert Jones died in 1826 and his wife died in 1848 (see records in the old Chapel Cemetery at Newborough). No records are available farther back in this line.

My mother's mother was Ellen Jones. She was born in 1798 and died in 1885 at Maes-y-ceirchdir and is buried in the Chapel Cemetery at Newborough. I have a fine photograph of her also a large one with Uncle Griffith Jones and his four children (including Cousin Ellen.) I remember definitely the time (in Racine) my mother received this picture which was very shortly before she received a letter from Uncle Griffith telling of the death of her mother (this was in 1884 or 1885). Ellen Jones had three brothers, John, William and Robert. Cousin

Ellen says their descendents are widely scattered, living in Wales, merica, Australia, N. Africa and Tasmania.

The parents of Ellen Jones (my grandmother) were: John Jones and Mary Williams Jones. John Jones died Feb. 3, 1857, age 88 years, and Mary died in 1826, age 52. I have no further information about them. They are buried in the old church ememtery in Newborough. The father of John Jones was also a John Jones (my great great grandfather) who had two brothers, Owen and William Nothing further is known of them by me. Then the father of the latter John Jones was John Davies or Sion Dafydd, therefore my great great great grandfather. Cousin Ellen says he came to Anglesey from Caernarvon County early in the seventeen hundreds and undertook farming in Ty Rallt. (Ty is Welsh word for house.) This is the house in the village of Newborough where my mother was born. It must therefore have remained in possession of this family line for these three generations. I think too it was still owned by my grandmother Ellen Jones who willed it to my mother, for I remember hearing my mother tell of her house in Newborough. What became of the deed I do not know and did not investigate when I was there. I think it was somehow acquired by Uncle Griffith Jones and probably is now in the possession of Cousin Ellen (I never talked to her about the matter). Ty Rallt is a small stone house with a heavy stone fence about it, on the main street of the town. It is quaint and there is a small garden. When I was there in 1910 I went into it. The rooms are very small. A family was living there at the time. Who they were I do not recall. I have a good photo of the little old house in my collection taken in 1910.

John Davies (Sion Dafydd), so continues Cousin Ellen, "was a good man and a Christian, and held prayer meetings in his home". She says further there is a history of him in Anglesey - where she does not tell. (see Ellen's recent letter)

The parents of Mary Williams Jones (my great grandmother) were Robert Williams and Catharine Williams and came to Anglesey from the County of Caermarvon about the middle of the 18th century. They operated a ferry boat across Menai Strait at a place called Aber Menai. I have no information beyond this point in this line.

I have arranged in tabular form the data presented above which enables one to follow more readily the several lines of descent. (See Family Tree.)

Relatives of My Mother

My mother was one of a large family of several brothers and sisters. Also she had a twin brother William. As usual in large families of that period tragedies were numerous. I will present here what data I have concerning the lives of this family, including my mother. About many, the facts available are meagre or nil.

John R. Jones (Uncle John of Kalamazoo, Mich.) Intimate and favorite brother of my mother (Catherine). He was married in 1857 in Utica, N.Y., then

went to Kansas and then to Wales where some of his children (Lizzie, Ella and Will) were born. He returned to U.S., Racine, in the late sixties and there set up a drygoods store. After a few years, in 1872, for reasons not now known to me (see letter from Mary Jan. 25, 1945 attached) he moved to Kalamazoo, Mich., to continue in the drygoods business. He opened a large store on the main square and conducted a profitable business as long as he lived. He died in 1890 of a brain tumor. Frequently he visited us at our home and I recall my mother going on visits to Kalamazoo to see him and his family. He was a man of small physique, always well dressed and very much of a gentleman. His wife, Diana Thomas, was a high type of the Welsh emigrant of that day, a woman of character and intelligence. In her later years she became somewhat fanatical over religion, following certain of the faith healing cults quite zealously. Uncle John, in 1890, and Auntie (Jones) in 1908, died in Kalamazoo, and are buried there in Mt. Home Cemetery. Six children were born to them; Lizzie, Ella, Will, David, Catherine and Mary.

Lizzie was born in Wales in the sixties. She married a Tom Hathaway in the eighties, and lived for a time in Evanston, Ill. After a few years they were separated. There were no children. Lizzie lived at home in Kalamazoo for a time, later in regional institutions. Like her mother she was inclined towards religious fanaticism, following various faith healing cults. When a boy I saw her quite often. She was small and frail. In late years she became quite irresponsible and died in Kalamazoo about 4 years ago (1938?) and is there buried.

Ella was early married to Mr. Ward Case, a travelling drygoods salesman. They lived at various places. In recent years they spent most of their time in a cottage in the Wisconsin North Woods. Ella died about 10 years ago of carcinoma of the pancreas. Shortly before her death I saw her in the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, where she was a patient of Dr. A. D. Bevan. She was deeply jaundiced at the time. I do not know what has become of Mr. Case. They had one son, Gaylord Case. He married into a wealthy family of Kenilworth, Ill. His wife died at her first confinement but the child (girl) lived. Shortly thereafter, he married his mother-in-law who was some 20 years his senior. At present they are living in a large house in Wilmette, Ill., about 2 blocks from our home.

There were two sons, Will and David. Both worked in their father's store in Kalamazoo from their earliest years. When their father died, the business was continued as the firm of J. R. Jones Sons & Company at the same location. The two sons carried the responsibility, Will being the senior in the firm and doing most of the buying, whereas Dave looked after the detailed operation of the store. I understand the daughters, or at least some of them, maintained interests in the business.

Will Jones was born in Wales. He was a keen business man, affable and intelligent. He became one of the leading citizens of Kalamazoo and always manifested an interest in public affairs. His financial interests were extensive and he was one of the key men in Kalamazoo Stove Co. from which he realized a considerable fortune. He was married three times and one daughter, Patricia, from his second wife was the only issue. He died about four years ago in Kalamazoo, aged 72, of carcinoma of the bowel. His daughter Patricia survives him and lives at present in the beautiful home which her father erected on the outskirts of the city some 25 years ago. Patricia is married and has two small children. Her name is Mrs. J. S. Miller (see attached letter from Cousin Mary, dated Jan. 25, 1945).

David Jones of Kalamazoo, Mich., slightly younger than Will, continued in the store until Will's death. Then the business and property were sold and apportioned. David, about 70 years of age at the time, retired and now lives with his wife in Kalamazoo.

Catherine (named after my mother) was a beautiful girl and had a rich contralto voice which she cultivated, studying and training under masters both in this country and in Europe. In her early years she did concert work and toured as a member of quartets in Star course and other programs. Late in life (about 40) she was married to Edward Stevens, formerly of Whitewater, Wis., an attorney in Chicago. For many years they resided at the South Shore Country Club. He retired about three years ago and they now spend most of their time in Florida. They have no children. (See attached obituary notice.) Both died during 1946.

Mary, the youngest is a kindly, gracious person. In many ways she resembles my mother. She is now close to 70. In her early years she taught school for a time. Also at intervals she clerked in her father's store. Late in life she married a musician who had a music store in Kalamazoo. Within a year he died of tumor of the kidney. A few years later she married Charles Little, a business man whom she had known for years. He died in 1942. Mary continues to live in her house in Kalamazoo. She had no children.

David R. Jones (Uncle Dave of Nevada), came to this country from Wales in the sixties. He early went west and took up land in Nevada near Minden, not far from Carson City. I do not recall seeing him though he visited us when I was very young. After going west he became a member of Church of the Latter Day Saints - a branch of the Mormon church. He was not of the sect that believed in polygamy. Like all Mormans he was an ardent missionary and I clearly remember my mother receiving letters from him in which he urged our family to come west and unite with the Mormon church. This was in the eighteen eighties. He had several children, Dave, Ellen, Owen and some others. I have seen the first three mentioned but I know little about them. In 1938 I was at Lake Tahoe with my niece Eleanor and Bill (Smith), and drove to their old farm. My Uncle died Nov., 1917, age 85 years, and is buried at Genoa, Nevada, as is also Uncle Robert. (See Brother Will's letter of Jan. 1946.) Cousin Dave was running the farm which was a fine level piece of land with a large irrigation ditch close by the house giving them all the water needed. He did general farming, also raised many cattle. Cousin Dave's daughter was at the time senior at the University of Nevada. She has since married. Cousin Ellen I saw too, very aged and feeble and living with relatives in Oakland. Cousin Owen when middle aged, while working in a creamery was made completely blind through an accident with a tube containing concentrated sulphuric acid. I saw him about 20 years ago. He and his wife were living in a small home near Oakland raising chickens and doing other things for themselves as best they could. Both still are alive (1943), he being now about 75. He is the good soldier he has ever been, meeting the world bravely and I believe still making his own living.

(1945 - I learned Owen had died recently.)
May, 1946, Cousins Dave and Ellen were reported well by Eleanor Davis Smith.

Griffith Jones (Uncle Griff of Newborough) was a younger brother of my mother and was born at Newborough, Anglesey in 1837. In the sixties he came to America and like so many others trekked across the country to Nevada and California in search of gold and fortune. In 1910 we visited him at Maes-y-ceirchdir

at Newborough. At thattime he related to me some of his experiences. He found neither gold nor fortune. But he did acquire ill health and after a few years he returned to Wales to die, so he said. However he recovered and lived for many years on the old homestead (Maes-y-ceirchdir). He was married and had several children, Ellen, Elizabeth, William and Griffith. I do not recall the year he said he returned to Wales but it was in the eighteen seventies. I have a large photograph of the old stone house with Uncle Griff, his family of four and his mother (my grandmother). I recall definitely the time my mother at our home received this picture. Since my grandmother died in 1885 the picture probably was taken about 1884 (when I was 9 years old). Again in 1910 we took several photos of the old home which are shown in my kodak series. At this time he was working the farm and had cattle, hogs, horses, etc. Much of the land was close to the sea and covered with grasses and reeds with which baskets and mats were made. Also rabbits were found in abundance among the sand dunes (The Warren) down near the sea. In November each year these rabbits were trapped in large numbers and sent to the market. I recall that at that time one rabbit brought from 25 to 50 cents. Both fur and meat were used. Uncle Griffith then was past seventy and suffering from asthma. He died Dec. 27, 1921, age 84 and is buried in the churchyard at Newborough. The farm and property was left to his daughter Ellen Jones.

Ellen is now living at Maes-y-Ceirchdir running the farm of about 200 acres with the aid of two of her nephews. She is a generous hearted soul and reminds me very much of my sister Catherine. She never married. I receive letters from her from time to time (1943). She never learned to write or to speak English well. When we visited there in 1910 she could hardly speak English at all. She knows more about our family on my mother's side than anyone now living. I have collected a number of her letters which are attached to my files. She is now in her sixty-eighth year. Not long ago she wrote that part of her farm was taken over for war purposes. Some intimate glimpses of their life in Anglesey may be had from my diary written in 1927.

Elizabeth (Jones) Lewis (Ellen's sister) died about 1925 leaving several small children. Her husband became totally worthless on account of alcohol. Ellen therefore assumed the responsibility of rearing these children. Two of the boys helped her on the farm. The others as they matured were employed or taken by other relatives. All were nice youngsters. I have in my files pictures of several. Lewis, the father, was a relative (a half-brother, I believe) of a Mr. Lewis who lived in Chicago and became a prominent executive for Marshall Field for many years. Later, I think, he moved to Seattle, Wash. Elizabeth is buried in the churchyard at Newborough.

William R. Jones was born in 1877. When I was at Newborough in 1910, I remember him as a young man about my age who could speak no English whatsoever. I could do little better in Welsh. So there we were, first cousins and unable to converse together, except by signs. He then was working on the farm with his father. When War I came he entered the service, in what capacity I do not know. He returned after the war and continued on the farm. In 1922, April 17, he was accidentally killed near home when a heavy machine fell upon him from a truck which he was driving. He was never married.

Griffith was an older brother of Ellen and early in life became a sailor. He married and had two children. When we were at Newborough in 1927 his wife and

children were there but he had disappeared. She had had no word from him for several years. Whether drowned or whether he had cast his fortunes in some far away land no one knew. There was a rumor, not well substantiated, that he was alive on the Island of Tasmania. His wife was a substantial woman about 35 years of age and was employed as a maid in the Jones Institute in Newborough (see pictures of the town in my kodak collection).

Of the remaining brothers and sisters of my mother I know little. Her sister Mary (Roberts) was alive when we were at Newborough in 1910. She was living with her daughter at the Jones Institute (an old people's home). She was then 83 and very deaf. She was dressed in the ancient Welsh costume. I shall never forget her sitting in a chair in her room receiving us wearing the high black hat and the conventional Welsh dress to match. She could speak no English. She died July 4, 1912, age 85, and is buried at Newborough. Her daughter (her name was Mary also) was then a woman of about 50 and could speak some English. When I was again in Newborough in 1927 this daughter was still there - an old and emaciated lady suffering from cancer of the stomach. She was very ill and could barely recognize me. I learned later she died a week or so after my visit. I know nothing more of the family of Aunt Mary. (See my letter written to Brother Will in 1927).

William Roberts (Jones) was a twin brother of my mother. I recall her speaking often of him and showing to us children some Welsh verses composed for him at the time of his death. Another brother Thomas died on the same day, namely May 24, 1870 at Maes-y-ceirchdir. William was 37 and Thomas was 28 years of age. Both are buried in Newborough.

A brother Owen went to Nevada, probably at the time that Griffith and David were there. He was taken suddenly ill and died there in 1868, aged 32. He is buried in the cementery at Genoa, Nevada.

A brother Robert was drowned in 1866, aged 29.

A sister Elizabeth died July 29, 1858, age 18. Attached is a small photo of her which came to me in my mother's album.

MY MOTHER

My mother descended, thus, from the lines as indicated above, was born in Ty Rallt (see kodak series) in the year 1833 in Newborough, Anglesey. I have practically no information about her early life. Mrs. Maggie Owens of Racine came from Newborough and she and my mother were girls together and remained very close friends all their lives. She told me Catherine was a small but vivacious and pretty girl. She attended school in Anglesey and I was told went to the schoolhouse, a picture of which I have in my 1910 kodak series (which see). My mother came to this country, as nearly as I can learn, sometime in the sixties, possibly the late fifties. She learned to speak the English language rapidly and was employed for a time in Milwaukee as a maid in a wealthy family. After a few years, that is, in the late sixties, she returned to Wales for a visit but soon came back to America again. On the way here she was stricken with acute rheumatism and was taken to a hospital in New York City for several weeks. After recovery, she returned to Racine where her brother John was keeping a store. Not

long afterward she met my father and as already related became his third wife. This was in 1868 or 1869.

I have several good photos of my mother which are herewith attached. She was short, stocky, with blue eyes, and not much over 5 ft. in height. She was jolly and popular. Everyone liked her. She was gracious and kind to a fault and was deeply religious. In her earlier years she was a fundamentalist and believed and taught us children that the Bible was the Law and that violation of its commands meant punishment and hellfire. Today, looking back I don't understand how such a person as my mother could hold such beliefs, but she did. In her later years she gradually became more liberal. As already stated she had four children in just about five years. She accepted the responsibilities of a large household on the farm and with little help in the earlier years. She operated the home on a monthly budget which today would hardly last a day. About the time of her marriage she developed a serious hay asthma from which she suffered the remainder of her life. This came on each year about August 15th and continued until frost. She had severe coughing spells which not infrequently compelled her to sit up in her old rocking chair all night. For years she used salt peter burned on stramonium leaves to alleviate the coughing spasms. From this affliction in her later years she acquired a marked emphysema with the typical barrel shaped chest. In January 1894, she took a severe cold which terminated in a fatal pneumonia in a few days. She died in our home and is buried in the D. W. and E. D. Davis lot in Mound Cemetery, Racine. She was a member of the Welsh Congregational Church in Racine where she attended as often as her health and responsibilities permitted. On her 20th marriage anniversary her church friends mainly, together with some others, at a grand supper presented her with a china set of dishes - white with gilded lines and figures. This set she gave to me. It has been in our possession at our house now for years though greatly depleted by breakage and use. The sugar bowl, pitcher, teapot and plates are on constant display in our dining room at the present time (1943).

As stated, my mother had little schooling though she was intelligent, read rather widely especially the Welsh Bible and the "Drych",was personally neat and tidy and kept a house immaculately clean and orderly.

I have no letters but in a small autograph album appear the following appropriate scriptural counsel in her own handwriting: "David, my son, keep my words and lay up my commandments with thee. Keep my commandments and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye. Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thine heart. (Signed) Your Mother." On the opposite page she has written as follows: "My son, keep thy father's commandment and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. Where thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee. (signed) Your Mother." She does not give the scriptural references which are Proverbs 7: 1 to 3, and Proverbs 6: 20 to 23.

Incidentally, in this little album (in my collection which see) are autographed verses and comments from a score or more of my childhood friends and relatives. Most of them are dated in the years 1882 and 1883.

ANNIE JANE DAVIS (DAVIES)

My half-sister Annie, as already stated was born in 1861. Her mother died in 1865 Being the oldest of the living children, she accepted at an early age much of the responsibility ordinarily falling to the lot of the older children on a farm. She developed into a healthy, strong girl, helpful and kind to those of us coming along later. She was precocious and early revealed an independence of thought and action. She attended the District School (Fratt School) for a few years but largely because of the pressing duties at home she was not able to complete all the courses offered there. She became adept in sewing and making clothes for the family. So expert did she become that before she was twenty she began to sew and make dresses for the neighbors and outsiders. In this vocation later she established a dressmaking shop with a neighbor, Miss Stella Reed, one-half mile away. In this way she acquired an income which in that day seemed generous. Her work as a dressmaker was interrupted from time to time by affairs at home, though her sister Alice was growing up to become unusually competent too and to gradually take over these home duties. Our father's illness in 1889 especially required her help and most generously did she respond. For two years or more she returned home giving nearly all of her time to his care. After his death she went to California for a time and returned. Later, having met her future husband, Mr. Hugh Davies while there, she left Racine permanently for Oakland, California where she was married in 1898. There she and her husband lived a long and happy life until her death in 1925. Her husband Hugh, at the time of their marriage, was an employee of the Mountain View Cemetery. Very soon thereafter he became superintendent and moved into a large house on the cemetery grounds provided for the superintendent. Here it was they lived comfortably and where they reared their family of three children (see below). It was here too, where I and my family in later years visited them and partook of their generous hospitality in their own home. (as recorded elsewhere).

My sister Ann was a fine appearing person - rather large and with dark strong features and heavy straight black hair. In her early years her hair reached to her waistline. She knew how to dress. She was generous to a fault. Her hospitality in her home knew no bounds. Both she and Hugh were strongly religious and faithful workers in and supporters of the Congregational Church. She died of gastric hemorrhage from an ulcer of the stomach.

Her husband not long after her death married our cousin Alice Davies (see above) who had lived in Oakland for years. Both were fairly well to do in the later years of their lives. About two years after their marriage they arranged an extended cruise to the Mediterranean, Egypt, Palestine, Europe and Wales, taking with them their automobile. It was while in Wales visiting his brother that Hugh had a fatal heart attack. His wife, Alice, came back to Oakland with his body. At Chicago Myra and I met her and Wesley, his son, at the R. R. Station on her long sad journey homeward. Her brother William from Mankato, Minn., also met her there. (See earlier reference to both.)

Their three children were Wesley, Eleanor and Hubert. Wesley was born in 1901. He attended the University of California for three years. He followed in the footsteps of his father. He was employed at the cemetery for several years, and soon after his father's death was made Manager. He had married Octavia Smith of Kentucky whom he had met at the U. of Cal. in Berkeley.

She was handsome and popular and by all her friends was known as "Tucky". When I went west to Portland in 1932 to give some lectures I visited them for two or three days in their fine modern home in Oakland. They then were so happy together with their baby boy only a few weeks old. We spent the time driving about the city and its environs, and I played golf with Wesley at a beautiful country club a few miles to the south. But again fate and tragedy were in the offing. Some two years later (1940) with some friends he went north to the Russian River for a brief outing. The river at the time was swollen by recent rains. Wesley, always fond of swimming, plunged into the river for his daily swim. He became entangled in the roots and brush deep in the current and before aid could reach him was drowned. His body was recovered at a point in the river far below. Tucky at the time was in Kentucky at her home attending the funeral of her relative. Wesley was buried in Mountain View Cemetery. In 1943 (March) Myra and I visited Tucky and her boy in Oakland where they were living in comfortable circumstances. In 1946 she remarried to an old acquaintance and now lives in Los Angeles.

Eleanor Davies Smith was born in Oakland in 1899. She attended the U. of California for three years and then married William Smith in 1924. At present (1943) they have three children, David, Jane and Anne. They live at 6147 Ocean View Drive, Oakland. (1946 - moved to Carson City, Nevada.) "Bill" Smith is a Federal highway engineer and had much to do with the construction of the road around Lake Tahoe. Later he was in the Federal Highway Service in California and Nevada and at present lives in Carson City and is Chief Highway Engineer of that State. (see note below)

Both are fine young people rearing three fine children. I visited them in 1938 on my way to the coast at Lake Tahoe where they were spending part of the summer in a lake cottage. In 1943 Myra and I again visited them at their home in Oakland where we were graciously entertained for ten days.

Oct. 1946. Eleanor visited us at Wilmette. Recently they had moved to Carson City, Nevada, having sold their home in Oakland. "Bill" her husband was now full time State Highway Engineer for Nevada. David was attending Johns Hopkins Medical School (entered Oct. 1946). He frequently saw Dave (my son) in Baltimore. Jane is attending U. of Cal. Anne is in High School. Eleanor sent to me the scrap book of clippings about her brother "Jim".

John Hubert Davies is the youngest of Sister Annie's three children. For some unexplained reason when a young boy he came to be called "Jim". He was born in 1905. He grew into a long lanky boy and when we visited Sister Annie in 1923 he was 18 years old and over 6 ft. tall. At that time he was working during the summer in the Cemetery. Dave (David E. Davis), a little kiddie of 10 years, followed him about like a dog and became his inseparable pal when we were there. He graduated from U. of Cal. in 1929. He was a noted athlete there. When about 25 years old Jim took up aviation. This has led him to a career of which not only his family and friends but the entire country may well be proud.

He early perfected himself at various aviation schools. Later he was stationed at several centers rendering service and giving instruction in aviation. These included Savannah, Orlando, Louisiana, Alabama and Hawaii. When flying near Honolulu on 12/17/1931 (see Eleanor's scrap book) he fell into the sea receiving a severe injury of the shoulder from which fortunately he completely recovered.

At the time of the outbreak of World War II (1941) he was with Gen. McArthur in Manila. He escaped to Australia. From there just shortly before the famous Doolittle raid on Japan (in April, 1942) he commanded one of three squadrons that flew back to (?) somewhere in the Phillippines in an attempt to rescue comrades. This he did successfully for which he received the Distinguished Flying Cross from President Roosevelt. In the fall of 1942 he returned to the U. S. for a short time. With his family he was stationed at Pensocola, Florida during the winter of 1942-43. There he received orders to promptly return to Australia where he is at the present writing. His rank is now Brigadier-General (1945).

Jim is a fine appearing man well proportioned and 6 ft. 4 in. in height. He is now 40 years old. Some 10 years ago he married Miss Ethel MacGregor of Oakland and has two daughters Martha and Ann. (See Eleanor's scrap book about "Jim's" career. Newspaper clippings, etc. - 1946)

In 1945 (see Brother Will's letter of June 1945) also Eleanor's scrap book on Jim"s career) he was made Brig. General in charge of B-29's Bombers on Tinian, etc. He also was Wing Commander under Gen. LeMays (see Time Magazine August 13, 1945).

Jan. 1946 he had returned to Oakland, Cal. as Brig. Gen. with the 4th (?) Air Force in San Francisco. At the close of war he resumed the rank of Colonel in the U.S. Air Force.

1946 (Oct.) attending Superior Officers School at Maxwell Field, Alabama.

Altogether he has received nine decorations including the Distinguished Service Air Medal, the Army Medal, the Silver Cross, etc. (see again Eleanor's scrap book).

Alice Davis Walker

Alice Davis Walker, my half sister, was born in 1865 in the so-called Ellerson House owned at that time by my father. Her mother died at the time of her (Alice's) birth. She was three years old when my father married my own mother. She grew up a strong, happy, good natured, good looking girl. She was popular then and as long as she lived and had a host of friends. She went to the Fratt School, completing the courses offered there. Home duties made further education impossible at that time. When her sister Annie left home most of the housework devolved upon her.

My sister Alice was the first of our family to marry and she and her husband (S. B. Walker) soon settled on the 10 acre tract, building their home there in 1892. Soon after my father and mother died in 1894 we had a farm sale in 1895, our old home was abandoned and all of us children scattered widely never again to live together. I continued to make my headquarters with my sister Alice. I was attending the U. of Wisconsin at the time and continued in school work in one form or another for several years, with vacation periods especially in the summer at which times I returned to my sister's and worked on the farm as I had done for years past. Therefore my sister Alice, ten years older than I, naturally became a second mother to me. And in every way she

treated me as a real mother would, for which I am eternally grateful. The four boys, my nephews, likewise became more like brothers though ranging from some 15 to 30 younger. I, to this day, have a close family feeling to them all.

When 24 years of age, 1889, she was married to Samuel B. Walker who some years earlier had come to Racine from Youngstown, Ohio, and whose brother William Walker was prominent then and in later years as a business man. Sam was four years older than Alice. He had been employed when a young man as a dairyman and later he again operated a dairy for many years. Soon after their marriage, my father deeded to them ten acres at the southwest corner of the farm. Here they built the house in 1890 that became their home where their children were born and in which both died in the same year, 1934. The house still stands (1943). The barns burned down in a disastrous fire in 1920, at which time all the hay and grain, several horses and some twenty head of fine cattle were consumed. A small barn was later erected but the farm was never again restocked. This fire occurred not long before the property was subdivided as already related. Sam and Alice continued to live there on their ten acres and work a large garden. Sam also had other activities; among them he was in charge for several years of cement road construction units in the township of Mr. Pleasant, Racine County.

Samuel B. Walker had no more than the usual district school education of that period. His father and mother were from Ohio and of English parentage. His father ran a woolen mill for a time in Ohio. He became interested and involved in socialistic and communistic experiments which later led him to neglect his business. About 1890 he joined a group of Socialists who migrated to the west coast of Mexico at Topolobampa, there taking up a large tract of land. He invested practically all his funds in this enterprise, leaving his wife to shift for herself with her children. In about two or three years it ended in complete failure. I well recall him returning to Racine, an old man with white hair and whiskers, sunburned to a deep brown, wearing a Mexican straw hat, his clothes ragged, and carrying all his possessions in a small pack on his back. This was about 1894 or 1895. Not long after he was found dead in a hotel in Ohio. None of his children, of which he had several, had any interest whatever in these ventures and did everything they could to persuade him to change his ideas. He was convinced that the solution of our social problems lay in the direction of communism or some other form of collectivism. During, and especially before that time, many apparently intelligent persons were seriously interested in these "colonies", many of which then existed in this country. Owen's colony at New Harmony was one of the best known. Some had a religious basis like the Shakers and the Mormons. Almost all in time terminated in complete failure (the Mormons excepted perhaps, but their social system remained quite democratic).

Sam was an intelligent, keen, hard-working person. He never used liquor or tobacco in any form and was a liberal in religion, being a member of the Universalist Church in Racine. He was a good farmer and for years operated successfully a large dairy. He was a thorough believer in education and saw to it that his children attended college. Sam and Alice had four children, all boys; David, born in 1891, John Charles in 1893, William in 1896, and Burton in ---. All have developed into men of character. All now are married. (1943)

David Mosley Walker, the oldest boy, grew up on the farm, healthy and fine looking. He went to the Beebee School about one mile south, and later to

the Racine High School. Then he entered the University of Wisconsin completing two year's course in science. He did not graduate. Shortly thereafter he was married to Ruth Cheesman. He was engaged in various activities - road construction work, operating a large farm in Caledonia, and finally in raising and selling select cabbage seed - which latter work he inherited from his father. When his father died he served as Executor of the Estate. At present he has a warehouse on the Hansche Road a few miles to the south. Each year he goes to the State of Washington to supervise the cabbage seed crop which is there grown and later shipped to Racine for sale and distribution.

Ruth's mother was the daughter of Mr. Freeman of Racine who years ago was one of Racine's most prominent business men engaged in the manufacture of farm implements, pumps, and windmills. For years Ruth and Dave with her sister Helen and her husband, Ed King, have lived on Green Bay Road across from the County Hospital for the Insane in a house originally built by her father. They have no children. Ruth is a fine character - generous and kindhearted to a fault, and now spending much of her time in public service. She was a trusted employee of the Johnson Wax Company, occupying for many years a key position in that firm. Dave and Ruth are among our very best friends - as well as relatives. In every way they are admirable young people and we love them very much.

John Charles Walker from the first revealed a studious mind. His early years were spent at his home going to Beebee School and to the Racine High School, and working on the farm during vacation. He entered the University of Wisconsin College of Agriculture in 1911 and graduated in 1914. Later he continued his studies in the graduate school, taking his PhD. in Plant Pathology in 1918. These early studies were carried on under Prof. L. R. Jones and determined his life work. He continued at the University at first in minor positions on the Faculty. He was advanced rapidly, becoming full Professor of Plant Pathology in 192 .

When he was a boy, and even long before, the territory round about his home and especially to the south was given over largely to the culture of certain garden products, particularly cabbage and onions. On and near the lake shore south of Racine fields comprising hundreds of acres of cabbage could be seen. As often happens, both these crops were under intensive cultivation began to suffer from disease, the cabbage from cabbage rot, the onions from an onion blight. So serious were these diseases that the entire industry was threatened. The attention of the authorities of the University of Wisconsin was called to these problems and such men as Dean Russell and Prof. L. R. Jones undertook their solution. A large amount of both observational and experimental work was necessary. Charles was born and reared in this neighborhood and could appreciate these problems. When at the University later he found himself associated with research men working feverishly to combat these plagues. Quite naturally he was interested and soon was assigned an investigative role which turned out to be a most significant one. This had to do with the selection of resistant strains. In a field afflicted with the cabbage disease an occasional cabbage (perhaps one in several hundred was found free from the disease. Upon obtaining seed from these resistant specimens it was found that the offspring also was resistant. In other words the property was hereditary. After a few years enough seed from these resistant strains was raised so that it became available for the farmers and seed growers. The result was that the abbage industry was revived in that section in a few years and has continued to flourish

to this day. This has meant over a period of years literally millions of dollars for the industry. And Charles through his experiments carried on for years was more responsible for this than any other person.

Likewise, for combating the onion disease, a method was devised whereby a small amount of formalin was permitted to trickle into the soil with the onion seed at the time of planting. This antiseptic was sufficient to retard the development of the fungus so that the onion plant could attain sufficient growth at which time it was no longer susceptible. This method too proved a practical one and came into general use.

These problems are only two examples of Charles' research activities. His general field is that of epidemic plant diseases. At present he is writing a book on this subject (see my library). He is one of the most eminent authorities in the world in his field. Recently (for the year 1943) he was elected President of the American Association of Phytopathology. Much of his work has been done under the joint auspices of the State of Wisconsin and the Federal Government. He has traveled over a large part of the world in connection with survey work on plant diseases. Further data concerning him will be found in "Who's Who in America".

A few months ago he was assigned to a commission to proceed to China to assist in establishing a modern agriculture in the hinterland, during the war. He was unable to accept this distinction. At present (1943, July) rumors are afloat that he is being considered for the Deanship of the College of Agriculture U. of Wisconsin, Dean Christiansen having recently resigned. But the world would lose much in research if he accepted. Dec. 1943. Prof. E. B. Fred was appointed to this Deanship)

In 1939 at the Third International Congress of Microbiology held at New York City, Charles and I took part in a symposium on the Comparative Host-Parasite relationship in Animals and Plants. He discussed Tissue Reactions in Plants, I Tissue Reactions in Animals. These papers are included in my publications, Vol. iii. Also abstracts are printed in the official Abstracts Communications of the Third International Congress New York, Sept. 2-9, 1939.

Some twenty years ago he married Edna Dixon. They adopted a son John Walker some years later - a fine boy whom they carefully nurtured for several years. At the age of 14 he died suddenly from an acute nephritis following a throat infection. They have no children.

As intimated above, Charles is a man of character, who sprang from the soil of Racine County, Wisconsin; who is known throughout the world and who is dedicating his life for the welfare of mankind. In the vernacular, he is "Tops".

In the spring of 1945 Charles was elected to the National Academy of Sciences - an honor of the first order.

William Allen Walker, "Bill", the third son of this family quartette, is a real "fellow". He was reared quiet as were the other boys on the farm. He was always an industrious boy and has grown into an industrious man. He attended the University of Wisconsin, College of Agriculture, graduating in 1916. For several years he held a State position engaged in the eradication of the barberry as the host of grain rust. Then for several years he was a member of

a business firm in Madison, Wis., that manufactured steel culverts. He retired from this company decidely to his own advantage, and then about 1925 bought the large storage and warehouse in Madison not far from the State Capitol which business he is now operating in an eminently successful way. "Bill" is a keen business man.

Some 15 years ago he married Lailla Smith. They have two children, William and Jeanie.

Burton Walker was the youngest of the four brothers. When about two years old he had pneumonia to which he nearly succumbed. He recovered eventually without serious complications. After attending Beebee country school and the Racine High School he entered the University of Wisconsin in 192 . Not long after entering he met with a serious accident in which the femurs of both legs were fractured. He completely recovered following a long convalescence. His college course there was interrupted but some time later he continued at College at Waukesha from which he graduated in 192 . His father in his will left him the house together with several lots of the ten acres adjacent. A few years later he sold the entire property. In the meantime he was married and lived on the north side of Racine. He was during this period employed as the Racine agent for a trucking company. Early in 1943 he obtained a position in a war plant in San Diego, California, where he now resides. He has three children. (A third in Jan. 1946 - Kim walker)

My sister Alice was the first of our family to marry
William O. Davis (Brother Bill)

William Owen Davis, the oldest child of my father's third marriage, was born June 20, 1870 (therefore five years my senior) in what we then called the old red house on the Owens farm. The family lived there for a short time (1870 to 1871) after my father had sold the farm to Mr. Ellarson and before he moved into our permanent home. He was a hard working boy in his younger years and continued to work hard during his entire life. He attended the Fratt country school until he was about 16 years old; the latter of these years he went only about 3 or 4 months during the winter time. Fall work especially husking corn continued until about Dec. 1st, and about April 1st or earlier, plowing and seeding the spring crops called for all available help. In general, most country boys at that time were thus limited in their educational program - relatively few were able to complete the country school and enter high school.

William, (or Bill) being the oldest son, was called upon for many services about the home and farm and more and more so as my father advanced in years. In 1889, when father became ill with influenza, the entire responsibility of the farm fell upon him, at which time he was only 19 years of age. He together with my mother and sisters continued to assume this responsibility for several years or until 1895 when the sale of the personal property occurred and when my brother-in-law, S. B. Walker, having established his home by that time, was able to take over the farm on a rental basis.

William, about that time, went on an extended tour through the West. At first he went with some friends to Bozeman, Montana, where he worked at various jobs for two or three years. Later he went to Oakland, California for several months where my sister Annie was located. Again, later, he returned to Bozeman where he attempted

to operate a grocery store for a time but without success. Then he returned to Racine about 1901 and engaged again in various odd jobs. On June 3, 1902 he was married to Miss Katharine Lee of Bozeman, Montana. (A copy of their marriage announcement is herewith attached.) They were married in the Victoria Hotel in Chicago by Mr. Kiersted, our former pastor at the Mygatts Corners Church near Racine. At that time I was a 3rd year medical student at Rush Medical College. For a time, a year or so, they lived in the old homestead near Racine. They then decided to move to Bozeman permanently and buy a farm. To do this he took his share of the property resulting from the sale of the north 54 acres and from other adjustments with the heirs, whereby all of his interests in the old farm were terminated. It was at this time too that similar adjustments were made whereby sister Annie (of Oakland) terminated her equity in the estate, using the proceeds to invest in California properties.

The farm, some 200 acres, that William and his wife Kate bought, was three miles north of Bozeman, close to the entrance of the Bridger Canyon and within a half mile or so of the state fish hatchery. Through it ran Bridger Creek, a small trout stream and round about was picturesque scenery. The creek bottom was good land, the remainder which comprised most of the farm was suitable only for dry farming and therefore a crop could be assured only once in 3 to 5 years. After several years of hard work they sold this farm and bought a farm of 80 acres west of Bozeman and about a mile from the agriculture farm of the State University. Here they built a modern house together with barns, etc., and here they have continued to live to the present time. This farm land is irrigated and yields good annual crops. In addition to general farming they have operated a dairy on a small scale.

I visited them on both these farms several times. Bill and I at various times took interesting excursions to the surrounding country especially up the Gallatin River to Yellowstone Park and up Bridger Canyon and over the Bridger Mountains to the Brackett Creek country where Kate's brothers lived. Here the trout fishing was excellent. Up the Gallatin about 25 miles lived an old schoolmate of ours, William Lytle. His parents and family were our near neighbors on a farm a half mile or so from our old home near Racine. When "Billy" Lytle was about 18 years old, rather than "knock about" Racine County he decided to see the world. With no definite objective, he wandered far and finally found himself on a ranch high upon the Gallatin River. Here he remained, later acquiring land upon which he built a rather pretentious log house. He continued to run cattle and horses in the hills round about for years. In early days he spent much time as a hunter's guide especially during the elk season late in the fall. He also was a noted trapper. He married early and had one daughter who became a school teacher. Some 15 years ago his wife died, and soon he married again this time to a widow, the mother of several children. With them he lived for several years in these mountains. He died there in 1944. Billy told me many times how fortunate he was to leave Wisconsin when he did and how much he enjoyed his life in the wild west. He never made much money but always lived well and lived "free". Being about 15 miles from the northwest corner of Yellowstone Park he was in an area supplied with game from the adjacent park region. Therefore he had seen and killed about every game species the west furnishes. At any time he could entertain one for hours with wild west stories and all were true. As I recall, brother Bill and I visited him at three different times. Trout fishing was our chief objective, and we never failed.

Kate Lee, brother William's wife, was a buxom girl, about 10 or 12 years younger than Will. She was strong, big and good looking. She was afraid of nothing or nobody. She would bang away at anything with her shotgun. Her father and family came originally from Virginia and Kentucky. (see Geneology of Lee Family of Virginia). Her father was a typical wild western product with vices and virtues mixed in proportions suitable for Bozeman in its palmiest days. I saw him once in 1905. He died shortly thereafter of cirrhosis of the liver. Kate had several brothers, Silas, Bill, Andy and Walter, all big broad-shouldered specimens anxious and ready at all times to tackle anything or anybody. They lived most of the time at or near Clyde Park on the Brackett (near Bozeman). I think Silas and Bill still live there. Andy died several years ago. Another brother was shot and killed in that region in a brawl of some kind. In 1905, brother Bill and I drove in a horse and buggy 40 miles over the mountains to Bill Lee's place. He there had a large ranch - with many cattle and horses. In the Brackett close to his house I caught 63 brook trout in two hours. While I was there he developed a severe infection of his finger. I lanced it with a jack knife and without anaesthesia. He recovered promptly, but he never forgot me. Bill Lee was generous, free hearted and kind, but an inconsiderate cuss! He was a demon for work in his day. He loved gambling of any kind. He won and lost again and again on the grain and stock markets. He has a wife and several children. He died in 1947 at Clyde Park, Montana.

All of the Lee boys loved the free, open, wild country and they lived and behaved accordingly.

William and Kate reared a family of 8 children, Evelyn, Gwendolyn, David J., Alice, Owen, Walter, Wilda and Ellen. Owen died some years ago, when about 15 years old, of acute appendicitis. Kate has made an ideal mother. All the children now have grown up into fine young men and women. All are graduates of the State University of Bozeman or its equivalent and all now (1947) are married. I have visited their home several times and I have always been impressed by the family training and the discipline exhibited in this far western environment. Not one of these children has turned out badly. All, both boys and girls, were trained at an early age to be useful and to work both in the home and on the farm. All the girls, for example, learned to milk the cows and as well to do many other "chores". They were brought up to go to church and to take an active part in school and other activities. All or most of them were taught at an early age to sing. This was largely because their father had a good tenor voice and loved music. He sang in his early years in various churches but he especially loved to sing at home with his large family around him with himself playing the accompaniment. And he still sings and loves it today in spite of his 76 years.

At present (1944) brother Bill lives on his farm near Bozeman. During the past year he has not been well and it has now become necessary for him to rent out most of the land excepting the house and adjacent garden. For some 30 years he has had on his face a thickening of the epithelium, induced originally by frost probably. In spite of repeated treatments it has in the last year or two developed into a slow growing epithelioma, with secondaries in and about both ears. Last spring he came to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn., at which time a rather extensive operation was performed involving both ears. He is now at home. In September, 1943, he returned for examination, which indicated he had markedly improved. There was no evidence at that time of a return of the malig-

nancy and the necrosis about the internal ear showed much improvement also. At times dizziness occurred when irritation was applied to the deep necrotic region. (See attached letter form Mayo Clinic.)

In December, 1947, he was in good health with no evidence of recurrence of the cancer.

Following the marriage of Will and Kate in 1902 as above stated 8 children were born to them in rapid succession in the next 25 years or thereabouts. Evelyn, the oldest now lives in Kalispell, Montana. She is the mother of three children, Joanne, Mary and Eddie. Her married name is Herbert. Her husband is engaged in the elevator business. In her earlier life she taught school for a number of years. Now she is engaged in welfare work (1945).

Gwendolyn, after graduating from college in Bozeman, took up special work in dietetics. She later held important teaching positions in this field. She was married to a Mr. Wagner and for several years lived in Idaho. She has one son, Billy. A few years ago her husband was drowned in an auto accident. She then took her master's degree in dietetics at the University of Minnesota and then took a state position in Nevada supervising work in her special field in educational institutions. In 1943 she moved to Spokane, Wash., where she now resides with her son. She occupied an important position in dietetics in the public school system of that city. She has a fine mind and a fine character.

1945 - recently she moved to Sacramento, Calif., as chief dietitian in California State School system.

Alice Davis Cantwell was born Feb. 28, 1904. Like all the children she trained to be useful inside the house and outside in the barns and in the fields. She attended the public schools in Bozeman. When about 18 she came to Chicago and entered the Evanston Hospital as a student nurse. She completed the course in 4 years. For a time she did private nursing. Later she accepted important positions, mostly supervisory, at the Evanston and the Passavant Hospitals. During this period of several years we saw much of her at our home in Wilmette. In 1933 she was married in our home (Wilmette, Ill.) to Dr. Arthur Cantwell, a young man she had met as a medical student and interne at Evanston. After marriage they moved to Shawano, Wis., he to join his father and brother as a partner in a clinic in that city. He has continued there up to the present, devoting his time largely to obstetrics. He has a large and expanding practice - and a large and expanding farm. Also at this writing (Dec. 1943) they have a large and expanding family consisting of four children, William, Arthur, Sally and Johnnie - all fine youngsters who in time no doubt will become fine Americans and expand still more.

Following Alice came David James Davis, the oldest boy in the family. He was born Sept. 15, 1910. He worked on the farm and later went to High School and to Montana State College at Bozeman. He then took a position as teacher in a High School at Moscow, Idaho, where he lived for several years. He was there married about 1935 (?). They now have two children. He at present is again in Bozeman College completing a course in Agronomy which he expects to complete this year. His wife is secretary to the Dean of the College of Agriculture.

In 1945 he became a member of Bozeman College Faculty in the field of Agronomy (professional rank).

Walter Davis is next in order in Will's family. He completed a course in agriculture at the College in Bozeman. At present he lives in Billings, Montana and is the official broadcaster for the State Department of Agriculture broadcasting about twice daily to the farmers of the State. He is married and has two children. When about four years old he was stricken with infantile paralysis which caused a permanent paresis and deformity of the left foot and ankle. He was operated several times, once (about 1926) by Dr. Dean Lewis, then in Chicago, who tried a tendon transplantation with only moderate success. There is still considerable deformity with a shortening of some two inches or more, otherwise he is well.

Wilda Davis this last year (1943) finished her college course and was married last summer to a young man, William Cahill, from Butte who now is in service. She is a handsome girl and brilliant in her studies and work.

1946. Now has two children, Joe and Michael. Living in Billings.

Ellen is the youngest of the family - now attending Bozeman College in her first year. (1943)

1944 Entered Evanston Hospital for nursing training.

1947 Married to Jack Whetsit. Now lives in York, Pa.

And so this large family has now grown up, all of them well educated, all of them married and with families of their own, settling here and there in various towns and communities to occupy important positions, thereby adding to the strength and vigor of an ever increasing middle class of typical American western life - in which lies our hope and faith for the future.

Ellen Davis

My sister, Ellen Davis, was born in 1871 on the old farm. She was a gentle, happy, kindly soul as I remember her. Early in life she became afflicted with tuberculosis of the bones and glands of the neck. Scrofula it was then called - no doubt it was bovine in origin. Tuberculosis was common in all the milk herds in that section though it was not then recognized. Ellen gradually became an invalid and died in 1885. My mother dearly loved her and cared for her tenderly to the last moment. She is buried in the Davis lot in Mound Cemetery. I was ten years old at the time of her death. I recall many incidents relating to her but most prominent in my mind to this day is a pale sickly little person with an angelic face - but with several large, ugly discharging sores on her frail body which mother religiously dressed each day for months before she died.

Catherine Davis Fraser

Catherine Davis Fraser was born in 1873 and was my youngest sister. She was named after her mother and therefore I am using the above spelling rather

than "Katharine!" a spelling she adopted later in life. She was born at Smith farm, Racine Wis., and attended both the Fratt and the Beebee country schools. She did not go on to the High School. She was a strong, healthy girl, cheerful and good looking and popular with everyone. She had a fine contralto voice and used it to advantage in churches and on various special occasions. After our home was broken up in 1895 she lived for a time in Racine clerking for several years in Schroeders Dry Goods Store.

In 1906 she was married to David Fraser in sister Alice's home (Racine, Wis). They lived for a few years on the west side of Racine. When the farm was sold (about 1910?) Catherine invested her funds in a beautiful farm of 120 acres at Honey Creek. Here they engaged in general farming, specializing in blooded stock for some ten years or more. Catherine's health became impaired and being offered a high price for the farm during the boom period following World War I they sold out completely and bought a small place of some 15 acres with buildings and a cherry orchard a short distance south of Honey Creek. Here Catharine died of a cancer of the bowel in 1925 and is buried in the Honey Creek Cemetery nearby. I was Executor of her estate.

David Fraser, her husband, was reared on a farm near Honey Creek, his parents coming directly from Scotland in the eighties. Shortly after Catharine's death the farm came back to the estate because of inability of the purchaser to meet the payments. Dave Fraser then moved back to the farm, again engaging in general farming. He married a second time to Gladys Foote a few years after Catharine's death. They both are at present well and living on the same farm now these many years.

One son, Lloyd Fraser, was born to Catharine and Dave Fraser in 1908. After completing the public schools he attended Ripon College, graduating in 1930 (?). Soon after graduation he obtained a position as teacher in the High Schools in Milwaukee which position he held until the outbreak of World War II. Being in the Reserves he was early called into Service. For two years he was at Camp Grant. A few months ago he was promoted and sent to a large camp in Texas where he now is. (1943). His rank is Colonel. About ten years ago he married Dorothy, the daughter of John Cunningham of Burlington, Wis. They have one son, David, now 6 years old (1943). Lloyd is a fine man, successful as a teacher and as a soldier (every summer for years he spent in military camps in training). Dorothy too is a woman of character, ability and good sense.

Catharine had continued her ownership of the farm, and some time before her death made a will which left her property (the farm) to her son Lloyd. Her husband, David Fraser, however is to have the use ofthe farm as long as he lived. There are certain other contingencies in the will, a copy of which is herewith attached. This farm is beautifully situated almost on the Racine County Walworth County line. The country round about is quite hilly and is well adapted for dairying and general farming. Honey Creek, a small stream, runs through the farm from north to south.

When Dorland and Dave were small many were the trips we took to visit my dear sister Catharine on her farm. Always we were received with the same graciousness and kindness characteristic of both our hosts. I am sure their visits and experiences will be remembered by the boys as long as they live.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Up to this point, these pages have been devoted to brief sketches of Wales and of Mt. Pleasant Township in Racine County, Wisconsin, together with some biographical records and experiences of members of the William Davies Family, who came to Wisconsin just 100 years ago.

I am reluctant to say very much about my own experiences and activities in this really dramatic event that took place in the early days of Wisconsin. My part was a most insignificant one. In reality, I was in the rear of a grand procession, as it were. My responsibility as well as that of all members of the passing generation has had to do primarily with the consolidation of the advances and progress made by these veterans of long ago, and to see to it that the hard years of these pioneers shall not have been spent in vain.

What I will say from here on has to do with my childhood and young manhood years. It is said primarily because what I experienced was also experienced by practically every youth in that Township during that period.

From time to time I will mention health and disease factors in this locality. Of all the serious and tragic problems confronting these early settlers, sickness was Public Enemy Number One. For example, dying of preventable diseases in my immediate family were my paternal grandfather, my father's first two wives, and three of my sisters or half-sisters. Such mortality experiences were common in the families of that day. They were the hardest blows that these people had to endure.

Early Memories

As set forth in the earlier pages (see page 1) of this narrative, it was into this general environment that birth injected me in that (for me) ominous year, 1875. Naturally I know few details of the first years of my life. I have heard it said that very early I had scarlet fever in severe form and with greatly enlarged cervical glands. One of my first memories was vaccination against smallpox, which then was a serious and dangerous contagion (as it still is) and far more common than now. I was vaccinated by Dr. Charles Ellarson. The virus was obtained from the arm of a neighbor's child, and scratched into my arm. It "took" normally and without serious complication. I was then about four years old. Dr. Ellarson was the son of Charles Ellarson, a native of the Catskills of New York who had purchased the first farm my father owned, which was located just across the road from the Smith farm. Young Charles decided to become a doctor and entered the Eclectic Medical College in Chicago, graduating about 1878. He hardly had completed his medical studies when he became infected with tuberculosis, dying after a protracted illness. He was an older brother of Ralph John Clark Ellarson who became my "pal" during my school years and one of the best and truest friends I ever had. I will say more of him later.

Whooping cough I acquired when 14 years of age at school and suffered with it for several months. At that time it was a more treacherous disease than now, and the cause of much suffering and not a few deaths.

Many times I have thought how lucky I was in "Getting by" this childhood

period of life - as were all other children at that time. The number of deaths among children was appalling. In the eighteen seventies the statistics, such as they were, indicated that from 40 to 70% of all children born in this region died before the fifth year of life, largely from intestinal diseases. (In 1925 it was 17.6%). (See Rise and Fall of Disease in Illinois, State Dept. of Health, p. 89, 1927) Today, 1946, the percentages run about 7%.

On the whole the contagious diseases were far more prevalent and apparently more severe than at present. Tuberculosis was very serious and especially tuberculosis of the bones and lymph glands. These forms were largely of bovine origin, though this source was then not generally known. As already stated, my sister Ellen, age 13 years, died of scrofula (Tb. of lymph glands). I was 9 at the time. No doubt the origin was milk from tuberculous cows on our farm. All of us drank this same milk in quantities. No wonder practically everyone then became infected relatively early in life with one form or another of tuberculosis. Open cases were very common but not recognized as highly dangerous foci of infection. Again I say those of us who got by were "just lucky".

The House and the Farm Where I was Born and Reared

My early memories naturally were established gradually, as they are established in the young minds of everyone; first of my parents and my brother and sisters, then of working girls and working men about the home and the farm, with whom we children came in close contact; of our nearby neighbors; of the house in which I was born, its various rooms, stairways, cellar, woodshed, etc, etc., ; then the yard about, the walk in front, down to the road through a gate, the two large lilacbushes on each side of the walk near the front door, the large Tallman sweet apple tree near the front fence on the left, and on the right a young spruce tree. And just outside the front fence in the road (now Lathrop Ave.) was a hugh cottonwood poplar tree, some 4 ft. in diameter and nearly a hundred feet tall, whose leaves and branches gave out so many different sounds during the evenings and mornings, and when storms and winds prevailed and which for some reason was never struck by lightning though many trees nearby were in the terrific electric storms of those times (seemingly). (This tree was cut down some 25 years ago - about 1920.)

The photo of the house here shown is about as it was at the time I was born. The accompanying plan indicates arrangement of the rooms. The house faced west with entrance from the south rear and an entrance to the cellar from the south. This house was built in the eighteen thirties or forties. I have never learned the exact date of its construction. It is still standing quite as it was, but was moved about a hundred feet directly south some 40 years ago when the Klinkerts bought the 54 acres north of the railroad track. For years now tenants have occupied it. Attached is a recent photo of it, Oct. 1946.

The cellar was large and located under the entire main part of the house. its walls were of large, cold, moist, hardheads, no doubt gathered from the farm upon which many then were found, for this is in the glacial area of Wisconsin. At the northeast corner was a drain, to me a forbidding hole which went I knew not where but about which I wondered much. For years the floor was moist and muddy but covered in most places with boards. Later my father covered it entirely by hexagonal bricks. In this cellar were kept many things I will

remember as long as I live, apples in barrels and boxes, fruit in rows upon rows of jars, milk and cream in shallow pans for butter, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, turnips, squash, pumpkins, etc. The cellar was cool in summer and warm in winter; the frost and winds were kept out to some degree by a bank of horse manure placed outside about the base of the house. What the electric refrigerator has done to the old time cellar!

From the center of the house upstairs a stairway descended to the cellar, the only access to it from about Nov. 1st to April 1st. The cellar in the winter e e in the daytime was black as night. A lantern or lamp was necessary there for light. To me as a small boy it was not an inviting place to go alone though I well knew of the many delicacies there. I knew too of the hugh rats that at times found their way there and which my Dad caught in sharp steel traps.

On the first floor in the northwest corner was the living or sitting room kept warm and comfortable with a self-feeding coal stove in which we burned anthracite coal day and night. Here the evenings were spent by the family and it was an active place during the day as well. In front of the stove was where my mother mended and sewed and knitted interminably, it seemed to me. At one side was the old rocker where my Dad sat and read the "Drych" and told his stories. The rest of us were scattered about the room reading, doing school work or engaged in some of the various household duties too numerous to mention. As for myself I had a snug little corner just behind the stove where I played and read and gradually got sleepy though resisting all attempts by my elders to induce me to go to bed.

In the southwest corner of the house was the parlor used only on special occasions. It was well furnished - with a small heating stove ample for its purpose. Usually it was a cold room and not inviting to us youngsters for play. In the east and southeast were two bedrooms, one that my father and mother used and the other, much smaller (about 10 x 8 ft.) in the southeast corner used chiefly by the younger children. It was in this small room that I was born.

Upstairs was a half story with plastered walls, sloping ceilings, and which was divided into three irregular rooms. My sisters occupied the northwest corner room warmed somewhat by the protruding stovepipe in winter. The others were occupied promiscuously by brother Will and myself and by the hired men usually one to three in number.

The dining room and kitchen were combined in a fairly large room which extended from the living room through a narrow hallway to the rear. There was the large cook stove in which was burned ordinary stove wood and where all the delicious meals were cooked and served. Here, too, was where I, as a lad, acquired my tastes or foods of various kinds. Only a few I did not learn to relish. Many were the tastes acquired then which have persisted and which I have enjoyed to this day. I am sure many young persons do not appreciate the importance and significance of good tastes and food habits formed when young.

Still further back, and to the east, was a woodshed and in one corner was the wooden pump in the old stone well. This shed was a depository for about everything around the place, as well as the back door to the entire house. The well deserves mention. It was 40 feet in depth, 3 feet in diameter and walled

to the top with hardheads. The floor of the shed covered the top loosely leaving a space under the floor for animals and dirt to enter the well. I well recall dead cats, mice and rats found in the well water. It was necessary for my father or some one of the men to descend to the bottom to clean it. This they did by using the rounded side stones as steps or supports. At times, especially in dry years, the water was inadequate. This well illustrated everything a well should not be. Again all of us were "just lucky" in getting by.

In the near vicinity, chiefly to the south, there were outhouses including privy, hen house, pigsty and about 200 feet away two barns of about equal size. One, built immediately on the public road, was called the horse barn because here all the horses had stalls. Here, too, were oat bins and hay mows. The other barn, located about 75 feet to the east, was called the cow barn because here most of the cows were housed. Here too were hay mows and grain bins. Between the barns on the north was the straw forming a barrier to the barnyard and which the stock used for feed and shelter during the winter. The grain stacks in the fall before threshing were placed just to the north of the straw stack in the direction of the house.

To the north of the house and occupying the northwest corner of the farm was the apple orchard. It was almost a square, occupying about four acres. The trees were quite mature as far back as I remember (probably 30 years old or more). There were some 15 to 20 varieties of what seemed to me the most tasty apples in all the world. Today I cannot find such delicious apples on the market. What has become of these fine apples? I think the markets have substituted highly colored red apples (chiefly western) of very ordinary flavors for the good old-fashioned ones. The people are very much the losers though they don't seem to know it. Here are some of the varieties in the old orchard: Flower of Genesee, two varieties of russets, Seek-no-furthers, Northern Spies, Tallman Sweets, Greenings, etc. Of a number of the choicest I have completely forgotten the names. We had selected apples for eating and cooking from August first to the following April, all well preserved in our cellar. In addition, in the fall we had an abundance of cider both sweet and fermented in barrels on its way to vinegar.

Up to about 1900 the orchard was fairly well cared for by trimming and by replanting young trees. Then it rather rapidly deteriorated. Ten years ago only a few trees were left. Last year (1942) as I passed the old farm not a tree remained.

To the east and south was the garden. There were an arbor of Concord grapes, currants, gooseberries, raspberries (at times), rows of garden produce including carrots, onions, beets, cress, radishes, strawberries, early potatoes, sweet corn, cucumbers, melons, etc. Often, in adjacent fields, were late potatoes, strawberries, corn, popcorn and buckwheat, usually in small areas of one-half to two or three acres. All the above products constituted the immediate food for the family. Few of them were sold. Some were canned or stored in the cellar for winter use. A few cherry trees were scattered about the side yard between the house and the barns in the earlier years.

The farm was no doubt designed from the beginning for general farming purposes. Excluding the six acres of the C. M. & St. Paul R.R. which cut the farm into two parts, in 1857, 54 acres north and 100 acres south of the railroad,

it was a quarter section, that is one-half mile square. Its location was as follows: the Northeast quarter of Section 19, Range 23, East of 4 P.M., Township 3 North, Racine County, Wisconsin. (The southwest section included most of the original farm of Rhiwlas bought by my grandmother, Alice Hughes Davies about 1850.) The farm was flat, rather low and wet especially the eastern part and sloped gently to the southeast, the waters from four sloughs draining into a ravine which cut deeply through an elevation running along the west shore of Lake Michigan and which entered the Lake about two miles south of the city of Racine. (Geologically this western shore of Lake Michigan in recent times has shown evidence of a gradual elevation.)

The land in this vicinity was chiefly a black fertile loam with here and there an exposure of a lighter gravelly soil. I have heard that orginally much of the farm was covered with forest and bush. How much I do not know. In my early days there was a fine grove of red oaks of about ten acres occupying most of the eastern end of the north 54 acres with a slough and a spring between parts of the woods. The trees were mature (about 100 years old) and were our chief source of fire wood. Along the margins and in those parts cut over for wood was an ever-present seasonal supply of raspberries, blackberries, wild cherries, etc. And everywhere were birds, squirrels, chipmunks, woodchucks, and rabbits in abundance. About 40 years ago much of this 54 acres including this woods was subdivided and soon houses were erected which covrred most of this part of the farm. Another small grove of oaks (of two or three acres) occupied a small knoll near the center of the south 100 acres. This too disappeared about 30 or 40 years ago, most of the trees dying apparently during or following dry years. The remainder of the farm originally had been cut up into fields of approximately ten or more acres separated by split oak rail fences. When I was a boy, most of the fences were thus made. As these old fences rotted (and this was true all through that region) they were replaced by board fences or (a little later) by barbed wire fences. I saw much of this replacement going on chiefly in the eighteen eighties and nineties. To some degree, the fences were moved as it became necessary to rotate the crops, but generally the fields in size and position remained fairly well stabilized and some of them were given names, as for example, the Forty and the Sixty into which the south 100 acres were divided by a rail fence running east and west and which was then a conspicuous farm landmark. Many fences were made, some temporarily and later changed for purposes of crop rotation.

The major farm crops were hay, oats, wheat, corn and occasionally barley, flax, and rye. They were raised for three main purposes, namely, to support the family, to feed the farm animals and to sell in the markets of Racine.

Live Stock

Cows

Among the farm animals were approximately twenty cows, of which about ten to twelve were milch cows. Corn, hay, bran and meal were their food. In earlier years the milk was used for butter for the family and some for the market. The sour milk was used for the hogs. Buttermilk also was a favorite food for the family. Some was sold in the city. Milking and caring for the milk and its products required much of the time of both the men and the women.

Churning the cream was done in the house or in summer in the cellar. My mother was an expert butter maker. In later years the demand for milk in the city became so great that it was more remunerative to sell the milk directly to the dairies in the neighborhood. (Crane, Lathrop, Walker). Some young stock, calves and yearlings were sold each year to the local butchers.

Hogs

A herd of pigs of variable number, usually about ten, was kept in the sty and adjacent yards. Several each year were used as meat for the family and a few were sold. Pork was and still is one the the most important products of the great middle west. It has had much to do with the location and development of the stockyards at Chicago. The raising of corn, hogs, and cattle constitutes a trio of industries upon which the prosperity of this region largely depends. From the very beginning of farming in this section the hog furnished most of the meat for the family in one form or another. The hogs in early days were butchered on the farm often close to the house. Born early in the spring they were ready for slaughter about Thanksgiving time. "Killing hogs" as it was called to some degree a neighborhood affair in which two or more families took part. For example we cooperated with our neighbors the Owens family on these annual occasions. It was somewhat like threshing but on a smaller scale. A half dozen or more men assembled in the morning about a large fire over which was heated water in a hugh iron kettle. Boiling hot, the water was transferred to a large barrel inclined against a low platform; or a bob sled was often used for this purpose. The hog was "stuck" with a long sharp knife by an expert "pig sticker" after being thrown on his back and held firmly by three or more men. The knife was inserted just above the sternum and directed posteriorly toward the region of the large blood vessels above the heart which thus were severed. The animal bled freely and died in a few minutes thoroughly exsanguinated. At once it was plunged into the inclined barrel of hot water and was raised and lowered by the men using for this purpose a strong hook inserted into the jaw of the animal. After a few minutes it was possible to remove the hair, whereupon the hog was raised from the barrel and on the platform, with knives and a special "scraper" the men quickly scraped the animal clean. It was then hung out of doors on a support, with head down, by means of a strong wooden stick inserted in the hamstrings. Through a median anterior incision the entire viscera were removed including the tongue. Plenty of water was used and the entire process was done in a cleanly and sanitary way. Furthermore the killing was nearly always done in a very cold weather and often the carcasses were allowed to freeze solid.

Certain parts of the hog were prepared as delicacies for ourselves and neighbors. Liver, pancreas, heart, spareribs, hog's feet, head cheese and sausage were used during the entire winter.

At the close of the day a grand dinner was furnished for all the workers and a merry time was had by all. After dinner the kitchen was cleared and the viscera of the animals were brought in in pails and tubs and spread on the table. Several of the neighbors remained until well into the night removing the fat from intestines and "inwards" generally. This fat was later melted down into "lard".

The animals, butchered in this way, were cut up and prepared in different

ways. Much of the meat was placed into brine in barrels and thus preserved as "salt pork" - the chief meat food for the ensuing year. By many farmers the hams and sides of the animals were smoked in a "smoke house", a small house built for this purpose. These smoked hams and bacon also consiituted an important meat supply for the year. The animals not needed for the household were sold directly to the local butcher shops in Racine. For the youngsters, hog killing day was one replete with interesting and instructive events. The fire, the pig sticking, the catching and squealing of the hogs, removal of the hair, evisceration of the animals after being suspended, together with the group of men talking, joking, laughing, teasing, was a long-to-be-remembered day for a boy. Then there were all the "good eats" not only for the day; but also all the fresh pork products for the weeks to come. One part of the hog was turned over to the boys without reservation, namely the urinary bladder. After careful removal it was inflated with a straw or pipe stem until the size of an ordinary football. Such "balls" were then used in kicking games by the boys of the neighborhood and furnished sport for everybody and without the expense of a regular football - a significant item in those days.

Horses

On our farm we raised only enough horses to conduct the routine work. Usually two teams were necessary for this purpose. They were as a rule the Norman breed, good useful animals adaptable for a variety of purposes. In addition we always had a "buggy horse" an older animal somewhat of the "plug" order that everyone could drive and one that would stand about unhitched anywhere. Often this animal was a brood mare. It was not uncommon to see small colts following the horse and buggy even at times in the city. A few young horses were raised on our farm either to sell or to replace the older work horses. Fortunately my father never got the racehorse "bug" as not a few of our neighbors did. It turned out to be almost invariably a very costly "hobby" as my Uncle Edward experienced.

I never had a pony, as so many country boys had. But about as long ago as I can remember I felt free to take from the barn one of the horses and ride about, after the cows, a message to a neighbor, a hurried trip to the city, etc., etc. I came to know horses very well therefore.

Farm Crops

When telling about my father's career, I made a brief statement concerning the rotation of crops, the sequence of farm work, the several subsequent harvests, etc. With the multiplicity of crops in this region a certain balance of activities resulted which kept both men and women on the farms fairly uniformly busy with the exception of the three or four winter months. And even during this interval with the care of the animals and the marketing of certain crops like hay, their time was largely occupied. In this respect the program of work was quite different from that in certain parts of the country devoted more or less to a single specialty, such as wheat raising in Kansas, etc.

Hay

Hay was one of our largest and most important crops since many animals

especially cows and horses subsist largely on it, or did at that time. There were several kinds, timothy, clover, various mixtures of the two, slough, and wild or upland hay. The two latter grew upon unplowed land. The slough hay was coarse and of little value for food. It was used therefore for bedding, tops for grains stacks, coverings for strawberries, etc. The upland hay was found on slough margins and unplowed prairie land. It was short and thick and often contained a high content of weeds, flowers, etc. The clover and timothy were grown from seeds sown usually with grain and yielding a crop the following year. The crop yield was heavy for the first three or four years gradually becoming lighter however. Then the field was plowed and another crop planted.

The haying season began in Racine County about July 4th. Often heavy clover yields were cut earlier. In early and middle July most of the hay was harvested. Later the upland and slough hays were cut, some even after the grain harvest in August. Clover yielded a second crop by September 1st or thereabout which was at times thrashed for clover seed. Most of the second crop however was used as grazing food for the cattle during the long autumns. In the very early days (eighteen forties, fifties and sixties) much of the hay was cut with the scythe. Then with the development of the mower, more and more hay was cut in this way, though the rough land with many stones and stumps required the use of the scythe in many places for many years. In my early boyhood I recall my father and his men cutting several of our rough sloughs with scythes. These men became exceedingly expert with this implement. They acquired a graceful sweeping stroke covering a swath about 6 feet wide and "biting" into the standing grass of 4 to 6 inches or more. At frequent intervals each pulled the whetstone from his hip pocket and in a dexterous fashion sharpened the blade of the scythe. Also in the morning and at noon the blade was put on the grindstone for an "edge".

With the advent of the mower (McCormick, Deering, Champion, etc.) the haying season was shortened and the work made easier. After cutting the hay it was permitted to "cure" on the ground for one to two days, then raked into windrows and cocked for this purpose using (in my day) a horse rake. When properly cured and dry the hay was pitched onto a hay wagon with pitchforks and taken to the barn or to a hay stack where it was removed from the wagon again by hand pitching. This was hard, hot work especially in a barn where the hay already had begun to "sweat" and heat. It was a real contribution therefore when in the nineties the hay loader, the barn fork and the hay stacker were developed, transferring in reality this heavy work from the backs of the humans to the backs of the horses, aided of course by clever machine execution.

From the hay mows in the barns and from the hay stacks about the barns or in the fields the hay was gradually fed out to the horses and cows during the winter season. Any excess not needed for feed was taken to the hay market in Racine and sold. I well recall going with my father in the eighties on top of loads of hay to the Racine hay market, then located several blocks below the square on Main Street, I am sure one of the coldest places in the city. Earlier the hay market was located in the main square which then was called the Market Square. After the monument was erected in (188?) the name of the square was changed to Monument Square and the market removed several blocks to the north. About the most disagreeable job I know of was going down to the market and

waiting about for someone to buy your load of hay, perhaps during a stormy day with the temperature near zero - waiting perhaps until dark, then obliged to take half what the hay was worth, and getting back home 3 miles away at 9 or 10 o'clock at night or later. My father did just this for years, in order to pay for his farm, which we children later inherited. Are we of this generation worthy of such an inheritance?

Grain

Oats and wheat were the two chief grain crops on our farm. Much of the plowing of the soil for these grain crops was done in the late fall, November and even in early December. As soon as the frost was out of the ground in the spring the soil was prepared for seeding the grain. As a rule this was about the first two weeks in April, though there was considerable variation. I recall seeding grain (wheat) one year on March 23, 24 and 25th. Following there was a rather heavy snow storm which did no harm. If the plowing was done in the fall the soil in the spring was seeded with a "seeder" then followed usually twice with a harrow or drag drawn by horses. In the early day, much of the seeding was done by hand. My father was a good "sower". A half bushel sack with a strap over the shoulder was filled with the grain and the sower at a rather slow walk scattered the grain from his hand using a graceful swing of the arm. At each swing he would grasp from the sack a handful of the grain. In this way proceeding across the field he could very uniformly cover a width of some 10 to 12 feet. The expert sowers were so skilled they could use both hands in the process. In the eighties and nineties (or earlier) this hand method was gradually replaced by the mechanical seeder, an implement on two wheels drawn by a team of horses. Between the wheels was a kind of hopper containing the seed at the bottom of which was a small rotating propeller which permitted the seed to issue, well distributed, beneath on the soil. Just behind the seed openings were the cultivators which covered the seed with soil. Following the seeding came the drag or harrow as stated above. This latter job was my special work on the farm which I began when 13 years of age and continued during seeding time for a number of years.

Harvesting

Wheat and oats in our neighborhood were ripe about August 1st at which time the harvesting began. In the early days - before the seventies or thereabout - the grain was cut with the cradle, a scythe-like tool with a large knife above which were several curved wooden forks. This was an instrument which permitted the worker to cut the grain in swaths by a swinging stroke and also to carry the grain to the left and lay it down in an orderly windrow. It was later taken up by another workman and bound into bundles using for this purpose a band made of a handful of the straw split and twisted in such a way that both ends of such a band was made up of the butt end of the straw. Making this band required only a few seconds and was done with a simple dexterous twist of both hands.

In the middle of the century or thereabouts the reaper was invented which was a modified mower cutting the grain in swath by a sickle - and drawn by a team of horses. The grain was directed backward on to a platform by four large rakes rotating about a central axis. One of the four rakes by a clever mechanical device took a different route sweeping the grain from the platform

on to the ground in a pile which was bound by a worker as above described. The bundles were later set up into "Shocks" with the grain heads upward, and, as a rule, permitted to dry for one to several weeks or until thrashing time.

This job of "binding" grain was time consuming and costly as well as hard work. After the advent of the reaper, which was a great step in advance, the next logical invention was a machine to "bind" the grain at the time of cutting it. For years such a device baffled the best efforts of those interested in these machines. But in 1857 the problem was solved in this way. A man, John Appleby by name, was employed on a farm about two or three miles north of Elkhorn, Wisconsin (Walworth County). One day, intrigued by this problem, John with his pocket knife cut out of apple wood some crooked pieces and arranged them in such a way as to create a kind of fork which, on rotating, opened and closed on a piece of twine and formed a "knot", This device became the "Knotter" and solved the problem of the self-binder. It was adopted soon by the great manufactures throughout the world and in a relatively few years this machine was on the market becoming one of the most useful tools ever invented for the farmer. To this day the knotter remains essentially as devised by Appleby. I have heard it stated the John Appleby got very little out of his invention - which is the usual experience of inventors. However, someone with an historic sense and an appreciation of the value of such men in the world has set up a suitable marker and plate on which is the name of John Appleby with the statement that on this farm in 1857 he invented the "knotter". This marker is located on the right side of the highway a few miles north of Elkhorn just at a turn of the road to the west.

Following the self-binder came the header and the combine and other devices all designed to save labor and shorten and simplify the process of harvesting. But these devices were after my day and so I return to what we did on our farm.

During the latter part of August and often into September the grain in the bundles was taken from the fields in wagons usually to a yard close to the barns where it was "stacked". That is, systematically piled into round stacks about 20 to 30 feet high with the bundles placed with their butts outward and with the centers of the stacks higher than the outside. The stacks are made to gradually taper to the top on which are placed a few forkfulls of coarse slough hay to protect the grain beneath.

After a few weeks in the stacks, during which time the "sweating" occurs the grain was ready to be "threshed". With us the date of threshing was any time from October to Christmas. In later years the threshing period became earlier so that for years now threshing is over in September or October.

Threshing

Threshing the grain was an event, especially interesting for boys. In the very early days flails were used to knock out the grain from the straw. To do this the barn floor was cleared. The flail consists of two stout hickory sticks, one considerably longer than the other. They are united by a leather thong or a strong rope. Holding the longer stick in both hands the workman swings the flail over his head and then down upon the bundle or pile of grain

on the floor. An effective swing requires practice. When all the grain has been knocked from the straw the latter is removed, the grain settling to the floor. This is then cleaned by throwing upward in a strong wind thus removing the chaff. In later times the fanning mill was invented to do this. Flails now are found mainly in museums and antique shops.

Following the flail came the threshing machine, the essence of which was a heavy iron cylinder rotated at a high speed into which the bundles of grain were fed. The remainder of the machine was a series of sieves, fans and elevators to separate and remove straw, chaff and grain. For power the treadmill was used at first. Later the horse power was designed, several teams of horses pulling in a circle upon long sweeps, the power being transmitted to the threshing machine by a long segmented iron rod. Still later the circular horse power was replaced by the steam engine (about 1890) and still later the gasoline engine came into use in many localities. To operate the threshing machine required a special crew of about 3 or 4 men. Also a number of ordinary workmen to pitch the bundles, handle the grain and care for the straw (blowers came in later). Altogether the group numbered some fifteen or more men.

It was dirty, dusty, hard work. The threshers (as a rule the owners of the outfit) were paid so much per bushel. They began early in the morning and worked until dark. The remainder of the workers were provided from the neighboring farms on an exchange basis. Threshing began soon after stacking. Years ago the season was a long one extending from September to Christmas. With the development of the steam engine and larger machines the work was greatly expedited and the season thereby much shortened. At present much of the threshing is completed in September and October when the grain is stacked. On many farms too at present the grain is taken directly from the field soon after cutting to the machine. In our neighborhood the combine has not as yet come into general use. (1943)

Threshing days on a farm in the old days was a busy time for all. Preparations were made in and about the barns for the grain and the straw. Help had to be arranged for days in advance. In the house the women folks were certainly imposed upon, for it was customary to feed the entire crew. The consumption of food was on a grand scale, to say the least. The meals were sumptuous repasts fit for a King and all his cohorts. As a rule the 3 or 4 threshers were accommodated over night in the home.

For boys, threshing day was a gala occasion, as thrilling as circus day or a day at the County Fair. That is, it used to be. But with the modern improvements this day has lost much of its thrill. The time was shortened and many things are not now done as of old. Self-feeders have taken the place of the human feeders whom we enjoyed as we watched their graceful swinging movements, forcing the bundles of grain into the cylinder. "Blowers" now blow the broken straws into a formless heap replacing the carefully constructed strawstack which was located to protect the barnyard from the winter storms. Even the noises of the threshing machines now seem not as agreeable as of old.

Many of the incidents above recounted were my own personal experiences in my young days, chiefly the eighteen eighties. And of course my father carried the responsibilities on all such occasions as well as on many, many other occasions during his life time.

One little episode I will recount, for it is one of my earliest memories, dating back to about 1880. J. I. Case at that time was no doubt the most prominent and one of the richest men in Racine. He had come to Racine many years before, it is said, with 25 cents in his pocket. His first job was with a threshing crew. He took advantage of the opportunities of the great West and he saved some money. In later years, he became the founder of the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company which still later became a rich corporation making other farm products and which today (June, 1933) is quoted on the New York Stock Exchange at 118 under the name of J. I. Case Co.

The episode was this: late in the fall, about December 1st as I remember, and, during very cold weather, Mr. Case approached my father and told him he would thresh his grain free if he - my father - would permit him to use a threshing machine with certain new improvements with patents applied for. They were called the Dingee patents and had to do with self-feeders. The permit was granted and the threshing was done accordingly. Mr. Case came out from the city to observe the test. He was then quite an old man and owing to the cold came into our house for warmth. He talked pleasantly to my mother and to me as a youngster of 5 years or so. He was a rather small man with grey whiskers, and with a smart step. It was about that time, perhaps a little later, he became interested in horse racing and brought out the famous horse Jay-Eye-See which for a time I think held the record at 2.10 until superseded by Maud S. His stables were a short distance south of Racine where he about this time built a hugh barn with a 1/8 mile enclosed race track around it. This barn was a mile or less from the rear of our farm and easily seen from our house.

Rye, barley and flax were other grains grown on our farm at times though not to the extent of wheat and oats. They were harvested and threshed about in the same way as above described.

These grains were used in a variety of ways. Oats for example was used chiefly as food for the horses. Occasionally some was sold in the local market. Flax and barley were sold entirely in the local market. Wheat in the early years was taken to "Mills" and ground into flour. These mills were located at various sites where water power was available such as at the Rapids (Horlicks) and Waterford. At first it was possible to watch your own wheat ground in the mill and obtain your own flour in your sacks for your own use. But later this became impossible and at the mills the exchange system was necessary whereby you left your wheat there and you were given a flour which was declared to be of the same "grade" as that which your wheat would make. These proceedings I saw when a boy as I went with my father from time to time to the various mills. In still later days all the wheat raised was sold at the market, and flour milled usually at Minneapolis was bought in the stores as we do now almost universally.

Corn

As already stated, corn was one of our major crops and was planted about the middle of May. Since corn is very sensitive to frost it was risky to plant earlier. On the other hand late planting might endanger the crop by early frost in the fall. In June and July cultivating the young corn was one of our principal jobs. I did my share of it. By the Fourth of July, corn should be "knee high" or thereabouts. It was usually ripe enough to cut about September first

or a little later. Up to the nineties all the corn was cut by hand and placed upright in "shocks" which were tied near the top with twine or hay-rope. Cutting corn by hand was hard work. For this purpose a corn cutter or corn knife was used, which consisted of a curved knife about a foot long fixed to a wooden handle nearly at right angles, about 18 inches long. The worker used the right (or left) hand for cutting the corn stalk near its base while grasping and holding the stalks with the left arm. About 1900 (or slightly earlier) the corn bender was invented which made the harvesting of corn far easier. The binder pulled by a team of horses (later often by tractor) proceeded along the row of corn cutting it near the base, the shalks passing backward where still upright it was bound with twine, the celebrated "knotter" of Appleby doing the job. The bundle of corn was then cast out of the binder in the rear, and later it was set up into shocks by hand.

Husking corn on our farm began in late September or October and, depending on how much corn we had, continued often until December. Then it became a cold job. The husking was done in those days by hand, a "husking peg" in the right hand (or left) stripping the husk downward while the left hand, usually encased in a glove, pulled the remainder of the husk backward and downward. It was then broken off with the right hand by forcing the ear over the upper part of the left hand. The various neighborhoods developed their expert "corn huskers" which often led to much boasting, and thence to husking contests and husking bees at which keen rivalry was shown and at times much skill. I recall in our locality some of our "experts" husked as much as 60 bushels of corn from "daylight to dark"; others far more according to small town stories.

Later (1910 to 1920) machine corn huskers came into use and with them went out much of the glamour of the corn husking era. But this was after my time on the farm.

Corn was stored in the well known corn "crib" a common structure on every farm, with its narrow base and expanding sides made of narrow boards set apart to permit proper "airing" of the corn. - (And to provide food for rats!)

Corn was used chiefly as food for hogs and cattle. For the hogs the ears were thrown to them on the boards forming the floor of the sty. For cattle, the corn was served to them as stalks in the barn or in the yard and in the form of corn meal.

During my boyhood days silos came into use in our neighborhood. They were used first on the dairy farms. We did not have one on our farm. Usually they were circular to avoid corners, about 12 to 16 ft. in diameter, and about 30 ft. high. At first many were made of narrow vertical boards but later cement silos came into general use. The corn was cut when still green, and before frost, and at once was run through the corn cutter from which it was elevated into the silo. Here the green corn underwent a partial anaerobic fermentation with the formation of acids which served to preserve the "silage" permanently. In this form it was fed to the cows in the barn throughout the winter and furnished a high grade food thoroughly relished by the cattle.

For humans, corn was used as a meal in the form of corn meal "mush" an excellent and popular food throughout the year. And during the season green corn on the cob was an important food. Very early we used ordinary field corn. About

1890 in our section, sweet corn came in and almost at once replaced the field corn for human consumption.

Several secondary or minor crops were grown largely for home use. Nearly every year we planted a small area with popcorn which was so popular during the long winters especially for evening social groups. Buckwheat was another crop planted late in the season, about July. It was threshed as were wheat and oats and taken to the mill to be ground into flour with which pancakes (slapjacks) were made for breakfasts during the winters.

Strawberries were largely a garden crop but often an acre or two were raised which yielded berries for the market. The local market at Racine absorbed some of the crop but most of it at that period was shipped by boat to the Commission Houses in Chicago. My brother Will and I during several summers engaged in raising strawberries and shipping them thus to Chicago. It became for us quite a bit of an industry from which we realized some money - one year I recall about $200 each. This was in the late eighties.

Potatoes

Potatoes were a smiliar crop. A small patch of early ones was raised in the garden near the house. Then, as a rule, an acre or two, rarely more on our farm, were planted in a field some distance away. The crop was gathered late in the season, usually just before the heavy fall frosts, and placed in the cellar in bins for winter use. Rarely did we have any for market.

Boyhood Years - Chores

During my boyhood years, in addition to activities connected with the farm crops, in a minor way at first, as above related there were the varied and numerous duties, willingly or unwillingly accepted, included under the term "chores". On every farm the chores constitute an important activity. They are performed by the men, women and children. Usually there are morning and evening chores. They consume, as a rule, one to two hours or more a day, and that means every day including Sundays. Chores are one of the chief reasons why farm work becomes so confining and monotonous. They are never-ending.

While every farm boy is growing up, chores are about the first little jobs he is called upon to do. At first often they are done eagerly. Later, the interest in these duties fades. Then they become work. However, this should be said, chores constitute a boy's earliest and most important educational experiences in life. He is taught in a very practical way to do things with his hands, to work with tools and machines, to see animal and plant life at close range. He is introduced to zoology, botany, argiculture, physics and chemistry. He has a wonderful opportunity to observe cause and effect.

As I recall my early chores, they were the little things about the house, carrying in wood, bringing in water, collecting eggs, picking berries and apples, feeding the chickens, feeding the calves and pigs, bringing up the cows, carrying lunches and water to the men in the fields, etc. Later on I was confronted with more important duties of feeding and caring for the horses and cows, harnessing

the horses and hitching them to a vehicle, driving to the fields or into town, and hoeing in the garden; then gradually taking on the real men's job in the fields like dragging, cultivating, seeding, planting potatoes, fixing fences, pitching hay and bundles, etc.

Milking the cows was a very special and important job on practically all farms in our neighborhood. Nearly all boys early learned to milk, and many girls too. I learned to milk when very young, so young I do not remember the exact time. In other words, I could milk as long as I can remember. Milking is an art and one requires considerable training to properly perform this manipulation. The cow's teat must be grasped with the hand, the thumb and first finger at first compressing the teat high up and close to the udder; then in regular succession, the other fingers compressing the teat and forcing the milk downward and out through the meatus into the milk pail underneath. the "knack" consists in acquiring the regular succession of finger compressions on the teat; also in acquiring the use of both hands alternately in the process. Ordinarily weeks or months are required to learn to milk efficiently and easily. (For the anatomy of the cow's teat see my paper in the "Journal of Infectious Diseases", 1937. Vol. 60, p. 374.) Before I was 23 (when I left the farm) I milked many cows regularly. Since then I have milked very few. But to this day I am sure I can milk as well as I ever could. But milking, like most every other work on the farm, has now become mechanized. The milking machine on hundreds of farms has replaced the hand milker, who nowadays is limited more and more to the barn containing only a few cows.

But while the youngster on the farm during the early years is wrestling with his chores and other jobs, much of his time may be and usually is devoted to play in one form or another. In fact, his work and his play are often intermingled and wise parents encourage this relationship. There is the very earliest play within the home with parents and children, and with the dog and cat and other domestic pets. Then, the sphere of play is greatly enlarged as soon as school begins. The contacts are increased and the number of games multiplied. In our home early the household games were hide and seek, marbles, checkers, dominoes, etc., with ourselves and our neighbor's children. (Ellarsons, cranes, Owens,etc.). Out of doors both at home and at school were baseball, football, hide and seek, pom pom pull away, prison goal, etc. Then, a little later, began expeditions into fields and woods, searching for and collecting birds' eggs (I had a collection of 83 kinds of birds' eggs), fighting bumble bees, meeting with an occasional wild animal, a woodchuck, a mink, a skunk, a squirrel, a rabbit; in summer swimming in the old swimming hole; in the fall gathering nuts (chiefly hickory nuts); in the winter skating; in the spring going to Pike Creek or Osbornes Creek at night to fish for suckers (spearing and using dip nets). My companions on these excursions were as a rule my brother Bill (though he was 5 years my senior and often not available), and my neighbors among others Ralph John Clark Ellarson, Charles Crane, and Billy Lathrop.

And so the boy's life on the farm is arranged by him and for him so as to maintain a sort of balance (naturally there are variationsdepending on the youngster and on the home) between his various activities. Many of them furnish opportunities for him to be original and to express himself in a variety of ways.

Then there are other grand opportunities for him. His environment is replete with possibilities for experiences of all sorts on every hand. Out in the open spaces where he spends much of his time, he can see the skies, the stars, the clouds, the winds, the storms, a tree shattered by lightning, a flood perhaps,

a terrifying tornado, an eclispe of the sun or the moon, an occasional comet - all the grand panoramas of nature which out on a farm seem to come very close to him. All these and many more I experienced when a boy. I recall vividly the tornado (cyclone) of 1884 which, with its funnel shaped cloud roared past just to the north of our house; also viewing a comet in the sky in 1882 which my parents pointed out to me. The large comets of 1881 and 1882 were both visible at the same time for a short period (see Young's Astronomy).

Books

While the above related opportunities were of inestimable value to me as an early discipline, as they were in the lives of all the boys round about, our houses as a rule were sadly deficient in books, magazines and papers. In our house we had very few books, indeed nothing worthy of the name of a library. There were a number of Bibles, several in the Welsh language, some of which by the way I possess to this day in my library. One is the old Family Bible, brought from Wales, of my grandfather, William Davies. Also I have a beautiful very small copy of the New Testament, given to my mother in 1864 from a friend in Wales, probably at the time she left that country. Also I have two or three old Bibles, used by the family for years, and especially on Sundays when we all would gather in a circle in our sitting room and read in Welsh every other verse. I do not recall Shakespeare or Milton or even Pilgrims Progress. I recall that my sister Annie gave to me one Christmas a small cope of Mother Goose Rhymes which I fairly devoured, committing most of them to memory in a short time. About the same time my parents gave me a Book of Fairy Tales, Queen Titania, which I am happy to say I have preserved to this day in my library. My mother had a few Welsh books and papers and my sisters acquired, as they grew up, a few story books. The Welsh newspaper, "Y Drych" a weekly, came to our house regularly. It is still issued as a monthly, part of it in Welsh only (1947). From my Uncle Hughes (Evan Hughes) who came to live with us in the late eighties, we acquired a number of good books some of which I have at present. (Josephus, Museum of Antiquity, A Latin Dictionary). His family (Thomas Hughes) was fairly well read. The Youths Companion, books on birds, animals, trees and flowers, nature books, etc., were conspicuous by their absence. I acquired some information from our neighbors, chiefly from Ralph Ellarson. But I raise the question, had I been surrounded by books would I have had the out-of-doors experiences. Again a proper balance is desirable.

Conversation in our Home

During my earlier years, my father and mother conversed with each other chiefly in the Welsh language. They so conversed also with their Welsh friends and visitors, especially when the topics of convergation turned to Wales, as it very often did. All of us children learned some Welsh, enough at least so that we could understand a Welsh conversation in the home fairly well. The older children (Anne, Alice and Will) could speak Welsh to some degree but never fluently. Catharine and I, the youngest, could speak in Welsh practically not at all. Nor could any of us read the language to any graat extent.

The topic of our conversation concerned the ordinary daily events, of the home, the farm and the neighborhood. News at that time moved slowly. There

were few or no daily papers. Gossip and scandal reports existed but not to excess. Never were stories, risque or improper, told in our home circles. Nor was profanity heard. Some filtered in from our hired help who at times were crude and coarse.

Topics of discussion, too, were commonplace. None of the family was educated in the ordinary modern sense; nor widely read. The Bible and a few papers and books were about all the literature available to us in our early years. Later, naturally, with the older children going to school the trend of discussion was changed somewhat. The lower grade subjects furnished some suggestions. Still later, in the eighties, a few of the stories and novels of the day began to trickle into the house. And still later, in the nineties, more papers, magazines and books became available; though it is important to note none of the country schools round about had a library or any books available for the pupils.

The prosaic discussion of crops, farm animals, prices, etc., was enlivened from time to time by a political campaign. During election years, often with neighbors as visitors, the conversation took a decided political turn. Of all the numerous topics that furnished excitement, the tariff was far and away the leading issue. There was little room for partisan disagreement however since the people round about, and especially the Welsh, were almost solidly Republican.

Itinerants, Tramps, Peddlers, Vendors of Quack Remedies, etc.

Of those early years another memory concerned a motley array of humanity who wandered about the countryside frequently calling at the peoples' homes for a variety of purposes. Some were workers passing through from one part of the country to another especially in the Spring and the Fall. Many were tramps, lazy and worthless; often gathering along the railroad tracks in groups about a fire where coal and wood were available. They often came to the kitchen doors for handouts which were rarely refused in those days.

Peddlers were common too in those days, some of whom were amusing and interesting characters. The "Banana" man who appeared in the Spring with a huge basket of bananas was welcomed by all, especially the youngsters. His lusty call "Banano-o-oes" was a portent of Spring, like the call of a crow or a songbird.

The vendors of patent medicines appeared usually in an old buggy or vehicle designed to carry medicines in numerous compartments and drawn by a dilapidated-looking old horse. Notorious in that neighborhood was the old blind man who came about at intervals, his buxom daughter driving the "nag" and the old man himself acting as master salesman of a variety of quack remedies. He specialized, however, in Blind Man's Painkiller, a colored concoction containing a charge of alcohol and laudanum and with a ltttle "mystory" cure added.

Spring Remedies - Sulphur and Molasses

With these quacks, Spring remedies, particularly sulphur and molasses, were especially popular. At this season of the year, they said, the blood needed

to be purified from the poisons which had accumulated in the body during the long cold winters. Interestingly enough, this idea was one of the oldest beliefs held generally by the people throughout that section of the country. And the medicine peddlers were clever enough to capitalize on it. And how beautifully it did work. Every home had a medicine shelf, on which almost surely one could find Flowers of Sulphur and Blind Man's Painkiller. Literally scores of other remedies - liniments, salves, extracts, syrups, teas, powders - to mention but a few, were on hand good for man or beast - and some even guaranteed to kill or cure.

Here is a list of popular teas that at the moment comes to my mind: Sage, Boneset, Sassafras, Tansy, Catnip, Quack grass, Ginseng, Licorice Root, Ginger, Slippery Elm, Pennyroyal.

But we should remember that in those early years, Doctors were scarce and often far away when needed; and hospitals still more inaccessible. Everyone did the best they could and used what they had. And on the whole they got along pretty well. My father, in his earlier years, was known in the neighborhood as a good "Doctor" both for humans and animals. Often at night, especially in the winter, he was sent for by a neighbor to treat a sick cow or horse--and at times a sick person. Bonesetters, herb doctors and midwives in the back country were commonly employed. In places there were no regular doctors.

Some of these wanderers were employable, especially the periodic alcoholics, and were good workers for a short time. One notorious character I shall never forget for when I was small he won my heart with his stories and songs. His name was Humphrey Pugh, a Welsh sailor from Dolgelly, Wales. In his early years he had sailed the seas from Wales to China, to India, to Australia and around Cape Horn and Cape of Good Hope. Later he sailed the Great Lakes during the summers and worked at odd jobs in the winters. In the late Fall, he would come to our home, penniless after a debaugh, wanting food and shelter for the winter. He was most useful for doing odd jobs. But when Spring came, he became restless for an alcoholic spree, and then for another sailing season on the Lakes. He repeated this routine for several years. He delighted us by telling stories and in singing songs and hymns in both Welsh and English. In winter evenings he would entertain us until bedtime, night after night, around the old kitchen stove. To this day I recall some of his songs; "Brown is the color of my true Love's hair" and "Where have you been all the day my Boy Billy", "We'll change the green willow to the Orange and Blue", and a host of others. Interestingly enough, his periodic alcoholic debauches were interspersed with periods of intense religious fervor. In the end of course alcohol got the better of him. One Fall he failed to return. Finis? And so with thousands of those drifting shiftless hordes of humanity of that day.

Education

In our home the first day of school for any one of us children was an event. Each must have an education. (Completing our country school was an education in the minds of my parents.) So following the early experiences above related, and to some degree coincident with them, began my formal education. It commenced in the little "cream" brick school house known as the Fratt School

(already commented upon) and 3/4 of a mile from our house. It was located about at the present house number of 3400 to 3500 on Washington Ave., Racine, Wis. (north side of street). It was during my fifth year (therefore in the year 1880) that I first entered this school and the teacher was Miss Maggie Blythe. (Her brother George Blythe operated a grocery store at Columbia Corners (Washington Ave. and 14th St.) In Racine for many years.)

Fortunately I possess a photo of the old school including myself and the teacher Maggie Blythe. I think it was taken in 1880 (or 1881). Mr. William Gittings, the Racine County Superintendent of Schools at the time also is shown in the picture.

In this old district school, my schoolmates were as follows, as I now remember them: Ralph John Clark Ellarson, Charles and George Crane, William Lathrop, Byron Reed, Halsey Reed, Alonzo Winnie, Mortimer Walker, William Bull, Allen Van Ornum and Clarence Adams. There were several others whose names I do not now recall. The one I thought more of than all the others put together, and still do to this day, was Ralph Ellarson. He lived almost directly across the road from us. He was two years my senior and big and strong. When I was small he was my protector, when I needed one. I was too aggressive for my size and frequently got into combats some of which were beyond my capacity. Then I needed a friend and Ralph was usually at hand. I was fairly husky and in the group of my associates was second in the "peck order" - Byron Reed was at the top. He was just my age and strong as an ox. We all accepted the peck order situation and got on very well. Byron and his wife Georgie Tylor both were killed in an auto accident in Racine County about 1930. Ralph Ellarson is still alive and from time to time I see him and enjoy chatting about the good old days when we went to school, hunted birds' nests, speared suckers in Pike and Osborn's Creeks, fought bumble bees, gathered hickory nuts, went swimming in the old swimming hole and did many other delightful stunts, some bad, some good, but all enjoyable. Ralph Ellarson died Mch. 1948.

Of all the boys that I now recall, several have died and others have scattered to different points of the compass. Here are notes on several:

Mortimer Walker became a well known attorney in Racine, after graduating in Law at the University of Wisconsin in 1899 (about) He died in 1942 at Racine.

Alonzo Winnie became a public school teacher and in time was advanced to the principalship of the Ward school in Racine on West 6th St. He died some 20 years ago.

William Bull became a Dowieite and moved to Zion City, Illinois, when a young man. I understand he turned over all his wordly goods to the Institution and lived in Zion for many years.

Clarance Adams became a business man in Racine and died a few years ago. His obituary notice is attached. He married Laura McCoy, one of my schoolmates at the Beebee School, and whose home was about a half mile west of the school on Asylum Avenue and near the farm of our Uncle Evan Hughes.

In 1885 owing to the march of the city of Racine westward, the school districts were rearranged and our home (also Ellarson's) was included in the

Beebee School District, one and one-half miles to the south. Here my education was continued in a relatively uneventful way until 1891. During the latter years of this period my fall and spring sessions were somewhat curtailed because of the pressure of farm work. I recall one or two episodes. I have still in my possession (Herewith attached) a reward in the form of a copy of Grey's Elegy presented to me by the teacher, a Miss Petersen, for meritorious school work. Boy, what a boost! However we may ridicule and belittle in after years these youthful attainments, they nevertheless are important in stimulating and directing our energies toward a higher education. In this connection too was the suggestion and encouragement which my teacher, Miss Clara Bowman, the following year gave me to later attend a high school and prepare for the State University. I have written up this little event - for me a most significant event - at the request of a group New Trier High School students. It is herewith attached.

In 1891, about December 1st, having more than completed the usual grade school studies, I arranged to attend a Business College organized by an old gentleman, a Mr. Marsh, and operated in connection with the Racine Academy, located then at the corner of 10th St. and College Avenue in Racine. I completed a short concentrated course, studying such subjects as Bookkeeping, Commerical Law (see old Text G.22) Advanced Arithmetic, Algebra, Etc., and received a certificate (see my Collection of Certificates and Diplomas) about April 1st, 1892, at which time I went back to spring work on the farm. Here is a little episodo from my viewpoint worth while recording. I went to the Business College first, because I could attend the course during the winter only. And second, because I had heard of young men who after attending such courses had gotten jobs paying as much as $100 per month! To me at that time was a colossal sum. During the summer after receiving my Business Certificate (see Collection) Mr. Rowlans, the Principal of the Academy, recommended me to the owner of an overall factory at Racine Junction as a likely young man for a bookkeeping job in his business. I was quite excited about the position and went down to see the owner. He was very courteous and took me through his plant. I must have seemed very "green" to him for I knew nothing about the details of that business or any other for that matter. But I wanted some kind of a job off the farm, and naturally I was greatly disappointed when a few days later I received a polite note from him saying he thought I was "too young". No doubt he was right. I was then 16. The next fall about Dec. 1st I decided to enter the Racine Academy as a regular student in preparation for the University of Wisconsin. This idea had lurked in my mind ever since Clara Bowman had put it there two or three years before. I conferred with Prof. Rowlands and was able to arrange a program of study apart from the regular class that had entered in September. I continued this program from this time until I graduated in June 1894 qualified to enter U. of Wisconsin which I did in September 1894. How often have I thought of the good turn the owner of the Overall Factory did me in not giving me a job. I might have been there for years and never acquired a University education. But again I might not. Who can tell?

When attending the Academy, I had in mind taking a civil engineering course at the University. Why I don't know very definitely, except at the time I enjoyed studying geometry, trigonometry, algebra and physics and these subjects seemed to me important for engineering. And so my program of study included the above subjects, together with botany, English, German, Latin (Caesar, Cicero and Virgil) and a few other subjects required for entrance. (See Botany Plant Collection in my library) (Large Folio)

The Racine Academy was a preparatory school of which there were many in that day. It had been founded some years before by a noted Wisconsin educator, Col. McMynn of Civil War fame and known as "McMynn's" Academy. About 1890 he became State Superintendent of Education for Wisconsin and discontinued his work at the Academy. Prof. W. W. Rowlands who had been a teacher in the Academy then took it over and directed it for a few years longer until, like many other preparatrry schools, it was discontinued for want of patronage. The High Schools had by this time (1896) come into their own and took over much of the preparatory work for the colleges and universities. Mr. Rowlands was a graduate of Beloit College and well trained in the collegiate classics of that day. He himself taught both Latin and Greek as well as geometry, mathematics and classical history. He also had taken a course in law, and when the Academy closed he opened a law office in Racine and practiced until he died about 1910. He was born and reared on a farm one mile southwest of Pike Grove church. My father and his father being Welsh were old friends, as well as neighbors.

As stated above, I finished my preparatory work for the University of Wisconsin in June 1894 and received my diploma at that time (Large Folio, which see). It was customary then to prepare an "oration" for the graduation ceremony which I did along with others. I recall that mine was entitled "Unwritten History". The manuscript has been lost. I worked hard on it and after committing it to memory, recited it repeatedly to the birds and the trees in our woods on my way home from school. I don't remember very much of it except the grand peroration culminating in a dramatic climax when the young soldier (I had in mind the forgotten man of the Civil War) reached the top of the parapet and waved to his comrades with his musket to come on when, alas, he was struck down by a shot. (How like our daily reports now. 1944)

My classmates at the Academy were not especially outstanding; nor were they a group that one would expect to disturb the future world very seriously. I recall Robert Nugent from a farm three miles from Union Grove, Racine County, a fairly bright boy who decided to graduate from an Academy simply because he wished to be intelligent and more cultured than the average boy; for he intended to and did go back to the farm, married and reared a family and is still living there (1948). He was an ardent Catholic, and a person of principle and character.

Lemuel Owen, son of a Welsh neighbor of my father, attended for a time. Many years later he established a business in Chicago, came to Wilmette and lived a block or so from our home in Wilmette. He remained all his life a real Welshman, speaking the language fluently. (Lemuel Owen died in 1944.)

All others have passed out of my life completely, though no doubt some of them made their mark in the world for among them were some fairly good students.

My mother had died in January of 1894 and my father died in the following August. I continued to work on our farm during the summer after graduation. My sisters Annie and Katharine and brother Will all were there. Sister Alice had married Sam Walker and they were then living in their new house which had been built on their ten acres south of the railroad.

As already related this was the last summer we children lived together. The next spring (April) we had a sale, thus disposing of much of our personal

property. I went to the U. of Wisconsin in the fall, Annie went to California during the year, Katharine soon moved into Racine where she was employed in one of the stores, and Will, somewhat later, went out to Montana with some of his acquaintances. And, as before related, the next year Sam Walker rented the entire farm until some years later it was disposed of - first, through sale of the 54 acres north of the railroad and later through sale and division of the remainder.

At the University of Wisconsin

At the University of Wisconsin I was advised and decided to enroll in the general science course for the first year. If at the end of that time I wished to enter engineering I could do so without loss of time. I registered for Mathematics, Rhetoric, Trigonometry, Biology and Chemistry, also for some minor electives. By the end of the year I had decided to enter medicine and arranged my courses accordingly. This shift was due I think to my associates, some of whom were preparing for medicine and whose programs appealed to me. My early contacts in Biology with such men as Prof. E. A. Birge (later President of the University) and Prof. Barnes in Botany had not a little to do with my decision.

I continued my work for four years at the University, each summer returning to Racine and working on the old farm and living with my sister Alice. Much of my work was premedical, that is Biology, Comparative anatomy, Embryology, and Bacteriology; also a liberal amount of Chemistry and American History. Men of outstanding ability who impressed me during this period were Professors Birge and Barnes in Biology, Frederick J. Turner in American History, Snow in Physics, Skinner in Mathematics, Kahlenberg in Physical Chemistry, and Wm. Snow Miller in Anatomy. I took minor courses with Van Hise in Geology, Comstock in Astronomy and Freeman in Literature. The work in Bacteriology under Prof. H. L. Russell and Dr. W. D. Frost appealed to me strongly. Russell had recently returned from Europe with the newer knowledge direct from such master as Robert Roch and imparted it in such a lucid way I have never forgotten it. Prof. Louis Kahlenberg, too, had recently returned from Ostwald's laboratory, and inspired us with the newer knowledge in general chemistry, presenting to us the recent discoveries of Ostwald, Van't Hoff, LeBlanc and others on electrilytic dissociation. In my senior year I elected to take my thesis under Kahlenberg on the subject: "The Inversion of Cane Sugar by Colored Salts" using the freezing point method, since the colored salts prevented the use of the polariscope to determine the degree of inversion. I have lost my own copy of the thesis but one is on file in the library of the University of Wisconsin. The work never amounted to very much. The freezing point method did not yield a sufficiently definite and point to make it useful or practical.

Kahlenberg was a peculiar man. At that time he was most enthusiastic about the electrolytic theory of dissociation. After a few years he completely renounced it and wrote many papers and also a text book in direct opposition to it. He claimed the results he obtained in his electrolytic studies with non aqueous solutions caused him to abandon the theory. I kept in touch with him for years meeting him in Chicago occasionally through the Ochsners. He was an inspiring teacher. At the U. of Wisconsin his ardent support of Germany during World War I caused him to lose much of his popularity with the Faculty; though

I think he retained it with the student body. He died some three or four years ago at Madison. He came from German ancestors from Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Prof. H. L. Russell was a talented man in many ways, though I was never able for some reason or other to approach him closely. I profited much from his lucid lectures. In 1896 I took his course in Bacteriology and he told us of the diagnosis of tuberculosis in cattle with Koch's old tuberculin. They were just beginning to use it at the University and a few other farms. It was known, of course, that bovine Tb was no doubt very prevalent in the herds in Wisconsin. During the Christmas vacation (1896-1897 I arranged with Prof. Russell to obtain some tuberculin to test the cows on our farm near Racine, then operated by my brother-in-law, Sam Walker. There were about thirty head. Following the subcutaneous injections which I made with the old Tuberculin, about 60% of the animals reacted by definite temperature elevation. I submitted these data to Prof. Russell at the University. This was one of the first series of tests in our part of the state and among the earliest in the entire country. Many of these Tb cattle died or were disposed of to the slaughter houses and found to be badly infected. Sam Walker got rid of all the reactors within a few months. Most farmers did not believe in this new fangled "bunk" then, or indeed for many years later. This was long before any legislation existed for the eradication of bovine Tb either by the state or by the Federal government. Prof. Russell later became Dean of the College of Argiculture and also Director of the Alumni Research Foundation. He still (1943) fills this latter position. At this writing he is hale and hearty and I have just heard through Charles Walker of Madison that he is on a plane trip to Yucatan and to the new volcano at Pericutin, Mexico. (In my library I have a small book on Agricultural Bacteriology by Russell, issued in 1896.)

Dr. W. D. Frost was laboratory Instructor in Bacteriology when I was there. He had come into Bacteriology through Botany and hailed from Minnesota. He has been my good friend ever since that time. In later years (about 1930) we worked together on milk streptococci through the Certified Milk Commission along with Prof. J. Howard Brown of Johns Hopkins. We have seen much of him at Crystal Lake where he and his family have had a summer cottage for many years. About the last thing Dr. Frost did before retiring at U. of Wis. (1941) was to publish a monograph on streptocci in which much of my work in this field is incorporated. A copy is in my library (M-64). He is still living at Madison and occupies his time as Director of the local Tb. Sanatorium.

Another man to whom I am greatly indebted was Frederick J. Turner, then Prof. of American History. I took his course in this subject and shall never forget it. His great theme was the "Winning of the West' in which field he was supreme. Just at that time there was a great awakening in the history of the West not only through the work of Turner but by the writings of Theodore Roosevelt and of Ruben Thwaites. This contact with Turner furnished I think for me a stimulus for my later interest and my several trips to the western country. There were other influences. Some I related earlier in these notes when in my native locality our neighbors were migrating in large numbers to the great northwest. Then in my senior year at the University (1898) the country and especially the youths were electrified by the gold discovered in Alaska and the Yukon. The minds of all, and particularly the college students, were directed westward and northward. The old slogan of Horace Greeley "Go West, young man" was again revived even more strongly than ever before.

Again it was my good fortune to find living accommodations in a house at 619 W. Francis Street, Madison. My roommate was Elmer Gittens, a young man from Racine three years my senior whose father was a Welsh emigrant, as was mine, and our neighbor. In this rooming house called the "goose house" for some reason I never knew, was a fine group of men, mostly advanced students and who dominated all table and room conversation by their really serious interest in research studies. This was about the best thing that could happen to me, a freshman. My roommate, Elmer, was one of this group and was writing his thesis in American History under Turner. He simply spread history all over the place, as the boys put it. I enjoyed it and I am sure it was a valuable supplement to my own studies. Gittens, by the way, after graduation completed a course in Law and later became a prominent lawyer in Racine. He died about 15 years ago.

In the Badgers (U.W. class books) of 1897 and 1898 copies of which I have in my library are photos of my classmates together with much about their activities. In looking through them now I am naturally reminded of many associates and incidents. I cannot say that many great names are included there. But, on the whole, they were a substantial group, representative of the upper middle class of the great West. They were serious, hard workers, most all of whom made more than good and but few of whom became notoriously great. (they were no such group as Lord Tweedsmuir tell about in his 'Pilgrim's Way" at the time he attended Oxford!) (I also have a picture of the class of 1898.)

Joseph E. Davies may be mentioned in this connection. He was one of the first of my classmates I met when I entered the University in 1894. He was handsome, affable and clever. He prepared for Law. He was a good speaker with an ample supply of self confidence. With the pretty girls he was tops. He was from Watertown, Wis., where his mother was a Welsh minister of the Gospel, and known, too, among the Welsh as a Poetess (Rachel y Von). She was a fine character and well deserved her reputation (see attached biography). Joe could speak Welsh fluently and always would greet me in that language (And he did just that not long ago when I saw him here in Chicago at a lecture he gave before the Wisconsin Club after his return from Russia (1940)). Joe's career is well known. He practiced law in Madison for some years. He was always a Democrat and soon became prominent in Wisconsin politics He later became close to President Wilson; and during the latter's administration was made Commissioner of Corporations. He then moved to Washington, D.C. Later he married the heiress Marjorie Post of 30 million dollar fame, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Then came his appointment under Franklin Roosevelt as Ambassador to Russia where at a most critical period in history, 1936-1938, he rendered valuable service to his country and made his mark as a really great Ambassador; the details of which are set forth in his famous book "Mission to Moscow" (see my library).

Max Mason was a brilliant member of the class. He was precocious and strong in Mathematics and Physics. His work in sound physics during the first World War rapidly established his reputation as a brilliant experimenter. Later he was appointed President of the University of Chicago, and still later President of the Institute of Technology at Pasadena, California.

During my University career I engaged in various other activities, including music in the Glee Club, the church choirs, and the Choral Union, sports, especially baseball, and the Philomathian Debating Society. These were worthwhile diversions which I enjoyed. At the close of my career there, my records were

good enough to qualify me for Phi Beta Kappa, the Key of which I still have in my possession.

Berlin High School

After my University career, I taught science in the High School at Berlin, Wis., for two years. I did this because my finances at the time were seriously depleted Dollars were far more scarce then than now. I thought some school teaching would be an excellent training, which, indeed, it proved to be Many of the University graduates at that time were doing this and I felt young and didn't mind the time. With the tremendous expansion of the medical field, I doubt if such an interval of teaching would be advisable today.

I found in Berlin an excellent class of students numbering about 150. Berlin then had a population of about 3500, made up of fine people of the middle class type. I enjoyed the experience. I taught chemistry, geometry, algebra, botany and some other minor subjects. I worked hard - harder I think than some of my pupils. A Mr. Lowell was Principal, a man I had met as a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin. He was helpful as were all the other teachers. I spent a reasonable amount of time in music and social activities. I have never regretted the experience I had in this little town. Some of the important families residing here were as I recall them, the Stedmans, Biggerts, Sacketts, Palmeters, Morris, Christie, Bannerman, Brown (Banker) and the Dodsons.

Two prominent doctors in the town were Dr. N. M. Dodson and Dr. Frank Dodson, brothers who had come to Berlin many years before (about the fifties) and were doctors of the Pioneer type. (Both died about 1905.) I became well acquainted with both. Dr. N. M. was Superintendent of Schools when I was there, and was very kind to me. He had two sons one, Charles Dodson who was a pharmacist and owned and operated the most important drug store in town. He became my very good friend. He died several years ago. The other son was Dr. John M. Dodson, later of Chicago. He graduated from the U. of Wisconsin and then took medicine (I think) at Jefferson Medical College. Later, he came to Chicago and became prominent as a practitioner of medicine (Pediatrics) and as Dean of Students first at Rush Medical College and later at the University of Chicago. He was one of my good friends in later years. I think he wrote a history of the Dodson Family in Wisconsin. For his biography see Who's Who in America and files of the Journal of American Medical Association. He died about 1940 (?). I recall two of my high school students in Berlin who became eminent. Prof. Mathews, head of the Department of Chemistry of the U of Wisconsin, and Solon Buck, noted historian who is at present Director of the Government Archives at the magnificent new building in Washington, D.C. I called on him there in 1941 (or 1942). (See Who's Who.)

Medical Education

I had pretty definitely decided during my last two years at the University of Wisconsin to attend Rush Medical College for my medical training. At the time there was not much difference between the three leading colleges in Chicago, namely, Rush, Northwestern and the College of Physicians and Surgeons. All were weak in their preclinical work, but better, though much to be desired, in clinical teaching. During the summer of 1900, I visited

Chicago and made the rounds of these three medical colleges and finally decided to enter Rush; which I did in the Fall, October 1st, 1900. I entered therefore with the class of 1904, but with advanced credits in several subjects from Wisconsin. These credits enabled me later to graduate in Medicine in the Fall quarter of 1903. (My diploma is dated in Dec. 1903.)

On or about October 1, 1900, I went to Chicago from Racine, where I had spent the summer, and found a room on the west side on W. Harrison Street just east of Ashland Boulevard; at that time a not too disreputable locality, though later (and now) a slum region of the lowest order. As a roommate I had G.F. Ruediger, a former Wisconsin student whom I had known there and who also was entering Rush at this time. Later, Dr. Ruediger became prominent in Bacteriology and in Public Health in Chicago, LaSalle, Ill., Dakota and in Nevada. He published many scientific papers in the Jour. Inf. Diseases of that period (1905 to 1920). He died of Tb. about 1925 in California.

The entering class at Rush numbered about 170. Most of the students had only a high school diploma. Nearly all wore whiskers or a mustache. Some were very immature, others were in their thirties and had been school teachers, clerks, business men, etc.

The equipment in the Laboratories was grossly inadequate, and the teaching was poor. Lectures predominated. The laboratory sections were conducted largely to poorly prepared student assistants. I became unhappy about the situation.

It happened that just at this time Rush Medical College was consummating their affiliation with the University of Chicago. Dr. Frank Billings and President Harper were the instigators. A number of strong men had come recently to the University of Chicago, among them Jacques Loeb, Henry H. Donaldson, E. O. Jordan, and L. F. Barker. Dr. Barker was Head of Anatomy. He and some others already were giving certain medical courses at the U. of Chicago on the south side to some twenty or more students. And Dr. Barker was giving some lectures in Anatomy at Rush on the west side of Chicago. One day Ruediger and I arranged to see Dr. Barker about our Anatomy. After learning that we were from Wisconsin and had our preliminary work with Wm. Snow Miller, he suggested that we go down to the south side (U. of Chicago) and complete the first two years in medicine there. This we did, having been on the west side only about two months. At the U. of Chicago we met a very different type of both students and faculty. We completed our Gross Anatomy under Barker, Armour, Flint, Harvey and others; Physiology under Loeb and Assistants; Pharmacology under J.P. Mathews and Ralph Webster; and Neurology under H. H. Donaldson. I remained there the remainder of that year and the whole of the following school year (1901-02). I did special work in Physiology and Anatomy for which I received credit later toward a Ph. D degree; which I took in Pathology and Physiology in 1905 (see Diploma in large Folio). Also I took special courses in Neurology and completed a joint paper with Dr. Donaldson on "Segments of the Spinal Cord" (see my Vol. I, Reprints). I profited much, too, from the University atmosphere, the many lectures (both open and course lectures) available and the numerous contacts made with students, many of which have continued to this day. As students or assistants there at the time were W. E. Post, E E. Irons, Dallas Phemister, Dean Lewis, and Dr. Rendleman, later of Davenport, Iowa.

During the next year (1901-02) the entire class (1904) from Rush moved to the South Side and there completed their preclinical work. All classes after that time entered medicine through the University of Chicago. Rush Medical College continued from then on to give the last two years in Medicine, including Pathology and Lab. Diagnosis.

During the late summer of 1902 (September_ after spending a hot season in Chicago, I arranged a vacation trip out west with G. B. Smith and Harold Barnes. This was one of the early travel events of my life. It was my first western trip, and indeed my first trip further than 100 miles from home. The details I have written in the attached form.

To Colorado in September, 1902

In September, 1902, while I was attending Rush Medical College, an antelope hunt in the West was arranged as follows: Harold Barnes, who at that time was a student at the University of Chicago, lived at Fort Morgan, Colo. He and his family had spent most of their lives on ranches near that town and had engaged in sheep raising. Barnes knew the surrounding country thoroughly. There were still a few pronghorned antelope ranging the plains. However, this was the last year before the State of Colorado permanently outlawed antelope hunting.

Dr. Bertrand Smith, a classmate of mine, (later of Los Angeles) and I travelled by train to Fort Morgan from Chicago, staying at the Barnes home. While there the hunting trip was arranged to cover the territory mainly north of Fort Morgan for about 60 miles, and west of Sterling, on to New Raymer, and up to the Pawnee Buttes. In the party were Bert Smith, Harold Barnes, Clyde Smith and Frank and myself. We travelled in a light wagon and in addition had three saddle horses. We were out ranging the prairie for four days and shot four antelope. We saw a large number of prairie wolves and coyotes; (at least 50); also a few red foxes and many small rattlesnakes often in prairie dog holes, together with small owls.

The antelope is a beautiful animal, height about three feet, and with the striking white rump which it displays in a characteristic flashy manner when startled. It runs with a graceful stride and with a speed (for a time) that is hardly equalled by any other animal. When the shooting begins it tends to run in a large circle because the bullets striking the ground beyond it divert its direction, very much therefore to the advantage of the hunter. The animals range in small groups, often lying down when through feeding. At such times it is possible to "crawl" close to the animals for shots. We did just that, crawling over ground thickly covered in places with the small prickly cactus. The meat is very good, similar to venison but better, I think, only slightly gamey in flavor and excellent when covered with strips of bacon.

(Note: Theodore Roosevelt's "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" contains an excellent account of the pronghorn and his behavior.)

Attached is a picture of our outfit (on our return) with horse, wagon, hunters, guns and antelopes. (Note the pronghorn's head just above the wheel.) The building in the rear is the barn at the home of Mr. Barnes.

At that time (1902) the prairie in that region had not been broken. It was grazed mainly by sheep. Later, especially during World War I, it was plowed for wheat and other grain. After the war it was abandoned for these crops. I went through this country again in 1931. It was desolate and much of the land covered with weeds. Little wonder they had dust storms in that territory.

Following the hunt, Bert Smith and I, having round trip season tickets to Colorado points, went on to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo. From Denver we took the then celebrated scenic trip to Idaho Springs, Bear Creek Canyon, etc., and visited a silver mine in the vicinity. From Colorado Springs we went up to Cripple Creek, Independence and Victor at which time mining was a most active industry in these towns. We were at Cripple Creek I recall on a Saturday afternoon, and what a day for the miners! They took possession of the town. As I remember it now the main street was a mass of men moving about from store to store and from saloon to saloon. Gambling was carried on everywhere in the open. Prostitution was flagrant. Most of the men were in various stages of drunkenness. The streets were dirty and the buildings were shabby and poor. (see "The Arkansas" of the River Series.) We also visited Cheyenne Canyon near Manitou and climbed high above the Seven Falls.

Up Pike's Peak

One evening, about seven o'clock, in the rain, Bert and I started to climb Pike's Peak from Manitou on foot. This was a real feat, and still is. We followed the Cog Road the entire way. Shortly the weather cleared and a bright moon came out. Past the half-way house (which is as a matter of fact 1/3 of the way up) it became much colder. About 1 A.M. we built a fire under a hugh rock and ate our lunch. This was not far from where the road swings around the mountain to the west and forms Windy Point. Here the wind became a gale and much colder. About two miles from the top it began to snow, which with the wind soon became a veritable blizzard. This continued to the top (14,150 ft.) which we reached at 4 A.M., shortly before sunrise. Here was the old stone building (a former observatory) warm inside and in which an old colored man ran a restaurant. We knocked and were admitted for 25 cents each. Bert felt "rotten" from mountain sickness. I felt pretty well but stupid and drowsy. I sat before the fire for a time, 15 minutes or so. Suddenly I became nauseated and weak, and rapidly sought fresh air and the cold. I went outside and sat on a stone, vomited a bit, and felt better. There were two inches of white pure snow all about. I saw a mountain rat running about the rocks about ten feet away. Soon I began to perk up. A gorgeous display of colored sky was appearing. The clouds were breaking, just in time to view the sun rising over the vast plains to the East, a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Beneath us, all about were silvery grey clouds on which the sun was shining and which we were viewing from above. In half an hour the entire sky had cleared and we could see the plains and also the mountains and cities for a hundred miles around. There were Denver, Pueblo and the Spanish Peaks far to the south in New Mexico. It was worth our efforts and we felt well repaid. At 9 A.M. we began the descent which was uneventful and we reached Colorado Springs at 4 P.M. We had had little food and no sleep. After a real Western steak dinner we went to bed and slept 16 hours.

(Note: Dr. Bertrand (Bert) Smith died Jan. 1945 in Los Angeles where he had practiced Internal Medicine for nearly 40 years.)

From Colorado Springs we went on to Pueblo for a couple of days where we visited my Uncle Josiah Hughes and Aunt Merriam Roberts (see above). I recall visiting with my Cousin Will Hughes, the new Colorado Fuel & Iron Company Hospital, just completed, and one of the earlier up-to-date hospitals in the country.

Then back to Chicago we came all the way in an ordinary tourist coach car without a thought of a sleeper or even a meal in a diner. But those were the days when I could sleep anywhere and eat anything at any time. Then back to the Medical College for another year's hard grind - much better prepared because of our outing.

I cannot conclude this account of my first trip to the West without a word as to what it meant to me then and has meant to me in my later years. I was then 26 years of age. I had up to that time never taken an extended trip of any kind. I was healthy and vigorous. At home from my earliest years I had heard and read story after story of the great West. "The West" was the grand topic of conversation and argument, too, among our neighbors. Families, relatives and neighbors all were interested and many were planning to spend their lives "out West". Naturally every red blooded boy and girl were thrilled with these accounts and experiences of these great lands. On this first trip one evening from the train window as we were speeding through western Nebraska I saw a wolf looking at us from the top of a hill not so very far away. Every wolf story I had ever heard came back to me. Further on I saw Indians in their native attire in and about the towns and I thought of all the Indian stories I had heard. I saw cowboys, literally hundreds of them at that time, in their picturesque dress and big hats, their legs "bowed", riding their western ponies and driving and herding cattle by the hundreds. I shall never forget one evening from Ft. Morgan seeing the western mountains for the first time. This town is 90 miles straight east of Longs Peak. With the western light just right one sees, dark and jagged, Medicine Bow Range in the far distance.

It was at this period of my life, and with such experiences as the above fresh in my mind, that I became determined to travel as widely as my circumstances would permit and that travel was educational in a very broad sense and was complementary to a University education. I resolved then that if I was fortunate enough to have a family they too should, if possible, have this advantage of travel. I resolved also that travel was a kind of education that like other kinds should be acquired in one's earlier years, when the mind is fresh, when the muscles are strong and when a healthy ambition urges us onward and upward. With the delightful and cultural training and values that come from travel in our early life, our later years may be enriched by the many pleasant memories of the past and often in a way to counteract the increasing vicissitudes of advancing years.

In the fall of 1902 I entered Rush College then located on the west side of Chicago for the clinical years. I continued throughout the following year (excepting September) and completed the required work at the end of the fall quarter in 1903. Because I had some advanced credits, I was able to engage in special work under Dr. Ludwig Hektoen at the Institute for Infectious Diseases, who very kindly accepted me and allowed me the privileges of his Institute. This was the beginning of my association with Dr. Hektoen. To him, I owe very

much, not only during those early years but continuously up to the present time. In 1902 the Institute was new and housed in the main floor of the Laboratory Building of Rush Medical College (south side of Harrison St.). Here I began to work in 1902 in a small way when still a student and then continued afterward for years (part time) until 1913 when I went to the University of Illinois.

During 1903-04 I was given the Rush Alumni Fellowship which enabled me to continue in the Institute. Also in 1904-05 I was given a special fund, $100 per month (from Mrs. Frank Lillie) to work on whooping cough. This work was written up as my Doctorate Thesis (The Bacteriology of Whooping Cough) and published in the Jour. Inf. Dis. (see my Reprints Vol. I.). During these last three years (1903-05) the work which I did at the Institute together with some special work in Physiology under Dr. George Stewart at U. of Chicago, constituted my credits for the Ph. D. degree which I took at U. of Chicago in 1905 (see Ph.D diploma).

In 1903 I was admitted to Sigma Xi at the U. of Chicago Chapter (see certificate and key). Also when a senior student at Rush in 1903 I became a charter member of Alpha Omega Alpha, the honorary medical fraternity which, the summer before, had been first organized at the then College of Physicians and Surgeons (now U. of Illinois) by Dr. Wm. Root assisted by Dr. E. S. Moore (see The Pharos., Dec. 1944 for my Biography - attached copy).

It was during this period (roughly from 1895 to 1910) that Rush Medical College and the Presbyterian Hospital reached the zenith of their careers due in a large measure to the advent of Dr. Frank Billings in 1897 as Dean of the College, and Head of Internal Medicine. It should be said he had an unusually strong group of eminent men around him, men of national reputation who had already organized efficient Departments. I am speaking of the Clinical Departments, since in 1902 the preclinical work had been transferred to the University of Chicago.

In this group centering around Billings were J. B. Herrick and B. W. Sippy in Internal Medicine. In Surgery were Nicholas Senn, Christian Fenger and Arthur Dean Bevan. In Obstetrics and Gynecology, Dr. Clarence Webster; in Dermatology, Dr. James Nevins Hyde and (later) Oliver Ormsby. In Otolaryngology, Dr. E. Fletcher Ingalls; in Neurology and Psychiatry, Dr. Daniel Brower. In Pediatrics, Dr. Cotton and Dr. John M. Dodson; in Pathology and Bacteriology, Dr. Ludwig Hektoen and Dr. E. R. LeCount. Altogether this was an outstanding group, probably second to no other Medical College in the country at that time (and especially so in Internal Medicine).

I was fortunate therefore in coming in contact with this group of eminent medical men at a critical period in my course. With several of these men, at a later period I did special work and/or issued joint publications. (Hektoen, LeCount, Hyde, Billings, - see Reprint Volumes.) A fairly complete list of this galaxy of fine men together with their signatures appears on my Interne Diploma from the Presbyterian Hospital, dated Dec. 4., 1907 (see my collection of Diplomas, etc.); also their photographs in my Class Picture (1904) now framed and at 721 Elmwood, Wilmette, Ill.

To Colorado in 1903

In September 1903, after the hard grind of a continuous year of medical studies, I felt the need of an outing and therefore readily accepted a proposal made by Harold Barnes to again invade the Western mountains, this time on a deer hunt. The story is well told by a series of kodak pictures in my collection of photos. All are labelled and require only brief running comments. Beginning at Ft. Morgan, in a prairie schooner of the old style, our party of five journeyed westward to Ft. Collins, up the Cache la Poudre River to Chambers Lake, over the Cameron Pass of the Medicine Bow Range into North Park, down the Michigan to Walden, over to the Rabbit Ear Peaks on the Continental Divide (Buffalo Pass), where we were literally "smothered" by a heavy snow storm lasting three days. We retreated to Walden in from two feet and more of snow. Then, the Cameron Pass, being snowed in, we were obliged to pass far to the north into Wyoming, crossing the Little Laramie and to Tie Siding on the Union Pacific; then south and east to Ft. Collins and back to Ft. Morgan. We were out exactly four weeks. We never shot a deer, though we saw several. Fishing was good along the Poudre and the Michigan Rivers. The weather was ideal until the snow storm struck on the Continental Divide. Our farthest west was the top of the range 12 miles above Steamboat Springs. North Park then was a great cattle range. Walden was some 60 miles from a railroad and "Freighting" with three or more teams of horses to the load was the order of the day (see photos in kodak album in files). What an experience to satisfy the urges of youth!

The trip was replete with incidents and episodes. Here is one. On our return we came down over the Medicine Bow range to the Little Laramie. There was over a foot of snow on the level. In a small roadhouse at the river the freighters and teams were massed, waiting to move west as soon as the snow melted. What a gang! They had nothing to do but loaf and drink. Not a bed in sight. On the floor of this joint, literally under the feet of these Wild West freighters we spread out our beds and somehow passed the night not too uncomfortably. As usual we all were so tired that it took more than a gang of drinking freighters to disturb our slumbers.

From Ft. Morgan back to Chicago to complete my final quarter at Rush Medical College and to become the proud possessor of a medical diploma in December, 1903, (See Diploma in large Folio) and a little later (June, 1904) a State License (see License). During the years 1904 and 1905 and 1906 I continued to spend most of my time in Research at Hektoen's Institute working on influenze-like bacteria, meningitis and sporotrichosis; also assisting in the Pathology Department in the College under Dr. E. R. LeCount. During this period I was receiving income off and on from three different sources, namely, the Alumni Fellowship, $400 per year; the Institute, $100 per month; and from Rush Medical College, $250 for one quarter.

"Out West" - for the third time.
1905

In 1905 (see Ph. D. Diploma, dated Jan. 14, 1905, in large Folio) I took my Doctorate at the University of Chicago in Pathology and Bacteriology. Those in charge were generous enough to place me in the category of "magna cum laude" candidates. This surprised me because I felt I did very poorly

in my examination.

I had worked hard and continuously in Dr. Hektoen's Laboratory for two years and when the summer of 1905 arrived I again felt the urge to "go West". There was no place comparable to it for relaxation, rest and "fun". My brother Will had married and was then living on a ranch three miles from Bozeman, Montana, a place of 4000 population and at that time wild and "western" enough for any youngster. So out West again I went, in an ordinary train coach, of course, without a Pullman and dependent on station service for "grub" It should be said that in those days the railroads offered round trip tickets. to all points west at very reasonable rates. To some degree this was for the purpose of encouraging settlers to these far western lands. I arrived at Bozeman in due time ready for anything the West had to offer. I stayed at my brother's ranch for about two weeks. I worked on the land, climbed "Old Baldy" of the Bridger Range, fished for trout in the Brackett and Bridger Creeks (and caught plenty) and chased coyotes over the hills. Bozeman then was pretty much of a Wild West town. It had been worse. About one-half of the main street (the lower half) was occupied with cheap lodging houses, saloons, gambling and vice resorts. No respectable woman appeared in the streets below a certain point. There came from roundabout cowboys, farmhands, miners and rovers. At night and especially week ends an uproaring time was had by all (seemingly). Drunkenness seemed the greatest curse. My brother told me that one way of employing a farmhand (they were greatly needed during the harvest season) was to go on Saturday or Sunday night to the rear of the dives where the stuporous drunks lay in heaps, and upon selecting a likely looking specimen with good muscles and calloused hands, dump him into a wagonbox and take him out to the haymow on the farm. By Monday or Tuesday he was in shape to go to work.

I may say in justice to Bozeman and many other Wild West towns that such conditions as I have described did not continue long. In fact at about that time a sweeping change for the better began to take place generally throughout the West. The dives and gambling saloons were gradually closed, and a better element became dominant in the communities. Some years later (and at present) Bozeman became a quiet clean town and has far outclassed many comparable Eastern towns in decency and appearance.

After this "relaxation" I went on to the Pacific Coast; to Seattle, then a relatively small but growing city, to Portland, and then down to Oakland California, where my sister Anne lived. Her husband, Hugh Davies, was a great fellow. He was born in Wales and was typically Welsh in sentiment, religion, accent and manner. At that time he was an employee of the Mountain View Cemetery, later on becoming Superintendent, a position he held until his death in 1929.

Hugh was unusually f nd of the out-of-doors and camping he loved. Since I was there for some ten days we arranged an auto trip south along the coast to Monterey and vicinity, touring and sightse ing by day and camping at night. From Oakland we travelled through San Jose, the Santa Cruz Mountains, Monterey, Pacific Grove and the 17 mile drive. We returned again over the mountains and through the big Sequoia trees. We took a camera with us and so the story may be told by pi tures. (See appendix kodak album in files). This was during the very early days of the automobile. Hugh had a one-cylinder machine ahat chugged wildly over the mountains - most of the time. At times, too, it refused to chug

at all. But we got back safely, without an unreasonable amount of engine and tire trouble after a very fine outing. The auto, personnel, towns, trees, Del Monte Hotel, coast, rocks, etc., all are displayed in the photo series. This was my first visit to California. I am happy to say it was not my last.

During my stay, I spent a day at Palo Alto viewing the University only recently erected, established by Leland Stanford. Beautiful buildings, beautiful grounds, beautiful climate, beautiful country, beautiful everything.

Some six months later occurred the San Francisco earthquake and fire - demolishing, cracking and burning San Francisco, Palo Alto, the University, and a host of other cities for miles along the coast.

From Oakland I went by train along the coast to Los Angeles - one of the most beautiful rides in this country. (Only this year - March, 1943, Myra and I made this trip in the celebrated Day Light Special. It was as glorious as ever.) While in Los Angeles I viewed the city; took my first ride on salt water to Catalina Island; viewing flying fish and sardine fisheries and eating sea bass at Avalon. From Los Angeles I took the San Pedro and Salt Lake Line to Great Salt Lake (Senator Clark's Line then just completed) through the Great American Desert. At Las Vegas were acres of tents housing a rush of people to a reported gold strike off in the mountains some 15 miles away. A day or two in Salt Lake City permitted me to see the Mormon Tabernacle and the Temple (only the exterior) and to go out to Salt Air and to bob about in the heavy water of Great Salt Lake. From here I came east over the Denver & Rio Grande R. R. viewing the Tennessee Pass and the Royal Gorge and up to Denver. After missing my train east I stayed in a small hotel near the station for 18 hours waiting for the next train. I recall visiting the State House at the time, seeing not only a fine building but also an excellent portrait of Dr. John Evans, one time Governor of Colorado, and after whom Evanston is named. (See my paper on "The Quakers in Medicine.")

After returning from the West about Oct. 1, 1905, I continued my work at the Institute for Infectious Diseases devoting my time chiefly to research The resulting papers were published in the Medical Journals at the time and are included in Vol. I of my Collected Reprints. During the summer of 1906, through the generosity of the Institute, I was given a table at the Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole near Boston, Mass., to continue certain studies in the field of comparative immunology and bacteriology (see Collected Papers). It turned out to be one of the most profitable training periods of my life. There I was able to meet and to hear such men as the Lillies, Morgan, the Loebs, Wilson, Mathews, Whitman and Conklin. There were presented the new contributions just then appearing in the fertile fields of General Physiology and Cytology, and especially the early work of Wilson and Morgan on chromosomes. Problems in evolution were stressed particularly by Whitman who had his yard full of experimental pigeons not far away from the Laboratory.

Swimming, golf, and rides on the Laboratory Boat to neighboring sites about the bays (and one notable trip to Nantucket) constituted interesting and profitable diversions.

In August of that summer (1906) I returned to Chicago by way of Montreal and Toronto. At Montreal I viewed the old town, ascended Mount Royal and visited

the Royal Victoria Hospital. On the way to Toronto I changed from the train at Kingston to the boat passing through the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence and on to Lake Ontario. Two items of interest there attracted me - one scientific, the meeting of the British Medical Association held in Canada that year; the second, romantic, calling upon the family of a lady in whom I was then becoming interested. And, as events turned out later, this lady was to play a dominant and at times I must admit a domineering role from 1908 on, a role, I hasten to add that was always most acceptable and agreeable to me.

The weather was exceedinly hot during that memorable week. The English doctors suffered severly, with their heavy woolen clothes. It was at this meeting that I saw and heard Sir. Wm. Osler, the only occasion in my life. (I have a letter from him pasted in the first of the two-volume set of "The Life of Osler" by Dr. Cushing (in my library). There, too, I saw T. Lauder Brunton, Adams, Welch (then in full vigor; he spoke on Thoma's work on arteriosclerosis) and many other notables whose names have left me.

I returned to Chicago to begin an Interneship at the Presbyterian Hospital on Internal Medicine with Dr. Frank Billings.

Interneship, 1906 - 1907

From the fall of 1906 to the fall of 1907 (November) I took my Interneship at the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, Service of Internal Medicine under Dr. Frank Billings. The year's service was one of hard work, but in a way quite uneventful. The number of cases on service ranged, from 20 to 40. They were selected cases as a rule, about 50% being Dr. Billings' private patients, the other ward patients. I did all the Laboratory work, made the Physicals and also wrote all the case histories. As a rule, too, I did autopsies on the cases when a permit was given. (Dr. Peter Bassoe at the time was Resident Pathologist.)

Dr. Billings made rounds each morning and in every way was an ideal attending Physician. During the year I also served as Interne for the few cases of Dr. Ingalls, chiefly tonsil patients, operated usually in the afternoons. During the year, Dr. Ingalls had a number of interesting patients usually children having foreign bodies in the bronchi and lungs. Bronchoscopy and X-ray too were in their very early years. Dr. Ingalls designed for himself several bronchoscopy tubes, lights, etc.

For about three or four months in 1907 I served as Surgical Interne for Dr. J. B. Murphy who at the time was attending surgeon at the Presbyterian. His service was not large (10 to 20 cases) there, doing most of his work at Mercy Hospital. I was able therefore to look after both Billings' and Murphy's work which made a valuable combination. Dr. Neff and Dr. Charles Rowan were Murphy's Chief Assistants.

I concluded my interneship late in the fall of 1907 (see Interne Diploma in large Folio). Dr. Billings for years had invited his younger Assistants to continue work in one capacity or another with him and often invited them to live at his home, then on the corner of Prairie Ave. and 22nd St. Some of these men

served as his Assistants both in the hospital and at his downtown office. This privilege he extended to me which I was happy to accept and, when I had completed the Interneship, I moved to his home. There at the time were living, besides Dr. Billings, his brother Mr. Charles Billings, a lawyer and ex-member of the Legislature his daughter Margaret, and his sister-in-law, Miss Brawley. Also my good old pal, Dr. W. E. Post, who had concluded his Interneship at the hospital some time previously and was then working at the hospital, the office and developing his private practice.

This generosity that Dr. Billings showed in aiding and encouraging young men was characteristic of the man. Through the years he gathered about him a coterie of men well trained as well as 100% loyal to their chief. And Dr. Billings was never above learning from and being stimulated by these younger men. Among these men were J. L. Miller, J. A. Capps, Murray Washburn, Alec Stevenson, W. E. Post and E. C. Rosenow. In later years all came to occupy positions of prominence in Chicago's medical profession. I think all are listed in Who's Who for that period.

Marriage in 1908

1908 was my marriage year. I had been living at the home of Dr. Frank Billings, corner of 22nd Steeet and Prairie Avenue in Chicago for nearly two years. I was employed, part time, at the Memorial Inst. for Infectious Diseases (Dr. Hektoen, Director), was part-time Pathologist at the Presbyterian Hospital, was an Instructor at Rush Medical College in Pathology (under Dr. LeCount), and at intervals worked in the afternoons at the office of Dr. Billings in downtown Chicago. In addition, I received some income for pathological work in private cases for physicians (blood cultures, counts, autopsies, tumor diagnosis, spinal fluid analysis, etc). My total income was about $4,000 per year.

Myra Helen Jones had been Night Supervisor of Nurses at the Presbyterian Hospital, where I had first met her. She was a Canadian, born in Prince Edward County near Hillier. Later, her home was in Toronto. She decided upon the Nursing Profession and attended the Royal Victoria Training School at Montreal, graduating in 1902. She came to the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, in 1903. She was my age, lacking one day. A woman of character, culture and refinement and with dignity and good sense. She was interested in the game of golf, a fact that played a role in our early relations. I was deeply in love with her then - and still am! She was just "the girl" for me.

We were married July 28, 1908 in St. Mathew's Church, Toronto. We at once proceeded by rail to Owen Sound where we boarded a lake steamer on Lake Huron for the "Soo", Port Arthur and thence to the Pacific Coast. We visited friends at Port Arthur, and relatives at Winnepeg and Calgary. We spent a few days at the large hotel at Banff, then on to Vancouver, enjoying the city, its parks, as well as its people. On our return we visited my brother, W. O. Davis at Bozeman, Montana, for a few days; and then took the 5-day trip by coach through Yellowstone Park, returning to Chicago after this most enjoyable trip of about one month's duration.

Along the way we made good use of our camera and the series of pictures

arranged in chronological order enables one to follow the route and to view the "high spots" of the trip.

At St. Joseph's Hospital - Chicago

On reaching Chicago in the Fall of 1908 I again took up my program of work much as it had been. In addition, I became connected with St. Joseph's Hospital as Pathologist. We therefore decided to live on the North Side and so rented an apartment on Lakeside Place close to the shore of Lake Michigan. During the next year and a half, or until June 1910, as stated, I shared my time at St. Joseph's Hospital, at the Institute and at Rush. I set up a Clinical Laboratory and a Morgue at St. Joseph's Hospital, the first they had had. At that time many hospitals had no Laboratory Service. This was just at the time of the rise of Hospital Laboratories throughout the country. Stimulated by the A.M.A. a laboratory soon became essential for recognition.

About that time the staff at St. Joseph's had been reorganized with Dr. J. B. Murphy as Chief, and Dr. Hugh McKenna, Head of Surgery, Dr. Arthur Small, Head of Medicine, Dr. Phillip Chancellor as Head of Pediatrics, and Dr. Thompson, Head of Gynecology. I continued as part-time Pathologist until I returned from Europe in 1911, when I accepted the position of Hospital Pathologist at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago.

To Europe in 1910

(See Kodak Album in Files)

During the Spring of 1910, Myra and I made plans to spend a good part of the forthcoming year in Europe. At that time it was generally considered a necessary part of a medical education to study a year or more in the great medical centers abroad, and the younger men with aspirations were encouraged by their superiors to do so. Germany and Austria were the then accepted leading countries in medical education in Europe, especially in Pathology, Bacteriology, Biological Chemistry and Diagnosis. For a generation our own great men had acquired their training and experience there - such men as Welch, Billings, Fenger, Hektoen and many others. It was true that Europe then was a full generation in advance of this country in the Medical Sciences.

There were some other reasons for going at that time. I had been able to save enough to "get by" at least by exercising rigid economy (something like $2500 for the year). A part of this money I made from salary in hospitals, some from the sale of our old farm in Racine, and some more from a judicious investment made with a part of my funds in Peoples Gas stock at the suggestion of Dr. Frank Billings. Myra had not been well, having suffered from exophthalmic goiter, renal calculus, and an interrupted pregnancy within a period of two years. A trip abroad would be a disirable diversion and a relief from these serious experiences. Again our good friends, Dr. Wilbur E. Post and Louise Morrison were contemplating marriage, and there was the wonderful opportunity of going with them on their honeymoon trip which they planned to spend in Europe.

So on June 4th, 1910, we set sail from Montreal, Canada, across the North Atlantic, through and among hugh icebergs (this was not long before the sinking of the Titanic by an iceberg on this very route) and landed in the port of Glasgow. The trip was quite uneventful but most enjoyable, the chief reason being that Myra improved steadily on the boat, gaining nearly a pound a day. With us on the voyage were some 15 or more Divines on their way to an international religious Congress at Edinburgh. Among them were Mrs. Post's brother, Mr. Charles Morrison, and his wife. He became widely known in later years as a minister and as editor of "The Christian Century." (See our steamer party.) We found the ministers a most congenial party, especially the Scotchmen of whom several were on board.

On this trip I did not keep a diary. But with my box camera I managed to obtain a pictorial account of most of our travels and experiences. Picture post cards, too, did a lot and filled in many gaps where the camera failed. (See Appendix, Kodak Folio File.)

We visited ten different countries. In general we proceeded from Glasgow, through the Scott country to Edinburgh, thence south through the English Lake region to Chester. From here we entered Wales, visiting the home of my mother at Newborough, Anglesey, for a few days. My Uncle Griffith Jones was then alive. We crossed Menai Straits to see Caernarvon and its superb castle and returned to London, stopping at Oxford on our way. From here, we went across the North Sea to Rotterdam, the Hague, Leyden and Amsterdam. Thence on to Berlin for a few days and to Dresden, Prague and Vienna. Here we remained for several weeks, Dr. Post and I studying medicine (Pathology and Internal Medicine) at the Krankenhaus (U. of Vienna) under Dr. Ghon and other celebrities.

Vienna then was at its best and beautiful beyond words. The opera, theatre, concerts, churches, etc., all in their splendor and glory and we enjoyed them to the utmost. Little did we or they (the Viennese) imagine what the future had in store for them. And nothing we saw or heard would indicate that terrible wars were just in the offing. (Compare with Diary of Elizabeth Lomax 1854-63 attached note.)

From Vienna, we visited the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Thence to Munich add France and on to Switzerland and Freiberg i/Br. Here we remained for some three months, I studying Pathology under Aschoff and Schriddle In December, we proceeded to Italy visiting Milan, Verona, Venice, Bologna, Rome, and Naples. Then on the steamer Carmania, via Gibralter to U.S.A., arriving in New York harbor just in time to hear the bells and whistles of New York at midnight New Year's Eve. We landed New Year's morning (Jan. 1, 1911) and at once journeyed westward to Chicago via Toronto, Canada.

The trip on the whole was a stimulating experience, one that we have been able to look back upon and enjoy even to this day. And Myra had made satisfactory improvement during the entire journey.

My medical notes, taken in two small notebooks, concern chiefly work at Vienna and Freiburg Universities. I regard the records of Aschoff and Ghon as especially valuable. At that time they were the most outstanding Pathologists in Europe.

As important side visits, I would mention visiting Sir Almoth Wright (and having tea with him as nearly all do) then in the midst of his opsonin work in London; de Beurmann and Gongerot in Paris, famed for their work on Sporatrichosis (I had written some on this subject); Prof. Chiari, noted Pathologist at Strassburg (who had been in Chicago shortly before); and Prof. Kocher in Switzerland, known throughout the world for his work on goitre. (A few sentences back I stated thatnothing we saw or heard would indicate that great wars were just in the offing. (See attached note on our Civil War.)

St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago.

On my return from Europe in January 1911, I continued as Pathologist at St. Joseph Hospital for only a few months, when I was offered and accepted the position of Hospital Pathologist at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. This was a much larger hospital, the facilities greater, and salary considerably more ($3,000.00). It was an institution of first rank, with a prestige that meant much to any young medical man. I accepted the position with the understanding that I should be supported in conducting research during part of my time and that I would continue as Asst. Professor of Pathology at Rush Medical College, teaching there a course in Junior Pathology two quarters of the year. I reorganized the clincial laboratory cooperating with Dr. E.R. LeCount who remained as "Tissue" Pathologist and spending an hour or two a day at the Hospital consulting with the surgeons. I remained in this position until September 1913 when I was offered and accepted the Headship of Pathology at the University of Illinois, which, during that year had acquired the old College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago.

Our two sons.

In addition to the above experiences during the years 1911-1913, two of the most notable events of our lives happened in this period, namely, the birth of our two sons. Dorland Jones Davis was born July 2, 1911 and David Edward Davis July 18, 1913. Dorland was born at the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, on a day when the temperature ranged above 100. Dr. Lynch officiated. Mother nnd babe were able shortly to return to our apartment at 61st Street near Jackson Park, where we then lived. David was born at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, Dr. Paddock officiating. At that time we lived on 66th Place near Jackson Park, Chicago.

Both children were normal, healthy youngsters. In general they made uneventful development and progress. As well be related, we soon moved (Jan. 1914) to 721 Elmwood Ave., Wilmette, Ill., which we purchased at that time. The boys attended grade school (Stolp School) and high school (New Trier) and later college, Dorland the University of Illinois (B.S. 1933) at Urbana, and Dave, Swarthmore College (B.S. 1935). Dorland later attended the John Hopkins Medical School, receiving his M.D. Degree in 1938. In June 1938 he obtained his Medical License in Maryland by examination. He then obtained his D.P.H. in the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health. He was commissioned a medical officer in the U. S. Public Health Service in 1939 and was assigned duties in Charleston, S.C., in connection with an epidemic of infantile paralysis.

Later he was assigned to Texas to study Chagas' Disease.

Dave from Swarthmore entered the graduate school at Harvard University, registering for his Ph.D. degree in Zoology. He obtained this degree in 1939, after spending part time in Cambridge, Md., and part time in Cuba. He then applied for and obtained the Sheldon Travelling Fellowship, which enabled him to proceed to South America Where he continued his studies on "Social Habits of the Ani" which constituted his Ph. D. thesis. This early experience in South America, to some degree, at least, paved the way for his appointment in 1941 to the Rockefeller staff at Ric de Janiero to study certain problems on the transmission of Yellow Fever. After over two years in Brazil he returned (1944, May) and received his commission as Lieutenant in the U.S. Public Health Service, assigned to study endemic typhus in San Antonio, Texas.

In our own lives, the lives of these two young men, as they have been unfolded thus far have been our greatest joy and satisfaction. As ultimates in life nothing has approached these experiences. We did what we could for them. But for their desire to advance, their urge to do worth while things, and their development of character and conscience, they deserve the credit. I hope both will see fit to add in their own way to these very brief outlines of their early careers I have given here.

(Mch. 20, 1948, David received appointment as Asst. Professor at Johns Hopkins.)

University of Illinois Appointment

About Sept. 1st, 1913, Dr. C S. Bacon and Dr. Charles D. Williamson called on me at the St. Luke's Hospital Laboratory and asked me if I would be interested in a position at the newly reorganized College of Medicine of the U. of Illinois. I said yes, I would be interested. Later, I saw President E. J. James of the University twice and concluded an appointment, beginning at once (about Sept. 15) as Prof. of Experimental Medicine. During the following year this was changed to Prof. and Head of the Department of Pathology and Bacteriology. (Bacteriology then included Public Health.)

During the fall of 1913 I organized a course and taught a class of about 160 medical students in General Pathology. At this time, Prof. Adolph Gehrmann taught the Bacteriology. As assistants I had Dr. Bartlett (later of Ogden, Utah), Dr. W. H. Burmeister and Dr. J. J. Moore who had come with me from St. Luke's Hospital. We were handicapped by inadequate space and facilities in the old building at 508 S. Honore St. It was a tough job. A little later Dr. F. H. Falls, Dr. Harry Culver and Dr. W. F. Petersen came into the Department. All of us spent as much time as we could in Research.

During the following years, because of higher standards of admission, (two years of College credits) the size of the entering classes was greatly reduced. The first year the two-year college requirement went into effect, the entering class numbered 12. This was the fall of 1915. But the size of the classes soon increased so that in a few years we again had the original number, namely one hundred and sixty.

It is not my purpose here to go into detail concerning my early years at the College; or indeed concerning my later years. A committee of Drs. Quine, Steele and Pusey about 1915 wrote a brief but concise history of the College of Physicians up to the time it was taken over by the University in 1913. This document is on record at the Library of the College of Medicine. In 1931, I wrote a paper which was presented before the Association of American Medical Colleges in which I covered this transitional period during which the College of Physicians and Surgeons became the College of Medicine of the University of Illinois. (See Reprints Vol. III)

During succeeding years and especially after I became Dean in 1924, Annual Reports to the President contain about everything of import that transpired. These are on file at the President's office at Urbana, and copies are in my collection of papers for the years after 1931, at which time the University discontinued printing these reports. In my volume of unpublished papers are several which relate to the growth and development of the College during that formative period.

Also in the Proceedings of the Board of Trustees, an official public State Document, are records of important items concerning the College, as they were officially acted on by the Board. In the archives of the University are the letters, data, etc., upon which such actions of the Board were based.

Estes Park, Colorado, in September, 1916.

As a desirable vacation outing for 1916, we decided to spend most of September at Estes Park, Colorado. I had on previous occasion spent vacations in Colorado and knew something of its varied attractions. Leaving Dorland and David in the care of a responsible person in Wilmette, Ill., we proceeded to Steads Ranch, a well known resort in the heart of the Park. The accomodations we found there were entirely satisfactory. The time was spent in hiking, horseback riding, playing games and in tours into the beauty spots high up in the mountains. Before returning we spent a few days at Longs Peak Inn, at that time owned and operated by Enos Mills, the well known naturalist and writer. He was living at the Inn when we were there. He died about three years later.

High spots on this trip I should say were: Longs Peak (which dominates the entire park), Lake Odessa, Fern Lake, Loch Vale, Longs Peak Inn, Big Thompson Canyon and the views from the road to Grand Lake (at that time being constructed). All these beauty spots and many more are shown in the series of photos taken by me along the way.)

World War I and War Correspondence.

Wars often but not always start suddenly. In 1765, even in 1770, there was little sentiment or desire in the Colonies for a separation from Great Britain. True, a background had been forming for 150 years. Our civil War, on the other hand, was not a sudden declaration. Feelings on both sides had been intense for several decades.

Myra and I visited Europe in 1910, travelling in ten different countries

and associating intimately at times with Germans, French and British. For several months we lived in Freiburg im/Br, a town close to the German-French border. It is fair to say that no special event or experience indicated to us that the great World War of August 1914 was so close at hand. Peoples of all nations travelled freely about with little if any hatred or feeling that was, at least, at or near the surface. All of which goes to show the difficulties of being a prophet in matters pertaining to war. Most predictions alluded to by post-war writers, in my opinion, were mere guesses.

When World War I started in August, 1914, in Europe we, in the U.S., were interested but little alarmed. We were isolated here from the world and felt snug behind the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. From the start there were three fairly definite groups: first, the indifferent ones (probably the largest group, at least, early); second, those favoring France and Great Britain (a group which soon began to enlarge); and third, a group favoring Germany and Italy and haters of Great Britain. These latter were largely people of German origin (or politicians) and early were extremely agressive in certain localities. Generally our people, even though possessing strong sympathies, wanted to remain aloof. And in 1916 President Wilson ran for his second term on the slogan "He kept us out of war". But soon, late in 1916 and in 1917, the attitude of Germany and their declarations concerning what we (as a neutral) could and could not do, especially on the sea, rapidly changed our viewpoint. And, to make a very long story short, we were forced into the war in April, 1917.

We were ill prepared, to say the least. At once there was a demand for medical personnel in the Army and Navy. We had not had a war for years and knew little of Military Medicine and Surgery. Early our Medical Colleges were called upon to aid and all responded as best they could. Many Hospital Units were formed and many physicians reported for service as individuals. But the Amry and the Navy needed a supply of young medical men which would be continuous perhaps for years. So the Medical Colleges, with depleted staffs, found themselves greatly embarrassed in attempting to meet these demands.

In the spring of 1917, I was teaching Bacteriology and Laboratory Diagnosis at the U. of Illinois. I had conditionally signed up with a Medical unit along with many others not only in our College but throughout the country. As a result, on June 27, 1917, I received the attached copy of a letter written to Dean Steele from General J. C. Gorgas, then Surgeon General of the Army. Again, on June 29, 1917 another letter (attached) came to me from the then Dean of the College advising me to remain in my teaching position in the College. Because of these two letters I did so, and continued in this capacity throughout the war.

The medical curriculum soon was made a continuous one and I, together with my staff which to some degree had been depleted, rendered full-time service including summer work in training the medical students as rapidly as possible for war. The curriculum was not shortened in any way. A number of special advanced courses were given to physicians already in service.

On April 18, 1918, I received the attached letter from General Gorgas in appreciation of my services to the Army. (See attached correspondence.) No recognition other than this letter or a similar one was ever received by me, or by the many other medical men similarly situated, though there was a

general expectation that in some way the Government would at some future time reward such persons in some more specific way. However, I never regretted this phase of my war record, since all at that time fully appreciated the fundamental importance of the medical training which we gave to the students.

During the winter of 1917-18 there was a general mobilization and in many of the army camps pneumonia of several varieties appeared. Much of it was associated with hemolytic streptococcal infections following or concurrent with measles, colds, influenzas, etc. Mortality rates were high in many localities.

I had been working on hemolytic streptococci for several years and had published a number of papers (see Reprint Volumes) which had attracted the attention of Dr. Welsh, Dr. F. F Russell and others. When General Gorgas and his advisers in June, 1918, decided to appoint a Commission to study these pneumonias, I was asked to serve and received on June 26, 1918 the attached telegram from General Gorgas. Other members of that time suggested (and later received appointments I think) were Opie Freeman Rivers and perhaps Blake. (See attached Russell's letter to me of June 29, 1918.) I was very anxious to accept but from the start both President James and Dean A. C. Eycleshymer were opposed, stating that they felt the College work would suffer in my absence.

The entire correspondence is herewith attached. It includes letters of General Gorgas, Dr. Russell, President James, Dean Eycleshymer, and a letter from Dr. W. H. Welsh, more important to me than all others.

The final result was that I did not accept. I regretted it then and still do. The influenza epidemic soon appeared in typical form and the Commission had much to do later with studies on this disease with its pneumonic complications. I had worked in both these fields and I felt I was in a position to make important contributions, especially along the lines of a filterable virus, work which I was not able to conduct at the College.

As it was, I did make a bacteriological study of many cases of epidemic influenza in Chicago when the epidemic was at its height. My results confirmed in every way my conclusions earlier arrived at, namely, that influenze bacilli (Pfiffer's bacillus) was a secondary or, at most, an associated infection and not the primary agent. The results were published in a paper read before the Institute of Medicine in Chicago in 1919 (see reprint volume. Proceedings of the Inst. of Med., Chicago).

I made the mistake in not insisting with the President and the Dean, even to the point of resigning, that I be given leave from the University to work on this Commission. Important as my work at the University was to the war effort, I think my work on the Commission would have been more so. This was one of the regrettable errors of my life and one unfortunately, owing to its nature, I was never able to correct. Some opportunities in life are never repeated. This was one.

" In things of moment, on thyself depend,
Nor trust too far thy Servant or thy Friend."
(nor Presidents nor Deans of Universities.)
Quotation from Poor Rochard's Almanack, 1749.

After World War I

World War I being over in November, 1918, everyone promptly proceeded to readjust programs, and to plan for an era of peace. At the College, we returned to the Semester System and revamped the curriculum accordingly. The problem of a new University Hospital was again taken up and the State Department of Public Welfare (Mr. Thorne, director), the University of Illinois (E. J. James, President) and Governor Lowden soon agreed upon a cooperative plan which included the erection of a number of buildings, including Laboratories, Hospitals, Institutes, etc. As a site, the old Cubs Baseball Park, just south of the Cook County Hospital buildings was purchased and appropriations were promptly obtained from the Legislature to carry on. The details of this entire program were set forth in a paper read by me at the 1932 meeting of the Association of American Medical Colleges and published in the issue of the Journal of this Association of that year (see Vol. III Personal Reprints).

During 1923-24, Dr. A. C Eycleshmyer, who had been Dean of the Medical College since 1916, became broken in health and was obliged to retire in 1924. He died in 1925 from illness following a period of mental depression and irresponsibility. At that time I was Professor and Head of the Department of Pathology and Bacteriology. David Kinley, who had been Dean of the Graduate School of the University for several years and who had recently been made President of the University following the death of President E. J. James in 1923, approached me in 1924 to become Acting Dean, which offer I accepted. Following the death of Dean Eycleshymer in 1925, I was made Dean of the College, continuing my Professorial position in Pathology and Bacteriology. (See Board of Trustees Proceedings of that date.) From that time Annual Reports of the College were made to the President by me. These reports were printed up to 1930. After that date, they were continued but not printed, and are on file in the President's office at Urbana, Ill.

Some Difficult Administrative Problems

Problems naturally confronted me at once, two of which only are here mentioned. One had to do with the creation of a Faculty and Staff to conduct the work of the new Research and Educational Hospitals. Certain members of the old Faculty of the P. & S. College were dissatisfied with their status and appealed for certain promotions and special considerations. After many long and, at times, bitter discussions certain adjustments were made and the work of the College proceeded. A number of prominent members of the College however were never satisfied or placated, and, from time to time and in different ways, continued to combat and to embarrass the University for many years. Several resigned and some joined other colleges.

Some examples are cited: Soon after opening the Hospitals, Dr. Herman Adler, who was Director of the Institute for Juvenile Research, and prominent in the field of Juvenile Delinquency problems, became dissatisfied with the progress of his Institute. He therefore entered into relationship with a group of workers largely sociologists at the University of Chicago. Over $200,000 was pledged and most of it was raised. The University of Chicago proposed to furnish land on their campus as a site. It had the support of such men as Frank Billings, H. Gideon Wells and L. Hektoen. To forestall such a diversion

of this Institute from the University of Illinois to the U. of Chicago, it was necessary for me through President Kinley, a committee of the Board of Trustees, the Executive Committee of the College, Dr. H Douglas Singer and many others, to exercise all the influence we could command. From the beginning, Dr. Adler had the support of Judge Jenkins, then Director of the State Department of Public Welfare, who, with Governor Small, was not in sympathy with the entire West Side project, calling it "Lowden's Folly", since Governor Lowden had been active in promoting this relationship between the Department and the University. (Governor Lowden was a liberal and progressive Republican. He declined another term for the Governorship when he decided to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Governor Len Small, a reactionary old-line Republican, was nominated and elected in 1920. He opposed nearly everything that Governor Lowden had stood for.) Adler and his group were finally defeated and the Institute remained on the West Side. This was largely due to the new Director of the Department, Mr. Rodney Brandon, who succeeded Judge Jenkins when Governor Emmerson was elected in 1924. From that time on, progress was rapid and shortly thereafter the new building which now houses the Institute for Juvenile Research was erected. Dr. Adler soon resigned and went to California where he died two years later. Only by a narrow margin, thus, was the Juvenile Institute saved for the West Side Chicago Campus of the University of Illinois.

From time to time I had a number of other dissatisfied Faculty men to deal with. During World War I the Head of the Medical Department of the College, Dr. C. S. Williamson, early joined the Medical Service of the Army where he rendered outstanding work throughout the war. During his absence Dr. Frederick Tice, at that time Professor in Medicine, was made Head of the Department. On Dr. Williamson's return, Dr. Tice insisted on retaining this Headship; which of course could not be arranged, since all service men were entitled to their original status at the College after the war. In the meantime, Dr. Tice had issued the "Tice Medicine" series, using his own name as head of the Department of Medicine. On the return of Dr. Williamson, Dr. Tice continued to use this rank in his Volumes without explanation. After long and disagreeable discussions he asked for an Emeritus status, which was given him. He then joined the Rush Medical Faculty where he continued to teach for several years.

Dr. Karl Meyer and Dr. Raymond McNealy both were graduates of the P. and S. College and both on the Surgical Faculty. Dr. Meyer was Medical Superintendent of the Cook County Hospital. When the new Research Hospital was opened these men wanted to work and to operate in this hospital. There were few beds at first and not room therefore for all the surgeons on the Faculty - for all wanted to be attending surgeons. Meyer, McNealy and several others resigned and went to Northwestern Medical School. Dr. Charles Davison asked for and was granted an Emeritus status. All these men had large Surgical Services at Cook County Hospital used by our students. By resigning, these services were no longer available and the University of Illinois suffered accordingly. However in time the Research Hospital developed and the College was able ultimately to

Footnote. In my Reprints Vol. III is a paper (also attached herewith) setting forth briefly the history of the Research Hospital and the new buildings erected on Polk St., Chicago, chiefly during the nineteen twenties. From this account it will be seen that Gov. Lowden and President James were the real founders of the modern College of Medicine. This paper was read at the 1932 meeting of the Association of American Medical Colleges.

ract on without them. This was not the first or only time the Cook County Hospital was used to try to force Medical Colleges to confer special favors or privileges on County attending men.

Dr. William P Petersonyears later conducted himself in a thoroughly reprehensible and dishonest way by attempting to monopolize the entire program of the University in air conditioning because he had undertaken research in the field of atmospheric pressures, even to the point of accusing persons of stealing his ideas, etc., for which there was no basis whatsoever. He was also disgruntled because the University was unable to furnish funds for his projects - sums amounting to many thousands of dollars. Shortly before I retired and after Dean Allen had taken over, Dr. Petersen resigned in a huff because of certain decisions regarding rooms, etc., made by Dr. Allen. Then, in a pamphlet which he privately circulated, stated that I and Dr. Welker were responsible for the decisions which, he well knew, we were not. He asked to bring his resignation before the Faculty. President Wilaard ruled that resignations were handled by himself and the Board of Trustees and if he wished, he, Pe ersen, could bring his case before a special committee of three - President of the University, President Board of Trustees, and Executive Dean. This Dr. Petersen refused and his resignation was accepted (1941).

To offset such experiences just related are those of the opposite sort. Here is one. Dr. Frederick H. Falls was for years the most valuable man on the Clinical Faculty. In the early period he worked (Research) in my Bacteriological Laboratory while also teaching Obstetrics under Dr. Charles Bacon. He was every inch a man. When Dr. Bacon retired about 1926, Dr. Falls was made Head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology (where he still is - 1946). He has six strapping boys in his family, three of whom are now interested in medicine. One was a Marine in the War II. In 1933 his sixth son was born - and named David Falls - in honor of "yours truly", a tribute I greatly appreciated and most highly prized because of the eminence and character of his father Such an act neutralized many acts of the opposite kind - which are inevitable in a career of administrative work. (In 1946, at 13 years, David is well and handsome and going strong; weighs 190 lbs; plays football - and intends to study medicine - see photo now at Crystal Lake.)

Another name belonging in the above category was Prof. Tom Jones, loyal, helpful and every inch a man. He has put Medical Illustration "on the map" throughout the entire United States. He was the first President of the American Society of Medical Illustrators.

The Depression Years

The great depression of 1929-33 at the College of Medicine disrupted progress in general as well as in special programs of teaching and research. Budgets were greatly reduced and salaries and equipment cut to the bone. The entire State was on the verge of bankruptcy. It was far worse than will ever appear in print, and adequate credit to those who weathered the storm and bore the brunt of the difficulties will never be given either by posterity or by the University. The retarding influence of the depression lasted for nearly ten years. The Chicago program, especially for buildings, was set back fully five years. The real test of men and institutions appears when the going is

"tough", not when affairs are riding high during prosperous years with generous appropriations. I speak with authority on this point.

The work of building the large Second Laboratory Unit was resumed and completed in 1936. Salaries and equipment budgets were gradually restored over a period of roughly ten years.

Outside Activities

Among my outside activities during the next decade or two were there deserving mention. In 1918 through competitive examination I was appointed to a position as Cook County Hospital Pathologist (Attending Physician in Pathology). This position continued for about ten years, during which time I performed autopsies in the old morgue in the rear of the Hospital for the benefit of our medical students. One or two per week were held. On the whole, the materiel was only fair and the conditions under which the work at that time was carried on, were deplorable. Later when the new morgue was built conditions improved greatly. But about that time I discontinued my autopsy work for Deanship and other activities. Altogether I performed autopsies at the Cook County Hospital for just ten years - and without remuneration.

About this time and later, I represented the Section of Pathology and Physiology in the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association (see personal record in Volume of Reprints for years). During this period an attempt was made, and to a considerable degree successful, to introduce more Pathology and Physiology into the General Programs of the Association.

Again from 1931 to 1934, I was appointed as the official representative on the National Research Council from the American Society of Bacteriologists. Each year the meeting was held in Washington, D.C. Our main function was to promote Research in the field of Bacteriology directly and indirectly through special grants-in-aid. At the time, the Council was largely dominated by an eastern group of individuals, most of whom either could or would not see very far over the tops of the Allegheny Mountains. I was disappointed with the limited and stunted point of view often encountered in this activity.

Offer of Deanship and Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology at University of Iowa

In 1933, I was approached by a committee from the University of Iowa Medical School, asking me to seriously consider the Deanship and a Professorship in Pathology and Bacteriology. I discussed this offer at the time with President Kinley, then President of the University of Illinois. He said no, and asked me to continue with our building program, etc., etc., (See Kinley's letter at that time) in Urbana. So I remained in Chicago. I have no way of knowing whether I could have bettered myself or not. At times I think I could.

My Retirement

During 1939-1940, a critical period was rapidly developing in the three Colleges of the University of Illinois in Chicago. Dean Day, age 67, of the College of Pharmacy who had been ill for a long time died of carcinoma. Prof. Clark of that College, also age 67, was made Acting Dean. It was clearly evident that the College of Pharmacy was in need of reorganization and of a building program.

In the Dental College, Dean Frederick Noyes would reach the retirement age of 68 in Sept. 1941. The new Dental and Laboratory Building had been practically completed but many problems of an administrative nature were confronting the Institution.

Also in the Medical College I was approaching the retirement age in September, 1943. Our building program was not complete. Cooperation and correlation of curricula and educational programs of the Colleges needed study and consideration. New permanent Deans in the three Colleges would soon be pressing problems. In the College of Medicine several additonnal key men would soon reach the retiring age (Singer, McGuigan, Hess, Thomas, Hassin).

All the above items and many more I presented to President Willard, asking for official consideratiom by the University of these important and critical problems. He stated that under President Chase the University had set up a Bureau of Institutional Research whose function it was to do just these things. Professor Griffiths was the Director of this Bureau, and the President told me to interview him, which I did promptly. Prof. Griffiths spent considerable times on the Chicago Campus interviewing me as well as many others.

As a result of these studies, the Board of Trustees and the President decided, among other things, to, first appoint an executive position for the entire Chicago Campus in order to relieve the President and to study and correlate pressing problems. And, second, to demolish the old Pharmacy Building, transfer the entire Pharmacy School to the New Laboratory Buildings (Medical and Dental College Buildings) thereby vacating the "new" Pharmacy Building on Wood Street, this then to house the proposed Students and Faculty Union for the Chicago Campus, a very much needed institution.

The President set up a committee to study each and to make recommendations accordingly. The Committee to recommend a chief Executive in Chicago was composed of myself (Chairman), Dean Noyes (Dental College), Acting Dean Clark and Dean Carmichael of the Graduate School of the University. Frequent meetings were held with President Willard. After several months' intensive work during the year 1940 (see Board of Trustees Reports) Dr. Raymond B. Allen, Dean of Wayne University of Detroit, was agreed upon as well qualified for the position and was so recommended to the President. The Board of Trustees accepted the report of the Committee and appointed Dr. Allen as Executive Dean of the Chicago Colleges. He took office September 1, 1940.

The building changes relating to the Pharmacy Building and the removal of the Pharmacy Faculty, students, etc., to the Medical and Dental Laboratory Buildings were in the hands of a committee, of which Mr. Havens of the Physical

Plant Department (an arm of the President's office) was chairman. In due time throughout the year 1940-41 the above mentioned changes, after official approval, were consummated. Thus the new Pharmacy Building was vacated and then was completely revamped, and the interior altered, equipped and decorated to serve as the Union Building for the three Chicago Colleges. This was completed in 1941 and the new Union was organized and occupied soon thereafter. This was a development which the faculties and students of all the Colleges had anticipated eagerly for many years. The details of the above developments in Chicago are set forth in the Proceedings of the Board of Trustees of those years (1939-42).

All the above projects I carefully studied and then submitted them to Provost Griffiths and to President Willard, during the preceding two years.

At the time of Commencement, June 1942, the graduating class of that year on the occasion of Class Day of Commencement Week presented the College of Medicine with the Bronze Plaque of myself. This was duly accepted by Dr. Karl Myer, President of the Board of Trustees, on behalf of the University. It occupies a position on one of the columns on the Medical Library. This was made by Miss Gene McConnell of Winnetka, an accomplished artist engaged in sculpture work in the Art Department of the College, Prof. Tom Jones, Director. The wax model was given to Mrs. Davis by the artist, and now is at 721 Elmwood Avenue, Wilmette, Ill. Several photos have been made of the Plague and now are in the possession of my sons Dorland and David.

My last commencement was during the spring of April, 1943, at which time the Class of 1943 graduated. The regular Student Alumni Faculty Dinner was held at the Medinah Club, Chicago. On this occasion the class presented me with a very old copy of Francis Bacon (1671), the Advancement of Learning, a book greatly prized throughout the world.

On the following day (April, 1943) I gave the Commencement Address at the regular graduating exercises held in the First Congregational Church of Chicago, Union Park, Ashland Avenue. I chose for my subject "The Permanent Values in Medicine" or "A message from the Caduceus". This address was specially printed and distributed at the Alumni Meeting in May. It was also printed in the Journal of the Association of the American Medical Colleges (1943), Later it was selected for reprinting in the current number of the Diplomate, a special publication of the National Board of Medical Examiners (see special letters in my Collection of Letters, Etc.).

My retirement officially took place Setpember 1, 1943, since I had reached the age of 68 on August 9th, 1943. By action of the Board (or rather automatically) I became Dean Emeritus of the College of Medicine and Professor and Head of the Department of Pathology, Bacteriology and Public Health, Emeritus of the College of Medicine. On that date my retirement salary began, together with certain other University obligations, as set forth in the official Statutes of the University Retirement System.

During my last year of my University service, my friends both within and without the University, on learning of my retirement graciously suggested that there be created some suitable recognition of my 30 years' service at the University, 19 years of which was as Dean of the College of Medicine. For this purpose a Committee was formed under the chairmanship of Prof. Tom. Jones.

After due consideration, a Lectureship in Medical History was decided on and a fund of $8,500 was set as an adequate goal for the purpose. Suitable letters were sent out and in due time this sum was subscribed, the total reaching approximately $10,000. This amount was turned over to the University as the D. J. Davis Lectureship Fund, to be used for an Annual Lecture in Medical History (as well as in other ways as the Committee might determine). The first Lecture was given by Dr. Christian Bay on Nov. 16, 1943 as the College (see Special Folder in my library on Lectureship where are programes, letters, subscription lists, etc., etc., in full).

Personal Letters

In my files is a collection of personal letters, some of them dating back many years. Most of them are from close friends prominent in the medical field. I prize especially the ones from Dr. Wm. H. Welch, Dr. L. Hektoen, and Dr. L. F. Barker. Also the one from President David Kinley, upon whose recommendation I was made Dean of the College of Medicine University of Illinois, in 1925. A letter from Sir William Osler with his written signature is inserted within the cover of "The Life of Sir William Osler" by Dr. Harvey Cushing. (In my Medical Library.)

As Chairman of the State Advisory Board to the Division of Cancer Control in Illinois (1939 - 1943)

In October 1939, I received a Commission from Governor Horner to serve as a member of the New Advisory Cancer Board of the State (see Attached letter). Meetings were held about once a month with several members whose names appear attached herewith. The minutes of the meetings were carefully recorded and filed with the Director of the State Board of Health. the organization of the Committee is recorded in the minutes of the first meeting on Dec. 19, 1939. Also the primary purposes of the Committee are there recorded, chiefly as functions of the office of the Director. Later, Dr. R. V. Brokaw was appointed Director under a salary item appropriation.

I continued as Chairman of the Board for four years. These were war years, it should be stated, associated with all the difficulties and restrictions present on every hand at the time. In spite of these handicaps, the Committee was able to organize and man four Diagnostic Cancer Clinic Centers in the State; as well as to conduct various other cancer activities, the details of which appear in the attached minutes of the meetings.

My work on this Cancer Committee terminated at the time of my retirement from the University in 1943.

Director of the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium of Chicago. (M. T. S.)

Quite out of a clear sky in October 1946 I was asked by Mayor Kelly of Chicago to serve as a Director and President of the Board of Directors of the

M. T. S. of Chicago. (Letter from the Mayor attached.) At his request the Institute of Medicine of Chicago had submitted several names to him of men whom the Institute (Board of Directors) considered qualified. (From this list Dr. K. and I were selected by the Mayor.) At the time I was not well acquainted with the Institution. After discussing the matter with several persons I undertook the task. During the forthcoming winter my plans were such that I would remain in Chicago most of the time. Other members were Dr. E. R. Kleinschmidt, Executive Secretary of the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, sworn in at the same time as I, and Mr. Harry Reynolds who had been on the Board for the past 12 or 13 years, and appointed by Mr. Kelly, the Mayor.

In late October Dr. Kleinschmidt and I met the Mayor who gave us only very brief general instructions, saying virtually only this, "go out there and run the Institution". Mr. Kelly at that time had not announced that he would not be a candidate again for Mayor at the next election, which was the following April (1947).

Our first meeting was Nov. 1st, 1946. Very complete minutes together with records, agreements, letters, etc., of all meetings held during the following year are preserved in this file. Also newspaper clippings and other pertinent correspondence.

Our first important task was to formulate and itemize the budget for the following year, as required by law. This was done. In addition to the routine, an item of $12,000 for the salary of a Tuberculosis Control officer was provided, and Dr. A. W. Newett later was appointed by the Board to this position. (Jan. 1st, 1947.) At that time the peg levy for the Sanitarium was $3,000,000.00. The above salary item and officer was aprroved by the City Council and the Mayor. About January 1947 Mayor Kelly announced that he would not again run for Mayor. This precipitated the Kennelly-Root campaign during the Spring. At the city election in April, Mr. Kennelly, the Democratic candidate, won by a majority of some 200,000.

At the Sanitarium all went quite smoothly until about a month before the election when the Chicago Tribune, which was sponsoring Mr. Root (Mr. McCormick's and Gov. Green's candidate), opened a smear campaign on the Democratic party from Mr. Kennelly down, including all city institutions and departments. Practically everything said in the Tribune was false, a half truth, or a garbled report. (Many of the paper clippings are here attached.) Mr. Orville Dwyer was the spokesman, reporter and columnist of this paper. The other papers, "Sun", "Times" and "News" were fair and decent. At the election Mr. Kennelly profited by the smear campaign by the majority stated above.

Again in May (see minutes of meetings) it was necessary to submit a Bill to the Illinois Legislature asking for a substantial raise in the peg levy to meet the higher prices due to the inflation. A hearing was held before the State Senate Committee (Miller, Ryan). This committee was Republican passing upon a request by a Democratic Institution in Chicago. The feeling between down-state Republicans and Chicago Democrats was intense. On the Committee were no Doctors, nor Tb. experts nor hospital experts. Naturally the report was a smear. It was ably answered in the press by the Tb. control officer, Dr. Newett (see attached clipping). It was at the Senate Committee

hearing at the Sanitarium in May (see minutes) that Orville Dwyer of the Chicago Tribune made his "famous speech" - "God damn him, to hell with him" which was a vicious profane attack on Dr. Kleinschmidt. He was drunk, though fortunately no one said so at the meeting (see special reply in the records by our attorney, Mr. Hartigan). No doubt he was liable, but everyone advised not to prosecute since the Tribune had the ear of Gov. Green who could have vetoed our pending Bill in the Legislature. To this dishonorable smear attack on the institution by the Committee and the Tribune, there was a sharp reaction by the people and the Legislature. As a result the generous budget of $4,750,000 and $4,500,000 respectively, for the ensuing two years passed the Legislature and later was signed by the Governor. We all felt that the disgraceful behavior of the Tribune and the Republican Legislative Committee yielded us at least an additional quarter of a million dollars for the budget.

During the summer (August 8th) Mr. Kennelly visited the Sanitarium. In a press conference following, he commended the work and the institiution. This was printed fairly in the Chicago Daily News (see attached clipping). This largely erased all the lies and newspaper garble that the Tribune had indulged in during the political campaign. (In the News is printed my plan of enlarging the Board and bringing in the Universities. Later I wrote him more in detail.) In a conference with him about that time (September) I told him I was retired from the University and would be in Chicago little of the time during the next winter for several reasons, as Mrs. Davis and I wished to spend our time in the South. He was very courteous and appreciative, and I recall he said, "Do not leave me in the lurch" Later he called me by phone. I went to see him at his office and had a somewhat lengthy conference with him about my resignation and the institution. We agreed that I would continue until November 1st, 1947 and so wrote him later for my release at that date. Enclosed is a letter from him confirming this arrangement. He spoke of Dr. Irons' possible appointment, which appointment I was happy to commend if Dr. Irons was available. Later, Dr. Irons and Dr. Bundeson and Mr. Lyons were appointed.

And so ended my episode with the Tb. Sanitarium.

Results:

1. A liberal Budget submitted Jan. 1947.
2. The provision for a full time Control Officer.
3. The Appointment of Dr. A. W. Newitt of the U. S. Public Health Service to this position.
4. The provision for a reasonable raise in the peg levy for the forthcoming two years.
5. The provision for a supplementery Budget during the remainder of the year 1947.
6. During my appointment (exactly one year) I, together with the Board, saw to it that the 1,500 patients were well fed- good meat, good bread, good milk and butter, etc., good care - reasonably clean apartments. Labor and nursing just after the war were serious problems, though the difficulties were met and largely overcome.
7. On the whole, the work of the Sanitarium and the Clinics was satisfactory. Problems of nursing and help will be overcome in a little time.

8. The staff members on the whole are capable. The usual amount of jealousies common in hospitals prevails - no more, no less.
9. Many of the staff members are writing scientific papers of merit for current Journals and Literature. Roughly about a dozen papers were issued during the year (1947).
10. The B.C.G. work under Dr. Rosenthal was expanded during the year. It was recognized by the U.S.P.H.S. by an agreement as the official supply center of the vaccine in the U. S. (see attached contract)
11. The pathological laboratory under Dr. Henry Sweany deserves especiall commendation.
12. Dirty and dishonest politics injected into the Institution by the Chicago Tribune under the direction of "Boss" McCormick is unfortunate by giving the public an altogether false impression of a "pretty good Institution". Motive - blind, selfish, political partisanship.

August 8, 1947 - M. T. S. - Note (See Daily News of this date)

In this conference with the Mayor on August 9, 1947, before the group of about 20, including the press, I presented a plan to increase the Board to seven members, adding four members, one from each of the medical schools in Chicago. These new members would be nominated by the Universities but appointed by the Mayor with the approval of the City Council. Then the Glacken Act could be modified accordingly at the next session of the Legislature in 1949. This seemed to meet with the approval of the Mayor. I also wrote him a letter setting forth the plan. But shortly after this the report of the U. S. P. H. Service and local groups was approved by the City Council which provided for the M. T. S. and Tb. work of the city to be taken over by the Health Department, together with an enlargement of the Health Department to seven members and appointment of a large Advisory Health Committee. Hence Dr. Bundesen was brought into the picture to at once reorganize and unify the Tuberculosis program in Chicago, so that at the next session of the Legislature the Glacken Act can be amended accordingly.

Note. On Nov. 18, 1947 the Mayor appointed an advisory commission representing Universities, following my plan exactly.

AS Historian of the Illinois State Medical Society (1945)

Because of my interest in Medical History, I was told I was being considered by the Council of the Illinois State Medical Society for the appointment of Permanent Historian. The attached letters from Sec. Camp, one dated June 8, 1945, and other July 9, 1945, set forth something of the circumstances, together with the purposes and possibilities, of this position in the Society. In recent years I had contributed some half-dozen papers on Medical History, two or three of which had been published in the State Journal.

As stated in the letters, I agreed to accept the appointment. Later this position was made ex-officio with the Committee on Archives.

Meetings of the Committee (Medical History) were held from time to time, records of which appeared in current numbers oftthe Journal.

Further outings, excursions, journeys, etc.

Already brief accounts of several journeys, largely but not entirely for recreation and pleasure, both in this country and aboard, have been given in their proper sequence.

Following World War I after the many readjustments were made in the post-war period at the College of Medicine, it was possible for me and my family to again continue our vacation programs of travel with some degree of regularity.

In the subsequent pages are given brief statements concerning several trips taken by us, beginning with our California excursion in June, 1924, and continuing with those taken during the next 20 years or thereabouts. On some of these trips photos were taken which are preserved in small booklets in my collection. These are indicated or attached in their proper places in the several accounts.

Estes Park, Colorado, in Septemeer, 1916.

As a desirable vacation outing for 1916, we decided to spend most of September at Estes Park, Colorado. I had on previous occasions spent vacations in Colorado and knew something of its varied attractions. Leaving Dorland and David in the care of a responsible person in Wilmette, Ill., we proceeded to Steads Ranch, a well known resort in the heart of the Park. The Accommodations ve found there were entirely satisfactory. The time was spent in hiking, horse-back riding, playing games and in tours into the beauty spots high up in the mountains. Before returning we spent a few days at Longs Peak Inn, at that time owned and operated by Enos Mills, the well known naturalist and writer. His was living at the Inn when we were there. He died about three years later.

High spots on this trip I should say were: Longs Peak (which dominates the entire Park), Lake Olessa, Fern Lake, Loch Vale, Longs Peak Inn, Big Thompson Canyon and the views from the road to Grand Lake (at that time being constructed). All these beauty spots and many more are shown in the series of photos taken by me along the way.

To the A. M. A. Meeting at San Francisco. June, 1924.
(See Photo Album)

This meeting furnished an opportunity for me and my family to go to the Pacific Coast. I was on the program (1) to give one of the general Lectures on "Pathogenic Fungi" and (2) to give a scientific paper in the Section on Pathology on some phase of the Tonsil problem.

We left Wilmette about the middle of June. The boys were at an age(11 and 13) to enjoy anything and everything and they did just that.

We went out on the Santa Fe via the Grand Canyon and Los Angeles. Of course the Canyon trip was superb. The four of us went down Bright Angel Trail on horseback clear to the River. What a day! The boys were more comfortable next day than either their mother or I. We went on to Pasadena, staying with Dr. Lorena Breed (see her book "The Human Machine" in my Library) at the Vista del Arroya for two or three days. Then on to Oakland, visiting my sister Annie and family while I attended the A.M.A. meetings at San Francisco. From here we went into the Yosemite Park for a week, staying at Camp Curry. There was abundant water flowing over the Falls, and still much snow in the high Sierras. We, of course, viewed the Fire Fall every night. Among other feats, I took the 13 mile hike over Glacier Point, coming down near Half Dome. We went to the Big Trees and Hetch Hetchy Dam and Lake. We took many other side trips too numerous to mention. We returned through the Feather River Canyon via Salt Lake City, seeing there the Mormon attractions and swimming, or rather floating on the Lake, then on back to Chicago. It was a grand outing in every way. Attached are the kodak pictures which I took with my old faithful" box camera. They show the "high spots". Note the picture of Dave and Jim Davies who was then about 16 and over 6 ft. tall.

This was the last time I saw my sister Anne. She was not well when we were there. In September 1925 she died from a sudden gastric hemorrhage from a stomach ulcer.

Trip to Alaska via Jasper Park. 1926.

During the summer of 1926 we (the four of us) arranged a trip to Alaska. My sister Alice and her husband Sam were in Washington (State) on business having to do with the cabbage industry.

From Chicago we went to Jasper Park for a few days, enjoying the Park and the mountains round about. We stayed in one of the Lodges of the Hotel. From here we went on to Emperor, taking the horseback ride up to Berg Lake and the Glaciers - a never-to-be-forgotten experience. We were at the camp at the foot of the Robson Glacier for two nights. Curly, the guide, was a character and entertained us every minute with stories of mountain rats, porcupines, bears, etc. Berg Lake is a beautiful sight. It is in the midst of a choice game country. Curly said every kind of game in Western Canada could be found within a day's hunt from that point as a center.

From here we went on down the canyons to Vancover where we met Alice and Sam. Next day we boarded the steamer for Alaska, steaming up the Inside Passage. We stopped along the way at several points, all interesting, reaching Skagway in about five days. From here we went on to Carcross, Whitehorse, Lake Atlin, for several days, a truly enjoyable town with a very comfortable hotel and from which attractive trips may be made. Especially so is the one to Llewellyn Glacier. The view from the ridge just above the Lake (Atlin) of the glacier and adjacent mountains is about the finest and wildest I have ever seen. I have a picture of this, quite as we saw it, except when I was there a large black bear was lumbering across the moraine just below the ice. Whitehorse is an interesting town - the home of Robert Service.

Huskies are all over the place, and good young moose steak is available

in abundance at the Hotel. At Skagway we heard all about Soapy Smith, were entertained and adequately fed by Mrs. Harriet Pullen at her house, saw the huge flowers which grow in the numerous gardens in Skagway, travelled over the 1898 trail to the Klondike and over the Divide to Lake Bennett; and took many other enjoyable excursions too numerous to mention here. The views of the mountains and glaciers are very fine all along the way. We returned directly to Chicago via the Canadian Pacific. This Alaska tour is one trip I should like very much to repeat. I hope it can be done.

To Europe in 1927. (The travelling Foursome)

Purposes: (A) To observe Europe after World War I and to compare it with the Europe of 1910.
(B) To visit medical institutions in various countries.
(C) Through travel and attendance at the International School at Geneva, to furnish our two sons educational opportunities.

Rather complete diaries of items of medical and general interest were recorded. Also a large collection of cards, photos, Eisteddfod notes, programs, guide books, etc.

General itinerary as follows: Left Montreal, June 24, 1927, on S. S. Montrose. Liverpool July 2. Then to Chester, to Wales, to Ireland (including south and west coast), to Scotland, to Lister's centenary at Edinburgh, to England, to Wales and to the Eisteddfod, to London, to Paris, to Battlefields in France, to Geneva and the League of Nations, to Vienna and Buda Pest, to Germany, to London again and back to Paris.

In January I returned to Chicago via Cherbourg. Myra and the boys remained in Geneva. In the Spring they visited Italy (see letters). They returned to Chicago in June, 1928. For details see diaries.

To Colorado in 1931.

This little journey "out into the West" July 4 to 19, 1931, is in a way a follow-up of one taken in 1903 into the heart of Colorado, and which has already been recorded. In the early summer of 1931 an opportunity was afforded me to accompany my friend Mr. Allen Rossman of Wilmette and his two sons Richard and Allen on an auto trip to Pitkin, Colorado, where he had certain mining interests.

Leaving Chicago on the morning of July 4th we (four) in a Chevrolet car began our trip westward at a beautiful season of the year and through a beautiful country. The trip was quite uneventful. It was one grand panorama of our rich western country at its best. Our day-to-day progress is indicated on the attached picture cards written along the way. First night, July 4th, at Des Moines, Iowa, second night, July 5th, at Lexington, Neb. Third night, July 6, on the Poudre River (above Fort Collins), Colorado. Fourth night, July 7, 1931, at Steamboat Springs, Colorado. July 8th at Glenwood Springs, July 9th at Ouray, Col. (called the Switzerland of America). July 10 at South Fork (in the

midst of mountains where lettuce is the main crop), and July 10th at Hot Springs where we stayed for a few days at the hotel there operated by a Mrs. Davis, widow of Dr. Charles Gilbert Davis. We returned via Denver (July 16, '31) Mankato, Kansas, St. Joseph, Mo., and back to Chicago.

High spots along the way were Cache la Poudre River in Colorado, along which I had journeyed in 1903 in a prairie schooner taking then four weeks, which we now did in a day or two; the CO_2 wells at Walden from which dry ice was prepared, the Rabbit Ear country of the Continental Divide, the grand scenery at and about Ouray, the Wild West traditions of Creede, the Monarch Pass; an the way home the interminable and picturesque wheat fields of Kansas, the Mark Twain country about Hannibal, Mo., and the Lincoln memorials about Springfield and New Salem Park in Illinois. This is a journey that will make any American proud of his country (or should). We made it in 15 days. One should take two or three times that long.

To the Gaspe by Auto

About the middle of August, 1934, Dorland and I decided to take a motor trip to Canada and the Gaspe. Dorland had not been feeling well during his school year, and we felt he was in need of a recreational outing of this kind. So on August 12 we left Frankfort, Michigan in a new Nash two-door sedan car journeying the first day northward, across Mackinaw Straits and well toward North Bay, Canada by nightfall. We proceeded to Ottawa, thence down along the River taking the north cut off to avoid Montreal on the way to Quebec. We stayed the next night at a small town, Glasgow, some 20 to 30 miles from Montreal. Everyone here spoke French. We went on next day through Three Rivers to the city of Quebec, and thence on the main Gaspe Highway on the South side of the St. Lawrence River.

The Gaspe peninsula is largely a low plateau of ancient Laurentian rock upon which little of value grows. Along the St. Lawrence River and Gulf is a narrow strip of low lying land extending from the water back to the sharply rising rocks. This strip varies from a few feet or yards in places to a mile or more. The French settlers early occupied this land, the individual farms extending straight back from the water - as was customary along all rivers and lakes in Canada. These French are still here, speaking only their language and cultivating these land strips as they did 200 or more years ago. Here also they continue to raise their large families. Along the new gravel Highway which, by the way, had been completed only three years before, are the small French villages in or near the centers of which rise the Catholic Church, usually of stone and with a commanding steeple surmounted with the cross. The most recent acquisition of these villages is the modern garage.

In many places along the way are huts of cod fishermen with nets nearby and racks for drying the fish. This industry has existed for very many years. The views from the Highway which rarely runs far back from the water but often is elevated, are exquisite, the deep blues of the river and gulf contrasting with the rocky and rugged shorelines and back country.(See P. 30 collection.) We travelled about 200 to 300 miles per day, at night staying at the roadside cabins or small hotels which, as a rule, furnish good accommodations.

At the extreme eastern end of the Peninsula is the old town of Gaspe and still farther on is the picturesque rugged country round about Perce. Here is the famed Perce Roche or Pierced Rock, and out in the Gulf about two miles is Buenaventura Island. A small gasoline launch takes one out close to the Rock and around the Island. This Isladd is two miles or so across with high steep bluffs on the seaward side. Here is the birds' paradise, and especially the home of the gannetts. This Island is now a Provincial Park forever set apart and protected for the birds. The many thousands of magnificent birds flying gracefully about the high cliffs or swimming in the crystal waters together with their incessant chatter and calls furnish an experience never to be forgotten by bird lovers.

On the south side of the Peninsula is the Baie de Chaleur, and the climate is warmer and in a way the country is more inviting. Also the people change from French to English, as do the names of the towns. We proceeded westward to Campbellton, crossing the Matapedia River there from Quebec to New Brunswick. A long, but interesting, drive through this Province, through Bathurst, Chatham to Moncton enabled us to spend a night in a cabin on the bank of a branch of the Bay of Fundy. Here at about 4 A.M., still dark, we were awakened by the Bore, a wave of water at that time 2 or 3 feet high, roaring up against the current of the river at a considerable speed. We hurried out of our cabin, hearing distinctly the rushing wall of water but hardly able to see it owing to the darkness. It was all over in a few minutes.

We went on to several towns on the Bay, viewing the interesting results of the celebrated tide that in places reach a height of 60 ft. or more. We drove across Nova Scotia in the region of the Lake country, a section comparable in ways to the Lake country of Scotland. We viewed the magnificent harbor of Halifax, still showing some of the effects of the disastrous explosion there at the time of the first World War. That night we were at Windsor, and in the morning we played golf on the site of the old Fort, the 9th hole being inside the Fort and the walls serving as bunkers. Then on to Wolfville and to the well known Evangeline country of the Acadians at Grand Pre where is seen the church with the beautiful statue of Evangeline, and the interesting historical museum containing relics of that pathetic incident of long ago made immortal be Longfellow's verse. (See account of our trip to Texas in 1942 when on our return we visited the Evangeline country about Lafayette in Louisiana about 100 miles west of New Orleans.)

Then on through the apple country to the historical site of Annapolis (Port Royal (1605) and to Digby where we took the auto-ferry to St. Johns, New Brunswick. Here are the Reversing Falls, made possible by the high tides of the Bay of Fundy. Then on to Maine along the picturesque Atlantic Coast; to Bangor near where we spent a night at a typical New England farmhouse, a house connected directly with the barns and other buildings because of the deep snows in winter. (Here too we bought a small brass pail at an antique shop which has occupied a conspicuous place at our fireplace in Wilmette ever since.)

Then to the White Mountains of New Hampshire where we spent a few hours of a delightful day in the vicinity of Mt. Washington. Then to Vermont, crossing the Green Mountains near Rutland, and on to the Mohawk Valley and to Niagara where we spent the night at a cabin. After viewing the Falls and

surroundings, we proceeded westward, crossing into Michigan at Sarnia and on across the State to our cottage at Crystal Lake. This tour of about two weeks is one that can be recommended to anyone, a trip that is replete with interest, beauty and variety from start to finish. I would go again in a minute. (See Photos in Dorland's collection.)

Cruise to North Cape, Russia and the Baltic Countries. 1935.

During the summer of 1935, Myra and I arranged to take the North Cape Cruise. We left New York on the Kungsholm S.S. June 29 and returned on August 10. In every way it was a thoroughly delightful trip. I kept a Diary detailing from day to day the important events. Also a large collection of photo cards and kodak pictures were obtained.

An outline of the Cruise was as follows: From New York to Iceland, to Hammerfest (crossing Artic Circle), to North Cape (see pictures of the midnight sun), to various points along the Norwegian Coast (going south), to Oslo, to Russia (including Moscow), to Helsinki, to Thallinn, to Stockholm, to Copenhagen, to Gothenberg, and to New York.

Washington, D.C., Williamsburg and Virginia. 1936.

Early in May, 1936 I went to Washington, D.C., to attend a meeting of the National Research Council. At that time I was serving as a member, representing, for a three-year period, the Society of American Bacteriologists (Medical Division, Dr. Blake, Chairman). The meeting had to do with sundry items, chief among which was that dealing with the expenditure of funds for fellowships, grants in aid, etc., these funds coming largely from the Rockefeller Foundation.

Following the meeting I met Dorland about 5 P.M. at the Washington R.R. station where he had arrived by auto from Baltimore. The auto he had was worth about $25.00, an antiquated Ford in which he had knocked about while taking his medical course. It was like Dr. Holmes' one-horse shay, truly ready to fall completely apart any moment.

We started on a journey southward into Virginia that evening. Just after crossing the long bridge over the Potomac, the gasoline ran out. This meant that Dor must walk about 2 miles to the nearest gas station. In due time he returned with a gallon can of gas in hand which permitted us to proceed. We arrived at Alexandria about dark and there had dinner. The least of our troubles was where we would sleep that night, for we were care-free and careless. So we journeyed on and on in the dark. By eleven or so we came to the little village of Bowling Green and found there a small hotel which took us in.

In the morning we went on through the beautiful Virginia country toward Williamsburg where the city was celebrating Garden Week. This restored town was beautiful to behold, with flowers gorgeous and abundant on every hand. We had dinner there in a restored house of long, long ago. After several delightful hours spent in viewing and visiting the various places of interest, we proceeded to Jamestown and then turned westward. Carelessly we rattled on in the Ford until long after dark. With difficulty we found a farmhouse, clean and spacious, for our night's lodging. And I think it cost a dollar apiece (or less). In the morning on we moved through Richmond to Monticello and to the mountains. Up on

to the Sky Line Drive the Ford puffed and chugged and steamed. We stopped for water half way up. Glorious were the views from the Sky Line - the distant mountains, the fertile Shenandoah and the meandering streams. To the north we rode well up toward Winchester where from the Drive we turned to the east and back to Washington. Here was a week end that would delight the heart of any human being whose senses were tuned to beauty, nature, and history. Boys of America, see your own country! Attached are folders and cards descriptive of Williamsburg, Monticello and their environs.

To the Pacific Coast in 1936.

During the summer of 1936 (July) I was invited to deliver three lectures at a meeting in Portland, Oregon of the Physicians of the Northwest. These lectures had to do with the subjects of focal infection, lung abscess fusiform and spirochaete infection, and streptococcus infections (these topics I have covered in my printed publications, see Vol. I and II, and Vol. I of unpublished papers).

I went out via California stopping at Ogden, Utah, to visit my former pupil and friend, Dr. Schelm and incidentally to talk to the Medical group in Ogden. I proceeded westward and at Reno, Nevada, on the station platform was most agreeably surprised by my dear niece Elinor (Davis) Smith who, after I left Chicago, had learned I was on the way to California and the date of arrival. She and her family were spending the summer at a cottage on Lake Tahoe, and she thought she would take a chance of finding me on the train. It worked. I hustled off the train, bag and baggage, and went up to Lake Tahoe with them spending a few most delightful days in that charming region (see photos). While there we drove down the eastern slope of the Sierras some 3000 feet onto the desert plain below. From the highway is a splendid panoramic view of this great Nevada desert in which lies Carson Sink and the numerous streams and rivers flowing eastward from the snow covered high Sierras, and which lose themselves in the irrigation projects and the lakes and desert below. Close by the route lies Washoe, Virginia City and Comstock Lode of silver famed in the 1860's for its fabulous wealth and where Mark Twain in those early days began his literary career as a cub reporter. Farther down on the plain near the town of Minden was the ranch where my Uncle David Jones (see above) began his career. Long since dead, his son Dave Jones continued to live on the homestead and to carry on. A large irrigation ditch passed close to the house with abundant water. The house was large and well appointed and well cared for. Also the barns were spacious and designed for general farming and cattle raising. When I was there, Cousin Dave had a fine herd of cattle and the crops were bountiful. I met his wife, his sister Ellen, and his daughter who had just graduated from the University of Nevada. Since that time (3 years ago) Dave, being about 70, sold the farm and retired to Minden where he now lives. I have heard his daughter is married.

After these delightful few days of motoring, visiting, swimming in the lake and golfing with Bill Smith (see photos) I went on to Oakland, and was met at the station be Sister Annie's son, Wesley, and his wife Tucky (see above). I remained with them two days. They were very happy in their beautiful new home with their few-months old baby. Cousin Alice Davies was then alive, and all of us had dinner together. This was the last time I saw Wesley, for a year or so later he was accidentally drowned in the Russian River.

I proceeded to Portland delivering three lectures to a most serious and enthusiastic audience of some 600 physicians from the States of Oregon, Washington and from adjoining States (see Vol. of unpublished papers). I then went on to Olympia and met my cousin Margaret Davis who was employed there in the Bureau of Animal Industry (Sec. to Dr. Excur). Then on to Glacier Park for two days of motoring among the lakes and mountains of this grand region. From here I went on to Bozeman, Montana, via Billings, visiting my Brother Will and family for a few more days. While here we took time to motor over the mountains to the old Capital of Montana, Virginia City. It was in the early 1860's that Alder Gulch was discovered, one of the richest local gold deposits ever found anywhere. Hardly had the fold been discovered when a gang of desperadoes descended upon the place, shooting and robbing right and left, and looting the stages of gold as they tried to deliver it to Salt Lake City or to Walla Walla. The history of Virginia City during its first two or three years makes about the best wild west reading we have. The desperadoes after killing scores of men were rounded up finally by well organized vigilantes and nearly all were executed. The Plummer gang was notorious. So was George Ives. On a hill just outside the city several of the gang are buried. The place is known as Desperado Hill. I have a small booklet written in the late 1860's which gives a reliable account of what happened in that early day. Also in my collection are excellent photos of Virginia City, the Hill, and various monuments round about. George Ives, mentioned above, was perhaps the most brutal and vicious of the lot. He was born and reared in Racine County, Wisconsin, at Ives Grove, not far from my own home. Ives Grove is on Highway 12, about 15 miles west of Racine. It takes its name from the father of George Ives, an early settler whose farm lay just east of the Grove. The story of George Ives' life has been written many times. Attached is an account (I think well authenticated) which appeared in a Wild West Magazine dated about 1940 or thereabouts. (It was sent to me and unfortunately I do not have the name of the magazine.)

Today Virginia City is a quiet small town, nestling in the Montana hills and one of its assets is the story of its early days. There is a small museum on the one main street. Its most prized specimen is the club foot of Desperado George Lane (known as Clubfoot George) dug up long after burial to prove the identity of the gang on the Hill. Also there will be pointed out to you the original double-decked Chic Sales W. C. behind an old hotel. But of gold today there is little. One large hydraulic machine is working its way up the Gulch tearing the sides and floor to pieces with its powerful stream of water playing on the gravel. We were told that about enough gold was found to pay expenses.

And after this most delightful jaunt to the West, back to Chicago with its dirt and heat of midsummer.

To Mexico - Feb. 1938.

Myra and I arranged a winter vacation trip to Mexico City and environs through the American Express Co. by rail all the way.

We were tossed about quite a bit on the railroad from Laredo to Mexico City, so much so that one evening in the diner our table was upset by a crack-the-whip motion of the train speeding around the curves as we ascended the platuau nearing Mexico City.

We stayed at Hotel Geneva. In a more or less routine fashion we visited the various attractions, including a bull fight, Guadalupe, Cordoba and Orizaba, Volcanoes, Puebla, the Pyramids, the Caves, the night clubs, Taxco, Chapultepec, Cuernevaca, and other sites too numerous to mention. A most enjoyable tour of about 3 weeks duration, well arranged, food very fair, and weather delightful (about 50 to 60 degrees). Attached is a selected collection of photo cards that cover the high spots. Wouldn't mind going again (see small clay images in bookcase).

To Mexico and Paracutin Volcano.

HOTEL GILLOW

Wednesday, 5 P.M. Mch.1
1945
Mexico City

Dearest Dave, Mother,
Tim and Susan:

An uneventful plane trip down. We were off from the air port promptly at 5:15 A.M. A beautiful clear day. Down at Monterrey before daylight. Sun rose as we were soaring over the mountains into the Great Valley of the Aztecs. Very fine sight. We rose to 12,000 ft. at one point. Just then, they served a very adequate breakfast gratis on the plane - coffee, eggs, bacon, biscuit, pineapple, jelly, etc. We had already had coffee at San Antonio airport before taking off. 21 passengers and all seats taken. Arrived at Mexico City at 9 A.M.

A representative met me and took me to the agency office. There I arranged passage back to San Antonio for next Tuesday, Mch 6 and will arrive there about 2 P.M. They will furnish me cab service to Thelma Drive. The Travel Agency (Aguerre) had to transfer me to the Braniff Lines since all seats in the American Lines plane were preempted. They assured me there would be no interference. So I hope to be able to go with you on your trip Wednesday.

The city here is greatly overcrowed on account of the Conference. I could not get into Lincoln Hotel, so they took me to the above (Hotel Gillow). An older hotel but it seems clean and well appointed and recently revamped. It is quite Mexican, but quite a few American women here - some stylish ones too.

I have reservations at this hotel also when I return next Sunday night from the volcano trip.

I had lunch today at Sanborns - good food and not expensive. Grapefruit (excellent), eggs, bacon, toast, coffee - all for 50 cts. Am. money. Also have some perfume, which they told me is not dutiable. But no prewar golf balls. Plenty rebuilt ones and all from U.S. Weather today very fine, about 70-75. I walked up to the Park and then went into the National Museum, a mammoth Institution. Palace square appears about the same as in 1939.

The Tour people will pick me up at the hotel here tomorrow morning at 9:30 for the volcano trip. I have several recommendations for dinner tonight

one or two with music. I am not sure I will go to any. Am not a bit hungry.

Everyone talks so much about the volcano trip, I naturally anticipate it with very much of a thrill. I will try to pick up some good pictures of it if I can. I will probably send you a letter or card from Paricutin, but am not sure of the postal condition in that region. I suppose the mail will exit through Mexico City.

Wish all of you were here this minute with me. I would feed you at the Ritz tonight.

With love and hoping all of you my dears are well,

From

Dad

San Antonio, Texas
Mch. 10, 1945

Dearest Dor and Caroline - Bethesda, Md.

Mother said she sent on to you my letter from Mexico City dated Feb. 28. On Thursday, Mch. 1st I joined a group of 8 which left my hotel (Gillow) at 9:30 A.M. for the trip to the volcano. We travelled comfortably in three new Buick cars. A guide - a sissy sort of a Mexican - was along. Toluca, some 30 miles out, was the first town of any size we passed. All along the way were small villages, most of them dirty, and teeming with Mexicans and Indians - though flowers along the way, including flowering trees and shrubs did much to offset the disorder and filthiness of the people.

For nearly 200 miles we proceeded over a fine black-topped new road through a mountain country of great beauty and interest. It is in the very center of the Mexican highlands which range from 6000 to 7000 feet or more in height. The higher parts are covered with pine, with a saw mill here and there. Fertile valleys appear, where the Indians raise corn, beans, grain and many cattle and sheep. Hogs and chickens are numerous in the villages and seem to live quite promiscuously with the natives, especially with the children.

We arrived about 6 P.M. at the city of Patzcuaro on a beautiful lake of the same name - a lake about 6 miles long and 1 to 3 miles wide - and dotted with several islands on which were some very fine summer houses of the wealthy from Mexico City. On one of the islands is an Indian Village, Janitzio, which was old when Cortez came to Mexico. The people are engaged in fishing, mainly with nets which they weave themselves. The lake has an abundance of a kind of small white fish, a sample of which we had for dinner at the hotel and which was excellent. Early the next morning we went in a small launch to this island. Several hundred Indians live here in a most filthy way - with pigs, chickens, dogs, goats and babies - all together in their dirty huts, and with rotten fish all about. Yet the guide told me these people were quite healthy and were increasing in numbers. There was an old Catholic Church there built in the 16th Century. A Priest comes to the Island once a week for services. All the people are very

religious. On the summit of the high hill of which the Island is mainly composed is a huge statue of Morelos, their idol, who liberated them in the Revolution of 1811. It is a huge mass of stone some 100 feet high which can be seen from miles away. It is done in the art of Revera and was erected some 10 years ago. The right arm of the figure is raised straight up and appears as an extremity, badly afflicted elephantiasis. Even so the total effect of the figure together with the hill, island, village and lake is rather impressive.

In the town of Patzcuaro we stayed at a very good hotel recently built, with all modern conveniences and good food. From here we went back to Quiraga and then on to the volcano. We arrived at a small town, Uruspan, some 25 miles from the volcano about 2 P.M. Dust was evident in the air. We here had our lunch. Then we dressed for the ascent, which meant that we put on our oldest clothes. Then they loaned us, for 3 pesos, an overalls and jacket and an old hat. About 3 P.M. we got into old cars to travel about 20 miles over a very rough road to some temporary sheds where ponies. already saddled, were awaiting us. This was about 5 miles from the crater. Increasing in amount along the way was the volcanic dust - also the devastation of trees, shrubs, grass, villages, etc.

From these sheds we had a very good view of the volcano, though it seemed still quite a long way off. Fortunately the wind that day was behind us and blew the dust the opposite way. All round about the fine dust was several inches thick, and close by was a black river of hardening and cooling lava which had issued from the volcano about a year and a half ago. (The volcano had first broken through in the celebrated cornfield just about 2 years before - namely Feb. 20, 1943.)

About 5 P.M. we mounted the ponies and started on a winding trail in the direction of the crater. About a mile away was the single tower of the church, all that was left of the town of Paricutin. It was completely surrounded by the black lava. Some 300 Indians had lived here. All their houses, chiefly adobe, were destroyed. We passed by this old church tower (on our right) and then over the lava which had been broken and leveled to make a trail for the ponies. Heat was still emerging from the cracks and crevasses of the lava which as stated had erupted $1\frac{1}{2}$ years before. No doubt the bottom of this layer of lava which was 50 to 100 feet or more in thickness was still quite hot. Later, higher up we came to a small mountain covered with trees. These were covered partly with ashes and largely broken down or dead. Ashes in deeper and deeper layers. We finally came to the top of another hill from which we had a fine view of the entire volcano. This was as far as we were allowed to go, though the scientists were going still farther. At this point the rumbling and thunderous explosions were quite intense, occurring several times a minute and accompanied by vibrations and trembling of the earth. We arrived at this site a few minutes before sunset. The sun shining on the massive ash cloud was magnificent. The effect was a dirty brownish red, and rapidly changing, of course. Immediately after the explosions, the grey ashes ascended like great cumulus clouds at a high speed far into the heavens, gradually spreading out 10,000 to 20,000 feet and, at that time, apparently merging with a layer of stratified clouds then in the sky. After sunset and as it became darker, the fiery rocks, like great rockets, were seen shooting up high above the volcano, about as high up as the height of the volcano from base to crater. (This was estimated at about 2,000 ft. Not official.) They were shot out in all directions. Most of them fell back into the crater. A few, however, fell outside the rim and could be seen tumbling down the side of the cone.

With increasing darkness the glow from the volcano became more and more intense. It was a fiery red, illuminating the ash and smoke, as well as the entire sky. This glow came from both the crater and from the red hot lava. About two weeks before, a large river of fresh lava had erupted near the base on the further side of the cone. There were also several red hot masses some distance away which had issued from fissures near the base still earlier. All in all, with the red hot rocks spearing high into the sky, the fiery lava, the glow of the ashes and the sky, together with the thundering noise of the eruptions and the trembling of the earth made, to say the least, a grand spectacle. One may use as many superlatives as he cares to in describing it without overstating its magnificance. I imagine even a European battlefield at night would be dwarfed in comparison.

I have some picture cards, also one good colored photo of the volcano which I think I will frame. We left the viewpoint about 9:30 in the dark, coming down on our sure-footed ponies to the cars waiting below. We then drove 25 miles to our hotel in the town of Uruspan.

In this general region are numerous old and dead volcanoes, many of them quite perfect cones and now covered with large forest trees. Lava rocks are abundant everywhere. But all these were formed long before the advent of civilized man. (?)

One of the large Mexican volcanoes, Popo, near Mexico City some 200 miles away, still shows some signs of activity. A little smoke still emerges from its top.

This volcano Paricutin, is the single grandest and most impressive spectacle I have beheld in my life. Second to this I should place the view of the Llewellyn Glacier and adjacent mountains on the Continental Divide near Lake Atlin, British Columbia and near the Alaska border. I have a framed picture of it in my study at home which you will remember.

Next day we left this volcanic region, returning to Mexico City via Morelia and the Balneario San Jose of Michoacan (Spa). I had a reservation to return to San Antonio by plane over the Braniff Airlines on the next Tuesday. On Monday the pilots on this line in Mexico went on strike indefinitely. The Aguerre Travel Agency worked out another route for me via Monterrey and Matamoras and Brownsville. When 20 minutes from Matamoras, a huge black cloud came up out of the Gulf of Mexico and in a few seconds (so it seemed) we were immersed in this storm. The pilot was ordered by radio from Matamoras to return at once to Monterrey. The storm on the coast was severe with fog, rain and wind making a landing impossible. So we turned about, and I was stranded at Monterrey at 4 P.M. No planes available. However I learned of a 4:30 bus to Laredo, Texas, which I boarded and thoroughly enjoyed the ride through a country teeming with flowering mesquite. It was similar to the one we had together 3 years ago from Austin to the Rio Grande Valley. I stayed at a hotel in Laredo that night, and by bus reached San Antonio the next day. I found Mother and Dave and family all well and eagerly awaiting an account of one of the most interesting journeys of my life. I will show you the pictures next time we see all of you in Wilmette.

Love to all.

Dad

Foot note. In Humboldt's Travels in Mexico, he mentions these volcanoes and says the last one erupted in 1769.

To Western Montana. February, 1946.

Wilmette, Ill.
Mch. 2, '46.

Dear Dor, Dave and families:

I had a grand and glorious trip out to western Montana. I had a reservation on the Northern Pacific for Feb. 6th. Arriving at the Union Station in Chicago that night for the 10:45 train, I was told a blizzard was on in the Northwest. It was beginning to storm some then in Chicago. The R.R. officials said they could take me to St. Paul that night, but I might have to stay there until the storm was over. No trains were running west of St. Paul then and probably wouldn't run for 2 days or more. The station agent advised me to go home and go to bed, which I did.

I kept in touch with the R.R. office. They arranged a reservation for me on Saturday night, Feb. 9 in a Roomette, and I started.

In St. Paul the snow was deep and badly drifted and temperatures far below zero. At Fargo, the snow was over the fences and often telegraph wires were running through the snowbanks, temperatures reported 25° below zero. All about the Fargo station snow was piled 10 ft. or more. The town was just "digging out". Westward the snow became less, but cold continued. The train ran on time and no trouble from snow or cold. One of the trainmen told me the storm was an old fashioned blizzard such as was common in the 1880-90 decades. The wind officially was 65 miles per hour, driving a sharp icy snow. All roads were blocked for 2 to 3 days, most of them for more. I saw from the train many roads covered with snow and as level as the prairie. It is easy to understand how people are lost in such a storm. One can see only a few feet. The Fargo paper told of a man caught in his car 3 miles from town. He had no heater but had a blanket. He was rescued two days later, alive but badly frozen. All of which was interesting to me, for when a youngster I heard many such stories of the pioneers from Wisconsin who went to the Dakota country (then one State) and had these identical experiences.

The storm did not strike Montana. Brother Bill met me at Bozeman. There the weather was fine. About a foot of snow, and at night the temperature was from 10 to 20 degrees above zero. At noon the sun was bright and warm. On two days I sat out in the south side of the house without an overcoat, enjoying the bright sun. And believe it or not, several flies flitted about me lighting on my hat or on the side of the house, as lively as in summer! There was very little wind in the Gallatin Valley. Snow was from 6 in. to a foot deep. But the mountains round about were beautiful to behold, and especially the Bridger Range, covered from the foothills to the tops with beautiful white snow. In the bright sunshine and at sunset the effect was very fine, quite indescribable. I had always seen the Rockies in the summer. The winter scenes far surpass the summer ones.

One day Brother Bill and I drove over to Clyde Park, 18 miles north of Livingston to see Bill Lee, Kate's brother. Clyde Park is a small town of a few hundred lying at the foot of a magnificent mass of irregular peaks, called the Crazy Mountains. These, too were beautiful beyond words, especially in the evening glow. Bill and his wife Mollie live there alone in a very comfortable

small house. Bill at once called his son Earl who lives on his ranch 4 miles away, to come down early the next morning to drive the party - 7 in all - up to Mammoth Hot Springs in the Yellowstone Park, a distance of about 70 miles. There were Earl and his wife and son of 12, Bill, Mollie, Brother Bill and I. We drove in a good Olds car and over excellent roads, kept free of snow and ice by huge snow ploughs. The highway follows the Yellowstone River up through Paradise Valley to Gardiner and Mammoth. Deep snows covered the mountains on either hand. In the valley ranches were herds of cattle here and there, none of which was in barns or shelters. Really astonishing how these animals endure the weather, with the temperatures up there going down to zero or below nearly every night. Yet they looked fat and in fine shape for the market. We arrived at Gardiner about noon and there had luncheon. This is the main north entrance to the Park. Everywhere on the mountains round about were game animals. We saw at least a thousand elk. From the Gardiner resaurant, on the hills above, singly and in groups, the elk wandered slowly about, many of them at times lying down in the snow. It was great sport watching them through glasses. The pronghorns too were plentiful all about, literally hundreds of them. So tame were they we could get a few yards from many. Their coats were a light colored tan. They were very graceful and pretty with the white snow as a background. Startle them and they would speed over and among the rocks. Not far away along the river were 4 Big Horn Mountain Sheep lying down in the bright sunshine, old bucks who no longer feared humans very much. We drove up the few miles to Mammoth Hot Springs. Snow was 2 to 3 ft. deep here and all roads were closed except one running along the edge of the Park to Cooke City. The Springs were steaming and the hot water was running down the terraces between deep snowbanks. Up here deer and elk were in large numbers. The deer were tame and came to the car window for cookies and bread.

We drove down the Cooke City road for a mile or so, then returned to Gardiner. There were about 50 hunters here. The Government was then permitting them to kill 3000 elk. License was required and only one animal permitted. Earl had been up a week before and had gotten his elk, a steak from which we had for dinner that evening - a little tough, but pretty good. The elk cannot be shot in the Park proper. They wander outside of the boundary which is not far away where the hunters watch for them usually early in the morning.

We had a lovely drive back to Livingston in the afternoon. Bill Lee insisted on taking me to his photographer friend for a photo. He wore his cowboy black hat and his perfectly stunning beaver overcoat. I was wearing for the day Bill's huge cowboy hat. So you may see one of these days a picture of Bill and Dad as above described. I have ordered one for you and Dave, each.

Next day Brother Bill and I drove back to Bozeman. Later we had some fine rides round about the Valley. One day we went up the Gallatin Canyon, several miles. This canyon is quite narrow, but the snow is very pretty especially on the steep rocky peaks on either side. Another day we drove to Belgrade, 10 miles away to the "Annual Feed" of about 800 members of the Gasoline Cooperative. Such a feed! Everybody helping themselves, even to the ice cream. The food was excellent and well cooked. It was a fine chance to see a cross section of the people of the Gallatin country. I enjoyed every minute. The people are prosperous now as evidenced by the stores in Bozeman and Livingston, by the dress of all the people and by the well kept and well painted houses and farm buildings.

Brother Bill, now nearly 76, looks fine and feels even better. We sang a lot. Wilda was there with her newborn baby boy only just out of the hospital.

Kate, too, seems quite as well as ever. She does all the house work.

I returned to Chicago about a week ago, and no trouble now about reservations on the train. Even the diners were not over-crowded. Quite like travelling west in former years.

Tomorrow morning at 6:30, Mother and I are leaving for Florida - to Evansville, to Chattanooga, to Macon, to San Augustine, etc. We will keep you informe

With love to all of you, my dears,

from Dad

To Montana. August, 1946.

Frankfort, Mich.
August 18, 1946.

My dear Dorland:

Here is a brief account of my recent trip to Montana for which you were to some degree responsible through arrangements made by you when in Shawano, Wis., recently. You therefore know the circumstances.

I left Frankfort by auto on the 9 A.M. ferry Saturday, July 27, 1946 on a sea rather violently rolling from the south, causing a side-to-side motion with the result that about one-half of the passengers were seasick. I am frank to say I was on the verge of it myself. I had never experienced just that motion before. I arrived in Shawano at 6:30 P.M. in time for dinner, doing therefore a little better than did you the week before. On Sunday we all motored to Fond du Lac to see a fancy horse show which seems the fashion these days. It was interesting. The horses were beautiful animals and well trained. Bill Lee thought them too "high toned" and hardly comparable to the western horses.

At 8 A.M. Monday we were away for Montana, Bill and Mollie Lee, Alice and myself, travelling in Bill's Oldsmobile. Alice and I did the driving, alternating about every two hours. Via Wausau we reached the Mississippi River and crossed the toll bridge to Wabasha and Lake City, Minnesota.

The highway along the River permits a beautiful view of the River, expanded here into Lake Pepin. From here we went on to Rochester to call upon a friend and neighbor of Bill Lee at Clyde Park, Mont., who was at the Mayo Clinic at the time for treatment. After supper at Rochester, we drove on that evening to Austin, Minn. (Route 16), where we found good accommodations in a private tourist home of a very clean and affable Swedish family. On to Albert Lea for breakfast. Then on straight west through a delightful and fertile country, with corn 5 to 6 ft. high just coming into tassel. All crops have been bountiful this season in this section. About noon we reached the S. Dakota line. Then on through Sioux Falls and Mitchell, the country gradually becoming more arid, fewer trees and the grain and corn lighter but still pretty good. By noon the temperature was about 100 degrees and still going up. On crossing the Missouri at Chamberlain, we drove down several hundred feet into a sharp valley and over

a somewhat ancient bridge. This spot was a veritable oven, with temperature, as we later learned, of 105. We reached the small town of Murdo about 5 P.M. and decided to conclude the day upon finding fair accommodations in a small house cabin. About 10 P.M. there arose a strong gusty wind which caused the cabin to creak and rattle through the night. The wind was not cold. Murdo is on a high eminence from which one may view the country on all sides for miles. We were told these "night winds" were not uncommon following hot days.

Next day (Wednesday, July 31) we went on some 75 miles or so to the Bad Lands National Monument, taking the route from Interior to Wall. This is an intensely interesting and picturesque region. The colors, a yellow grey to white, are especially impressive and, with the spires, monuments, needles and buttes, well deserve a visit by all nature lovers. It should be better known. (Too many perhaps have been satisfied with the accounts of Theodore Roosevelt of the Bad Lands - a region well to the north where he lived and ranched in his early years. The highways thread in and out among the formations from which many fine vistas may be had. (see attached postal card views.) These formations are the result of the action on hard clay and stone of wind, rain, snow and frost.

In the afternoon (July 31) we went on to Rapid City, a lively thriving but hot town, prospering evidently on tourist trade. From here the highway (16) at once begins an ascent of the Black Hills. Looking back one has a fine view of the city and the plains stretching far to the east. The Hills are quite heavily wooded, with many ravines and gullies, and higher up outcroppings of granite rocks. It is out of one of these projecting rocks that the famous Rushmore Monument is being carved. The heads of Washington, Jefferson, Roosevelt and Lincoln are magnificent and so monumental as to defy description (see card). The heads all seem to be well along toward completion. The son of the artist, (Borglund) who died not long ago, is finishing the project.

The trip through the Hills is well worth while. It is high enough to avoid the excessive heat and drought of the regions round about - an oasis of a sort in the vast Dakota plains. We went on through Custer to Newcastle, Wyoming where we found fair accommodations, but miserable food, for the night.

Here west of the Black Hills we now encountered sagebrush and other evidences of the drier western regions. Also evidence of the oil regions of Wyoming (wells and refineries). A few miles from Newcastle, not far from the highway, lo and behold, we saw a herd of 7 or 8 antelope! showing their white rumps and running gracefully about among the sage. Later in the day, still in Wyoming, we again saw a herd of several bounding over the hills a few hundred yards away. It is gratifying to note the return to their wild though protected state of this beautiful animal. I was told that very generally through the western States they are again increasing in numbers, and in a few places an open hunting season for them is permitted.

To the northwest is Sheridan, a lively city, which we reached at noon (Thursday) and had lunch at the best and cleanest restaurant along the line. A short way north of Sheridan is the Custer Battlefield country dominated naturally by the monument on the hill top to the right of the highway where Custer's men in 1876 were annihilated 100%. The only living thing remaining after the battle was <u>one</u> horse.

The attached pamphlet gives the story - a story that will live forever as a disgrace to our country in its treatment of the Indians - and also one none too creditable to the military conduct and strategy of the battle directed by General Custer. This official statement, as given out to tourists, is in itself a severe indictment of our integrity and political honesty. (Hard words but true.)

Hardin, some miles north, is an interesting town since it is in the center of the Crow Indian country, as evidenced by the large numbers of Indians on the streets. On one of the prominent buildings on the main street is the name of Walter Lee (brother of Bill Lee) who built it some years ago. He is not now living. For years he was a prominent cattle man in this region.

We arrived in Billings about 4 P.M. with temperature well up in the nineties. We called for a few minutes on Miss Whitmack, now in charge of the Public Library and who for years was our librarian in Wilmette. John Cahill and wife, Wilda (Alice's sister) are living here and busy building a new house. Walter Davis who has been radio broadcaster for the Live Stock Interests has discontinued this work recently and expects soon to move to Bozeman. I stayed at the Northern Hotel, a new modern building, in the lobbies of which are very many fine pictures of western life, especially those by Russell (Indians, cattle, horses, ranch life, desperadoes, etc., etc.).

Next day (Friday) we went on to Bozeman, finding Will and Kate in good health at their home. I stayed here for a few days enjoying the products of their fine garden, also the views of the fine mountains round about. We were taken by Bill Lee from Clyde Park to the base of Crazy Mountains and on a tour of the fine country round about where there is this year a bumper wheat and grain crop. A very fine ride. One night (August 5th) occurred a general frost (30 degrees) doing some damage to garden crops.

On August 12 Earle Lee drove us (a party of six) through Yellowstone Park. Starting at 4:30 A.M. we proceeded through Livingston to Mammoth Hot Springs, to Tower Falls, to Gyser Basin, to Old Faithful Inn, to West Yellowstone, and down the Gallatin River Canyon to Salesville where we had dinner at the Gateway Hotel of the C.M. & St. Paul R.R., a fine hotel and finer surroundings. Then on home to Brother Will's.

Alice and I arranged to return by plane from Billings. We left on August 13th at 1:45 P.M. direct to Minneapolis then to Chicago in 5½ hours of flying, a very fine but uneventful trip. We spent the night at 721 Elmwood Ave., then took train in the morning to Appleton where Art and the youngsters were attending the Ringling Circus. On the 15th I drove my car from Shawano to Manitowoc expecting to take the 9 A.M. ferry to Frankfort, but at midnight the Maritime strike was declared, which stopped all lake boats everywhere. Nothing to do for me but to go south around the lake, nearly 600 miles, staying the night again at 721 Elmwood. And on the 16th arrived at Crystal safe and sound and found dear Mother there, somewhat anxious but happy and well.

Then a plunge in Crystal and a golf game the next day fixed me up as good as ever! Mother now is making cookies and says she wishes you all were here. You could have some. Now next Thursday we start for Canada, Toronto, Brighton, etc., for couple of weeks. All of which Mother will tell you about very soon.

With love to all you dears,

Dad

Jamaica. Jan 8 - Jan. 28, 1948.

Myra and I left Bethesda, Md. (Dorland's home) on Jan. 3 by motor. Snowing in the Virginia mountains. Cold and rainy. Arrived Raleigh, N.C. at 5 P.M., staying at Hotel Raleigh. Next A.M. left early for Waltersboro, S.C. Arrived there at 6 P.M. Jan..6 left W. for St. Augustine, Courtesy Court. Arrived at 4 P.M. Next day attended Rotary at Ponce Hotel. Musical program. Dinner at Ponce @$3.75 per plate. Very good. Followed by a musicale in adjoining parlor which was very pleasant. Weather cool but delightful.

Jan. 7 left for Palm Beach and Motel Mexican, kept by Mr. Shepherd formerly of Wilmette, Ill. Thence to Miami, stopping on the way at McMillan's at Ft. Lauderdale. Stayed at McAlester Hotel in Miami, and next morning left early, 8:30 for airport where we took the plane to Kingston. 3½ hour run, descending at Cuba and at Montego Bay for short stops.

At this time (Jan. 8, 1948) no regular boats were operating to Jamaica. Irregularly about once a month, a United Fruit Boat stopped at Kingston.

We stayed at Myrtle Bank Hotel, Kingston from Jan. 9 to 14. Took rides about the city and to water reservoir in the Blue Mountains. Kingston has about 70,000 people, a congested, hot, moist, tropical city on the south side of the Island. It is the capital of the Colony. Therefore it contains the Parliament Buildings and the home of the Governor General, which latter is located in a spacious park some three miles from downtown and has a profusion of trees, flowering shrubs and flower gardens. The house is large and elaborate. Nearby is the Hope Botanical Garden, a very old garden containing a select variety of tropical trees, fruits and flowers including a fine exhibit of orchids.

The Island is one-half the size of New Jersey, approximately 150 miles long and 70 miles wide and oval in shape. It consists of the tops of a range of mountains, the highest peak being about 7,000 ft. high. The mountains are sharply eroded into steep ravines and valleys by the rainfall which is high in places (100 inches), but at Kingston is only 35 inches. It is largely volcanic in origin. Several times last century it was the scene of devastating earthquakes. And from time to time is struck by severe regional hurricanes, the last one in 1943. Beginning at the shoreline, the crops are as follows: rice (not a great industry) and sugar cane, an important industry, along the shore. There are now 17 sugar factories and each one has a rum factory attached. Most of the rum (3 to 8 years old) goes to Great Britain. The crude, cheap rum (3 to 8 months) is retained for local consumption. Because plantations are numerous and is the Island's chief industry, most of the fruit goes to England. In 1943-44 the banana trees were attacked by the "Panama Banana Disease" which reduced the yield about one-half or more. This was a severe financial blow to the finances of the colony, and put them in the red; whereas before that time their budget had been fairly well balanced. Experts in plant diseases now have by selection of resistent strains, obtained two varieties which bid fair to restore the industry. The attached clipping from a paper concerns the new banana strains, oranges, grapefruit, breadfruit, as well as a great variety of garden crops are grown fairly abundantly. On the sides and slopes of the mountains coffee is the main crop, of which the Blue Mountain Brand is the most popular. Primarily, the Island depends on agriculture, for the most part consisting of small farms and gardens, with a few chickens, a few hogs, and cows, a goat or two, all

crowded together round about a shack or grassy hovel with very meagre household supplies. The standard of living is maintained at a relatively low level.

Roads are fairly good and adequate for internal transportation. Autos are uncommon and gasoline is 50 cents per English gallon. A government railroad runs the length of the Island with side branches to the main towns and sections. Fares are relatively low. Service is relatively of a low order. Taxi fares are inordinately high.

Mandeville is a town of 2,500 near the center of the Island, at an elevation of 2,300 ft. and surrounded by still higher mountains. We stayed here 6 days at an English hotel (Manchester). The climate is delightful, with cool nights and days about 10 degrees cooler than at Kingston. Delightful breezes are almost constant, at least in January when we were there. I attended an Episcopal church located with its cemetery in the center of the town. 150 were in attendance, of which number 20 only were whites. All were clean, and well though cheaply dressed. A choir of 20 blacks rendered very acceptable music. A white pastor, an educated Englishman, was in charge, with a black assistant. The service followed the standard English form.

I attended the town market, held once a week (Saturdays) in Mandeville For this purpose a large block near the town center, paved and well drained, is set aside and built for the purpose. It is an important institution. Early Saturday mornings, or even Friday evenings and all through the night, the native people arrive from all directions, mostly by foot or donkey. They carry the produce mostly on their heads and in family groups as a rule. They are fairly well dressed and clean. In the market are wooden frames for the vendors, also many spread their wares on the pavement where they sit on the stones, or on a mat. Just about <u>everything</u> one can think of is there - as well as <u>everybody</u>, big and little, white and yellow and black.

Fruits, garden crops, chickens, eggs, fish, meats, sugar pads, bolts of cotton, clothing, dresses and hats, as well as all the gewgaw stands and counters we might see at home selling everything imaginable. Some drinking at night I observed. Next morning as I passed on a walk from the hotel, the market space was deserted and had been thoroughly washed down and seemed clean and sanitary.

The population of Jamaica is about 1-1/2 million and is increasing rapidly. 92% are "people with dark skins". These people range about as follows: 50% very black, 30 to 35% mulattoes, the remainder of lighter grades but with definite "marks" of mixed blood - kinky hair, thick lips, etc. A few East Indians are here from importations of a century or so ago, made by the English during times of trouble with the blacks. A few Chinese are here - enough to care for much of the laundry work in the cities. The whites are few, estimated at from 5 to 10%. They are the upper "crust", the executives, the bankers, the moneyed men, the larger merchants, etc., with "dark "seconds" constititing the clerks, vice positions, servants, etc.

The terms <u>niggers</u>, <u>negro</u>, etc., are not used, even in the papers. "People with dark skins" is <u>proper</u> in all circles, except of course in the "selected groups" when alone. In the Myrtle Bank Hotel (largest hotel in Kingston) a <u>few</u> negroes are seen in the dining room about every day. They

seemed to me business men largely. We saw practically no blacks at Constant Springs Manor House.

Prices in Jamaica are about the same as in Florida. It is impossible for me to understand how these poor people get along. Wages are not high - carpenters were getting $2.50 (or equivalent in English coin), caddies received 6 sh. ($1.20) for 18 holes. Shoes were high - 8 to 10 dollars, etc. People there of course need few clothes. In the country perhaps the younger groups go barefoot. Dresses are relatively high in price. Much of the cotton goods for clothing is sold by the bolt.

Mortality rates are about 14 for the Island, for Kingston about 12. No yellow fever is there now. A few cases of malaria exist. Typhoid ranges about 25 new cases per week, and about the same for tuberculosis. Some yaws. Dysentery is fairly common. Venereal diseases are the great plagues and the chief curse. Very common, but I could get no reliable statistical data. A large new clinic and hospital was recently erected near center of Kingston. A huge "Red Cross" was painted on the side. There is a large General Hospital in the city.

When we were there the first Medical College was being organized as a part of the University of Jamaica and in close association with the University of London. Medical standards of England prevail here.

Social problems appear on every hand. Poverty, over-population, unemployment, low living standards and few industries, leading to a balanced budget. Excess of imports over exports furnish some of the difficulties.

Education is compulsory up to 16 years of age. Teachers are needed. Higher education is too costly for the masses - which means nearly everyone. Schools are over-crowded and under-equipped.

70% of first births are illegitimate. This strikes at the home and society in general. Prostitution is rampant.

When standing on the main corner near the Queen Victoria monument for about 5 minutes, two different men approached me asking if I couldn't somehow, some way take them to the United States where they could work and live. These natives I understand cannot go to any country in the world where they can make a decent living.

Research

During the relatively long period of time of my Ward and High School and Academy years, practically nothing was taught me about the origin of most of the facts and information presented from day to day in text books and class rooms. Whence this knowledge? How did it come to be? We were instructed to learn it, and not primarily to think about it or question it. I am speaking of a period fifty to sixty years ago. At present our pedagogical methods have no doubt improved, and more of the knowledge is presented to the pupils from the point of view of historical development with the idea of stimulating them to be resourceful, to think and to apply. At least, I hope this is true. Our

educational methods and programs however are still far from ideal, and experts in this field differ widely both in theory and in practice.

I am very sure that more should be taught about the discovery of facts and their uses, in other words, about research, than has ever been done heretofore in our early educational systems. It is the most natural and the most efficient way to teach children the meaning of their everyday experiences.

Before going to the University of Wisconsin in 1894, I had scarcely heard the words "research", "investigation", "original work", etc. At the University, however, there was a very different atmosphere. First, I came in direct contact with this atmosphere in my rooming house (619 Francis St., Madison, Wis) and indeed in the person of my roommate, Elmer Gittens, a Racine boy, a few years my senior. At the time, he was an upper classman writing a thesis for graduation in American History under the direction of Prof. Frederick J. Turner, renowned Historian of the Winning of our great West. Every day Elmer perused old newspapers, magazines, old books, pamphlets, etc., found in the great Wisconsin State Historical Library. He talked and talked historical research, source materiel, investigation, mass movements of people, pioneers and emigrants, primitive environment, etc., much of which he would tell me had never been written or set down in any text book. Other upper classmen in the house were similarly interested in theses, in "problems" in "research". At meal time these "problems determined the character of the table talk. These older students (many were graduates) were intensely interested in their studies and naturally occupied the center of the conversational stage. The few of us Freshmen who were there could do little but listen; often in astonishment, it should be said, which was about the best thing that could happen to us at that critical period in our careers.

And then, in the Laboratories and Lectures we were made conscious of "research methods", "the approach to problems", perhaps an offhand remark by an instructor or a Professor that this or that idea required investigation or confirmation. Some of the men who early impressed me thus were Dean E. A. Birge in Zoology, William Snow Miller in Anatomy, Dean Russell and Prof. Frost in Bacteriology, Frederick J. Turner in American History, B. J. Snow in Physics, and Prof. Louis Kahlenberg in Physical Chemistry.

With the latter I did my Graduation Thesis on the topic, "The Inversion of Cane Sugar by colored Salts", using the freezing point method since the polariscope could not be used because of the color of the solution. At that time nothing was known about this subject. (This thesis was completed and is on file at the University of Wisconsin. Unfortunately, my own copy was lost.) Kahlenberg was a stimulating teacher, though somewhat erratic in his ideas.

During my Junior year I took a conference course in Bacteriology under Drs. Russell and Frost. At that time the problem of tuberculosis in cattle was new and the diagnosis by Kochs Tuberculin was coming into use to detect the disease especially in the dairy herds. During my Christmas holidays (1897), I obtained some of the Tuberculin from Dr. Russell and tested our herd of about 30 animals at Racine, then owned by my brother-in-law, Sam Walker. About 1/3 of the animals reacted positively. The farmer then had no recourse. Some of these animals were disposed of at once. One or two died within a year. The recognition of the existence of a relatively high percentage of tuberculosis

(20% to 40%) in the dairy herds at that time was a most disheartening experience for the farmers. Many at first would not believe it, and some rebelled. This was in the very early years of the important campaign in this country to eradicate bovine tuberculosis. It took nearly 50 years to consummate the program, which proved to be one of the most significant contributions of all time to preventive medicine for both humans and cattle. (For the terminal stages and ultimate success of the campaign see attached paper by Howard R. Smith of Wilmette (1944), General Manager of the U. S. Live Stock Prevention Board, Chicago.) The little part that I took in these early tests for bovine tuberculosis was really my first research problem, if such it may be called. This experience had much to do in stimulating my interest in investigation in human medicine in later years, and also in impressing upon me the importance of Veterinary medicine for the progress and study of human diseases (see my several papers on this subject in my Bound Volumes).

My teaching experience at the Berlin High School was of no benefit to me so far as research was concerned, though in other ways it afforded training and certain disciplines valuable to any young person. But at least it did not lessen my interest in research. So, when I entered Rush Medical College in the fall of 1900 I was eager for opportunities to carry on some investigations, in addition to my regular medical work. Such opportunities soon arose. Rush College at that time was pretty crude in the Sciences, especially when compared with the U. of Wisconsin. Dr. L. F Barker had recently come to the University of Chicago from Johns Hopkins as Prof. of Anatomy. Rush was then affiliated with the U. of Chicago and so Prof. Barker gave some of the Lectures in Anatomy of first year students. After a few weeks had passed on the West Side, I, together with Dr. G. F. Ruediger, a Wisconsin boy with whom I was then rooming, spoke to Barker about our general courses and problems. At once he invited us to go down to the University of Chicago where he thought a more satisfactory program of study could be arranged. This we did. Just then, in anticipation of removing all of the Medical Sciences (first two years) to the U. of Chicago campus, several of the most important courses were then being given there. Thus we were able to go on with Human Anatomy under Barker, Flint and others, Physiology under Jacques Loeb, Physiological Chemistry under A. P. Mathews (later under Stewart), Neurology under H. H. Donaldson, Chemistry under Stieglitz, and Pathology under Hektoen and H. G. Wells. Even still more important than the above courses under such competent masters, there were opportunities to attend many more special courses and lectures in the general University.

For the next two years I remained on the South Side campus completing practically all required medical courses, and also registering as a candidate for a Ph. D. degree with a major in Pathology (and Bacteriology) and a minor in Physiology. At the end of that time and during the summer of 1902 I returned to the West Side (Rush) there to continue my medical work by that time largely clinical. Though I also continued to pursue certain of the studies commenced earlier on the south Side, for my Doctorate. For a time I worked with Dr. H. H. Donaldson in Neurology, and with him published a joint paper on "Cross Section of the Human Spinal Cord" (see Vol. I).

As soon as I returned to the West Side I began certain studies with Dr. Hektoen and later with Doctor E. R. LeCount in Pathology. Several special problems were undertaken. One of the first was a case of osteomalacia in the

male, specimens of which came from a patient of Dr. T. A. Davis. Bone sections were prepared by Schmorl's stain, some of which I still possess. This study was written as a joint paper for the Annals of Surgery, after it had been presented to the Chicago Surgical Society (see Reprints Vol. I).

Several fatal cases of hydrophobia appeared at about that time at the Presbyterian Hospital. I transferred the disease from the human to rabbits by sub-dural inoculation. Sections of human and rabbit brains were examined for the Negri bodies which had then only recently been described by Negri in Italy in 1903. These bodies were readily found in sections, and at that time were shown at the Chicago Pathological Society. Later this work was published in the Journal of the American Medical Association (see Reprints). These specimens of Negri bodies were the first to be demonstrated in Chicago, possibly in the U.S.

Dr. James Nevins Hyde a little later in his Dermatological Clinic encountered a suspicious case of Sporotrichosis. I made cultures on blood sugar agar from the lesions, and shortly the typical growths appeared. This was the beginning of several contributions made by me in the field of human Fungus Infection, all of which appear in my Reprint Volumes.

In 1904-05, several cases - a mild epidemic, indeed - of meningococcus infections appeared in Chicago. I made cultures from a number of cases, and with the organisms performed some experiments which seemed important enough to publish in the Journal of Infectious Diseases (two papers in Vol. I of Reprints).

About this same time, Mrs. Frank Lillie (who was a Crane) wished to support some investigative work on the etiology of whooping cough at the Institute for Infectious Diseases. Through Dr. Hektoen, arrangements were made for me to undertake this work, for which I received a salary of $100 per month, the expense and general support of the investigation coming from the Institute. This work lead me into the general field of hemophilic bacteria, studies of which I pursued for many years and published numerous papers (see Reprint Volumes). Also out of this work there came to me an interest in all throat bacteria, and especially in streptococci. Later this led to investigations on septic sore throat and related problems growing out of studies on the milk-borne epidemic that appeared in Chicago in 1910-11. (Reprints of these studies are included in Reprint Volumes I and II.)

The researches mentioned above, together with a few others of lesser importance, led to publications in various medical Journals amounting to some 100 papers or more. Interspersed with them from time to time were articles of a more general nature, together with some addresses, chiefly medical and educational. (They are included in Reprints Volumes I, II and III.)

If I were to sum up briefly the more significant contributions, I would outline them as follows:

1. Early work on Meningococcus Infections
   (see two papers in Reprint Volumes)
2. Early, perhaps the earliest, proofs in the U. S. that Bacillus influenze (B. of Pfeiffer) was <u>not</u> the cause of Influenze. (see papers in Reprint Volumes from 1905-1920)

3. First proof that two definite chemical substances could serve in a way similar to Vitamins.
(Food Accessory Substances Papers in Reprint Volumes)
(See Monograph by Martin Kristensen: Hemoglobinophilic Bacteria with my Reprints.)
4. Hemolytic Streptococci are normally present in tonsils and throat; greatly increased in numbers in throat infections.
5. Streptococcus edpidemicus, the cause of milk-bourne sore throat.
(see early papers in Reprints)
(also see Monograph on "Streptococci" by Frost and Englebright in my Reprints)
6. Mechanism of Udder Infections with hemolytic streptococci from the exterior.
(Papers with Dr. Capps)
7. Several historical papers
Fenger Lecture on Pathology and Public Health
Public Health Curriculum
Message from the Caduceus.
Global Disease
(Volume III Reprints)
8. Fuso-spirochorte Infections
(see reprints)

When I joined the University of Illinois in 1913, I undertook a program of research in the Department of Pathology and Bacteriology (including Public Health) gradually increasing the staff members and advanced and graduate students. Most of these staff members were registered in the Graduate School, and their names and status are officially recorded in the University records for the succeeding years.

Volumes of Collected Reprints were issued from time to time containing the research papers of the members of the Department. These volumes from Vol. 1 to IX are in most of the Medical Libraries of the country. They were concluded with Vol. IX because at that time the great depression of 1929-31 came on, making it necessary to drastically curtail all budgets of the College. They were never revived. (Voo. I to IX are in my library.)

Politics

I must admit I have never been overenthusiastic about politics. There are good politics and bad politics. We should, of course, promote the former and oppose the latter. But our politics in this country, and probably in every democratic country, rarely is all good or all bad. Our political administrators have ways of arranging the political problems so as to almost hopelessly intertwine the desirable and the undesirable. No doubt this is due partly to the nature of the problems as they arise. It reminds one of what General Grant said near the close of his long life that only in his later years did he learn to decide issues on the basis of the lesser of two evils. Almost never in making a decision of any consequence is the question one of a choice between 100% good and 100% bad. So we must commit ourselves if possible to a greater good and a lesser evil.

Earlier in these notes, I told some things about the kind of Wisconsin politics into which I was born. It was Republican through and through. It was in places just after the Civil War, known as the "Lincoln brand". One of my earliest memories was a group of men, among them my fether, wearing red oilcloth capes and hats and bearing smoking torches and returning to our house after a political street parade in Racine. It must have been during th campaign of Garfield, at which time - 1880 - I was five years old. I have also just a faint recollection of the shooting of Garfield in 1881 by Guiteau. When somewhat older I well recall viewing the political parades of the times and attending the mass meetings in Racine. I knew nothing of the issues, of course, and remember only one word "Tariff". It seemed to me that was about all there was to politics, and what it was I knew not.

I recall something of the bitter campaign that resulted in the election of Grover Cleveland for President in 1884. In our section, the people thought the country would soon "go to the dogs" because this was the first democratic victory since the Civil War. But it didn't.

I recall fairly well the depression of 1893. Money was scarce and prices low, and there were hard times, especially for the poor. When I was at the University of Wisconsin in 1896 there arose the famous 16 to 1 silver issue supported by William Jennings Bryan (born in Illinois) of Nebraska, as democratic candidate for the Presidency. He was defeated by William McKinley on the issue of bimetallism versus the gold standard. I well recall both Bryan and McKinley speaking during the campaign in the old University of Wisconsin Gymnasium before packed houses. I was then on the University Glee Club which sang patriotic songs on both these occasions. Bryan was then a handsome man in his middle thirties. He was a brilliant orator and debater, though anything but a statesman. He remained the central figure in the democratic party for 30 years, and was defeated three times for the Presidency. It took at least two national elections to defeat the free silver issue. That issue is a remarkable illustration of the persistency of great national questions. One may well wonder what would have been the result if "free silver" had won at that time. Perhaps nothing serious.

During the summer of 1901 (September) one day when I was at my sister Alice's home, the news came that President McKinley had been shot in Buffalo, N.Y. One bullet penetrated his abdomen. He was attended by Dr. Parkes of Buffalo, a well known surgeon. Early reports were favorable, but a few days later the President died of peritonitis, as did most persons receiving such wounds at that time. How different today with the sulpha and other drugs at our disposal!

This tragedy furnished the opportunity for Theodore Roosevelt, then Vice President, to become President and to carry on his dramatic career for many years. He became the despair of the old line Republicans. He championed a grand program of conservation and succeeded in building the Panama Canal. In 1904 he was elected for another term to the Presidency. He revelled in the expansion of the country made possible by the Spanish American War. He refused to run for a third term in 1908, and W. H. Taft was elected on the Republican ticket. Soon Taft was making concessions right and left to the old line Republicans. In 1912 Roosevelt decided to again run but was defeated for the Republican nomination. It was at this time that he organized the "Bull

Moose" Progressive party. This split the Republicans, and the democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson, was elected, thereby becoming the World War I President.

I was able to attend the "Bull Moose" convention in the old Coliseum in Chicago at the time Theodore Roosevelt was nominated. Of course there was no opposition. After several preliminary speeches "Teddy" appeared on the platform amidst wild applause and floor parades which lasted 45 minutes. He then spoke for an hour or more outlining the Progressive Party's program, but spending most of his time lambasting the old line Republican machine.

I cast my first vote in the National Election in 1896 at the Mt. Pleasant Town Hall near Racine, Wis. I voted for Wm. McKinley for President, as I recall also for a straight Republican ticket. I was attending the University ot Madison at the time. Politicians, through the railroads, saw to it that about all students who wished to go home to vote were given free transportation. I was such a lucky student. It was not altogether the railroads' or the students' fault. For the local politicians would not permit the students to vote in Madison. I think all that has been changed since.

I have voted in every National Election since, and always for the Republican candicate for President, excepting the vote I cast for Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 as the Progressive Party candidate. In 1944, I cast my vote for F D. Roosevelt because of the War issues. I regret I did not vote for Woodrow Wilson in 1916. However at that election matters were very complicated since Wilson' ran on the slogan "he kept us out of war". In a year or so we were forced to declare war on Germany. At that time we had heard nothing about the League of Nations, a later creation of Wilson and others, especially Smuts.

During my life time, and especially in my later years, the principles and issues of the Republican and Democratic parties have shifted to such a degree that at present it means little to be one or the other. Both are opportunists. Each at times has sponsored both liberal and conservative views. For example, years ago the Democratic Party was the States Rights party. The southern states at the time of the Civil War seceded on this basis, largely under the leadership of Calhoun who in his early life was an ardent Nationalist. Now, in 1944, this party under F D. Roosevelt is promoting and developing Federal authority to the extent, in the opinion of many people, of largely subordinating the rights of the states in their local affairs. In the matter of a protective tariff, the Democratic Party, being the party of the South, have quite consistently stood for low tariff rates.

Whatever may have been the ultimate causes of our several wars in the United States (since the war of 1812), it happend that Lincoln and McKinley were our Republican War Presidents and Wilson and F. D. Roosevelt were our Democratic War Presidents. And, <u>in general,</u> they were supported by their respective party Congresses.

Political machines, both Democratic and Republican, especially in our large cities are among our greatest public curses. Both are equally bad. Political tickets, split on the basis of the individual qualifications of the candidates, difficult though this may be to do under our voting system, is about our only recourse. In late years we have made some progress along this line but still have a long way to go. The attitude of the South in this respect is especially unfortunate. For years (since the Civil War) it maintains, and not

without some very good reasons, that their political position requires a defensive Democratic vote against the usually stronger Republican North. Our recent Roosevelt-Dewey election (1944) again indicates the truth of this statement.

Note. The autobiography of William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, is the fairest and best summary of American Politics during the last 60 years, in my opinion.

Sports

Every normal boy is interested in games and sports. Beginning at an early age I loved them all. Marbles was my earliest favorite sport, promoted chiefly at the old Fratt and Beebee Schools. I think, for two or three years, I was able to "strut" about the Beebee School as the acknowledged champion in this sport, which didn't mean much because the total attendance was about 30 boys and girls. But I surely did like to play that game and to this day I love a marble.

About the same time baseball became the popular sport, both within and without schools and in amateur and professional circles. At that period (in the later eighties and nineties) baseball became the great American game and has had no rivals since. The National League then was tops in baseball. It was the day of "Pop" Anson of Chicago and Dan Bronthers of Detroit.

I played ball on every occasion, at home in the evenings with the neighbors' boys, and at school. For a time we had a local team known as the Mt. Pleasant team. I was then about 14. I recall playing a team from Somers, and we were ignominiously defeated (about 30 to 5). When I went to the University of Wisconsin I elected to play baseball in lieu of athletics, which privilege was granted me. During my sophomore year I played on the class team. Herewith is a photo of the team taken in front of the gymnasium on the lower University campus. We were pretty good! Next year I made a place on the University team, but by then I had decided to take a premedical course which demanded my afternoons for laboratory work. That ended my ambitions in that sport. I played very little after that, but I still enjoy the game and on occasions attend the big league series. To this day I like to watch baseball better than football.

I played practically no tennis in my life. I loved to skate when a youngster and continued to enjoy skating until I was nearly thirty. I learned to swim in the old swimming hole at the side of the railroad on our farm near Racine. I was about 8 or 9 when I learned. I recall the very day when I first acquired a few successful dog-fashioned strokes. The old swimming hole about 5 ft. deep was a dirty place, as a rule, the bottom covered with glass and sharp stones and in places with soft mud. In the late summer when the water was low, it became foul with green scum and often teemed with mud puppies, frogs, toads and snakes.

I was never a good swimmer and usually became quite exhausted after 30 or 40 yards. Thus it is today. But I always enjoyed the dip and especially so in the clear waters of Crystal Lake, Michigan.

My first experience in fishing consisted in catching minnows in the old swimming hole, using an ordinary pin bent into a hook and baited with small angle worms. Often we boys caught red and grey crayfish or "crabs" as we called them then. In the ditch in our pasture, especially in the spring, these "Crabs" were abundant. We also speared them with a spear made by driving a nail or two in the end of a short pole and sharpening the tips. But for a number of years our great sport was spearing suckers in Pike and Osborne Creeks. During the month of April these fish came up the rivers and creeks from Lake Michigan in large numbers to spawn. There were no restrictions on catching them. Quantities of them were taken by dip nets. At night the spawning fish lay on the riffles, often in enorrous numbers. A three- or four-tined spear was used by the fishermen who waded the creeks in rubber boots and, with a lantern in one hand, speared the fish as they splashed about in the shallow water. It was customary to go down to the creek just before dark and make a huge fire near the bank. Soon the fish began to "run". From then on to well toward morning the catch was made. Literally hundreds were caught. Some were eaten fresh. At times many were salted down in barrels for summer consumption. These suckers were on the average 15 to 20 inches (or more) in length and weighed 3 to 4 lbs. In the spring, when the water was cold their meat was firm and was fairly good. Later in the year they became soft. They are extremely bony and therefore not popular as a food fish.

Golf

It was in 1902 that I first teed up a golf ball. I was attending the University of Chicago and rooming with G. F Ruediger; also associated with E. C. Rosenow and several other students all of whom felt the need of some recreation. At that time there was a short nine-hole course in Jackson Park and it was there a few of us began to play. A year ot two later, a longer course, then called the South Course, was opened and here we continued to play off and on for several years, and even after I and the others of the group moved to the West Side. When working in 1903 to 1906 and later at the Memorial Institute, we continued to play occasionally at Jackson Park, as well as at a few other courses. I took no lessons then or later - which was a mistake.

I played with Myra who then enjoyed the game both before and after we were married. When we moved to Wilmette in 1915 I joined the old Evanston Golf Club, then located on the Ridge and extending west and north along the canal. About 1920 the old club grounds were sold and the new course acquired on Dempster St., out toward Niles Center where it still is. I remained a member there for several years, rssigning about 1928 or thereabouts. I then joined the Wilmette Club on Lake St. for a time, and later I resigned and joined the Illinois Country Club, largely because a group of my Wilmette friends were members there. In the meantime we had built our summer cottage at Crystal Lake, Mich. There after a few years, the beautiful Crystal Downs Club was opened which I joined some time in the thirties. This took care of our summer golf then, and continues to do so still. My game hasn't changed much during the last 20 years or so. I was never a long shooter. I developed a fairly accurate approach and putt game. Of late years my game averages about 85. When going fairly well in the summer I may play in the low eighties and occasionally break into the high seventies. In 1939 I won the club championship at Crystal Downs from David Ewing playing the finals in 77. The trophy I have in my study together with pertinent data. I

think it a beautiful piece and prize it highly.

There are some disadvantages about the game of golf - the expense and the distance to clubs which often is time consuming. But as a life game it stands by itself. It is excellent for youth, for middle life, and for old age. The intensity and deviation of the game are easily varied to suit the individual. It is well adapted even for persons partially handicapped - certain heart cases, nutritional disorders, arthritics, phychoses and the like. I commend it highly to young people both men and women; and begin by taking at least a few lessons from a professional.

During the summer of 1945, I played some the best golf in my life. Owing to the war, we were restricted to the first nine of Crystal Downs. In August, after my usual erratic game of the early season, I played the nine pretty regularly about forty or better. On August 10 (Myra's birthday) I made a 33 - (Pars plus 2 birdies). Also a total of 75 - a few days later two 38's for a 76. (See attested card!)

Religion

The teachings of the church and Sunday School and of the older members of my family, especially my mother, were such in my early years that I was led to believe implicitly in a literal heaven and hell; also in a Bible written or inspired by God directly or indirectly and which commanded me what to do and what not to do. Any violations of such commands was a sin and would subject me to severe and eternal punishment and damnation (whatever that meant to a youngster of five).

During this period too (1870-1900) meeting were conducted in churches, camp sites, halls, etc., by professional evangelists aided by a corps of workers and singers. Dwight L. Moody, the noted evangelist of Chicago and Ira D. Sankey, the singer and composer of songs, were known throughout the country for their effective evangelistic excursions. The people assembled in great crowds and converts were numbered by the thousands. As a rule the exhortation took the form of an invitation to "come to Jesus" and"be saved". Also the tacit assumption was made that, with the exception of a certain select few, all were sinners and needed redemption and salvation to escape the torments and fires of hell etc., etc.

I well remember in the early eighties going with my mother and others to the Moody revival meetings in Racine. Moody was a short stocky forceful person using a type of eloquence highly convincing to those of an emotional type of mind.

Such teachings and experiences naturally made a deep impression on my mind as I think they do on all young minds subjected to them. To this day I feel that certain of my reactions and emotions unconsciously or even consciously are determined by these early teachings. For example, at the present time, swearing, drinking, Sunday sports and similar acts give rise in me to an immediate feeling that they are sinful (as I was early taught) which feeling precedes a more rational reaction that soon follows and usually determines my final behavior.

In my later years and particularly during the period I attended the Universities, a somewhat comprehensive study of the sciences had a profound effect in changing the religious point of view I had acquired early in life. The trend was definitely away from the mystical and the emotional and toward the rational and the liberal. During that period (the Eighteen Nineties) this experience was an almost universal one for young people during their collegiate years.

In my own case it was the studies in comparative sciences, especially the biological ones, that seemed to appeal to me and to exercise the greatest influence on my ideas and my thinking.

For example, when a student at the Universities of Wisconsin and Chicago, I took courses in Comparative Anatomy under William Snow Miller, Comparative Psychology under Joseph Jastrow, Comparative Physiology under Jacque Loeb, and Comparative Religion under William Rainey Harper, George Foster, Dean Mathews, James Breasted, Rabbi Hirsch and others (in Lecture Series). In my library is a series of small books giving briefly from a comparative point of view, the nature and origin of most of the great religions of mankind, all of which I have read. Many are from the pen of noted English writers.

The following historical observation also early impressed me and broadened my point of view. In this country from the beginning, the influence of various religious groups has been very great and as F. J. Turner taught, one cannot understand American history and development without knowing something of the comparative history of these religious movements; for example, the Pilgrims and Congregationalists of New England, the Quakers of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the Catholics of Maryland, the Episcopalians of Virginia, the French Huguenots of the Carolinas and Georgia, and the Mormons who left their trail across the country from New York to Salt Lake City.

Based upon or perhaps determined by such studies and observations as the above, in time reason naturally became more and more dominant in my life, though always modified to some degree by my early beliefs, teachings, feelings, and emotions. The outcome was a complexity of urges and restraints resulting in a course of action, in any given situation, that depended on a sort of "balance" struck by this interplay of variable factors.

These studies and experiences also taught me to accept conclusions regarding the Bible somewhat as follows: This Book is a monumental story or series of stories of a certain ancient people (The Hebrews) who were intelligent (or fortunate) enough to have made early written records, some of which, by chance, escaped the devastations of the centuries and have persisted to modern times. These records in the form of the Old Testament, were gathered from the traditions, mythology and experiences of these and other peoples and were set down in the form of prose, poetry and songs interspersed with aphorisms and proverbs. To the ancient records were added some centuries later the facts and stories of Jesus Christ and his followers, written in a different language

Footnote. I have a small collection of books on the Quakers, having become interested some years ago in their contributions to medicine, a topic which I then wrote up and published in the Bulletin of the Chicago Society of Medical History (see Vol. III of my publications) My wife Myra descended from Quakers on her mother's side. Many thousands of my Welsh ancestors became followers of George Fox in the 17th century in England and Wales, and of William Penn in this country.

and form, fulfulling the Old Testament prophesy of the Messiah. Largely through the teachings of the Apostles and especially of Paul, Christ became the "Savior of Mankind". In a mystical sense, as well as in a material sense by many, he was identified (almost) with God and from him Christianity arose. Then through the centuries in a most amazing and magnificent way, around the figure of Christ and also of his mother Mary, have been created institutions, churches, temples, cathedrals, colleges, universities, hospitals, etc., of such magnitude and grandeur (and at times of depravity) that they have been the despair of disbelievers and competititors and even have baffled the world of modern science.

On the relation of the Bible and the church to Religion, over and over again I have noted the point stressed that Religion is the basic vital phenomenon, the Bible and the church being merely accessories. This has always seemed a helpful viewpoint and one which so often returns to me in any attempt I may make to follow through to something more satisfying. For this purpose, I think the most helpful treatise for me has been H. L. Willette's "The Bible through the Centuries". It is a modern, sane contribution written in a simple style and I think especially suitable for "reasonable intelligent people" who have had in their careers more or less training in science, as most modern students now have had. (I have a copy - G.217 - in my library, inscribed to Dorland J. Davis.)

But out of it all - I mean Religion, the Church, the Bible and all that they have created and inspired - there has issued values of the first order: The wisdom literature of the old Testament, the Psalms, the Ten Commmandments, the sayings of Jesus, the Sermon on the Mount, the institutions of Christmas and Easter, the dignity and style of a great ancient literature, etc. To which we may add the music, art and sculpture of the centuries by the great masters centering in the Christian religion which in some inscrutable way mankind was inspired to create.

Footnote. In Toynbee's "The Story of History" 1947, is detailed the importance of Religion in the great encounters between the civilization of the world and especially the role of Christianity in Western civilization. (This book is in my home library.)

Footnote. Since writing the above there has appeared a helpful volume entitled "The Bible and the Common Reader" by Mary Ellen Chase (published by Macmillan & Co. 1944). It is beautifully written. Her point of view is a liberal one and coincides closely with that of Willett and other modern scholars. Her references to recent literature in the Foreword and Appendix are pertinent and comprehensive.

Footnote. Here too we may include the literature of priceless value to medicine, for example, the Religio Medici of Sir Thomas Browne so fine in thought and phrase that pursuant to the request of Sir Wm. Osler when alive a copy of his first edition was placed in his hand while his body was lying in state at Oxford. Also the tribute to the revered family doctor as expressed by Ian Maclaren (John Watson) in his renowned "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush".

In the face of such an array of values, expressions and contributions well might the world be impressed. What a devastating catastrophe were it all obliterated as some of it is now (1945) being daily obliterated by bombs!

For me personally, out of it all emerges certain values having to do with the higher and finer qualities and traits of life; spiritual teachings related to truth, justice, mercy, compassion, kindness, love, understanding, faith, hope, charity, temperance, honesty, loyalty, courage, etc. These teachings are conducted on a high moral plane as expressed in the Bible and in church Literature. To most persons, I think these values are what has made the Bible the most widely read as well as the most widely distributed book in the world, As yet, no other literature has approached it, an arresting fact it itself, whatever one's attitude and beliefs may be.

To me, it means primarily that through the ages, various peoples have created this literature out of their lives and experiences, and better than any others it serves and satisfies them as they "grope" forward in this world, meeting its problems as best they can.

In thinking through these teachings and issues at this point, I am constrained to insert some comments on immortality since various conceptions of it have played an important role both in science and in many of our great religions. Immortality is an ancient idea which grew out of the experiences and the wishful thinking of peoples subjected to the hardships and suffering that prevailed for the majority of mankind throughout the long ages before our modern era. It developed entirely apart from Science. It was based on mythology, tradition and superstition and was interwoven with the prevailing systems of religion, sorcery, witchcraft, etc., that the various peoples accepted and promoted. (See Frazer;s "The Golden Bough".)

With the advent of modern science, many of these superstitions and beliefs, including immortality, were subjected to analysis and either profoundly modified or completely overthrown. There were exceptions and many have continued with little or no change in their religions and spiritual aims through the centuries. As to their various concepts of immortality for example, many of them have been preserved largely in their ancient original form for mystical religious and spiritual purposes; which we must admit are not only satisfying to many persons, but a source of happiness and comfort. Others, however, have been greatly changed or discarded altogether.

From a strictly scientific standpoint, immortality concerns physical life, that is it concerns those manifestations of protoplasm which may continue indefinitely. Scientifically, we cannot think of life apart from this physical basis. All we can do therefore is to dicuss immortality with certain limitations and restrictions; which, of course, from the start begs the question. This is what is done when in a biological museum one sees over exhibits of cell division and reproduction the words "Cells are immortal". They are potentially immortal. They are immortal only in case they happen to escape certain contingencies and/or accidents, such as complete extinction of life on the earth, or on all earths and stars be cosmic catastrophies or in some other way.

As to individual and personal immortality, as expressed so beautifully in the lines of George Elliot (as quoted below) this can exist at least theoretically only as long as physical life continues. With the cessation of all physical

life, personal influences of one life on another ceases. Or perhaps we should say such a statement has no meaning from the standpoint of science, as we know it today. The problem of the relation of immortality to evolution is pertinent here.

Modern science now has accepted both inorganic and organic evolution. It is difficult for anyone to understand how an honest person knowing the rudiments of biology and astronomy could accept any other conclusion. Other systems of thought along this line simply do not make sense. The observations of Charles Darwin together with what was learned both before and after him have brought forth such convincing evidence that all other conceptions of origin and creation have been effectively supplanted. When I was a youth, it was sacriligious to discuss Darwin and his ideas. He was a monster whom the devil was using to destroy religion. I, as well as thousands of our generation, had to overcome such teachings. This meant a radical reorientation of many of our youthful points of view, especially immortality, which often resulted in moral and spiritual tragedies. The two or three generations following Darwin will go down in history as having successfully adjusted themselves to the most violent impact of new and profound thoughtto which the human race was ever subjected in such a short period of time. The success attained by these generations well merits the attention of historians (as well as the admiration of mankind!)

Growing out of, and also supporting, these ideas of a gradual evolving and dynamic world and universe ("Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change" - Tennyson) are many intriguing problems which bear on the future of human beings, as they now are, and also which may determine our attitude toward life, whether a depressing and hopeless pessimism or a hopeful and encouraging optimism.

Here is one substantial viewpoint presented by Prof. James Breasted which has in my later years appealed strongly to me. It is a long range expression of hope based upon his observations on the evolution of Conscience and Character. It is radiant with optimism and therefore satisfying to a great many people. Near the close of his longlife, Breasted brought together all his experiences, studies, and ideas in a masterful book which he entitled "The "Dawn of Conscience" (G-278) concluding that there existed littleor no evidence that before 5,000 years ago conscience existed as such in the behavior of man. Before that time for a million years, more or less, man lived quite as other animals have lived during the ages. The higher and finer things in life, in a word character, were as yet largely or entirely latent. Then gradually emerged those finer qualities in man's behavior which are continuing to the present day, though even still in their incipiency.

In the midst of the world's turmoil and brutality, many persons may be inclined to say there is little hope for the future of mankind. But Prof. Breaste boldly says in effect: Give man another 5000 years, relatively a short time in his history and conscience and character will have reached a stage of development that will largely exclude from his behavior the lower and coarser things in life - wars, crime, brutality, ignorance, dishonesty, etc., etc. These statements, I feel, are the expressions of an optimist, facing the future with courage, confidence and faith in humanity.

In sharp contrast with this forthright statement of Prof. Breasted is a viewpoint expressed by Prof. Arnold J. Toynbee in his recent "Civilization on Trial" in the chapter on Christianity and Civilization, page 248. To some, his viewpoint may seem a realistic one. But to me it appears not only depressing and pessimistic but contrary to the essential principle of progressive evolution, one might even add, contrary to fact. Here is his statement: "I have already confessed my own adherence to the traditional Christian view that there is no reason to expect any change in unredeemed human nature while human life on earth goes on. Till this earth ceases to be physically habitable by man, we may expect that the endowments of individual human beings with original sin and with natural goodness will be about the same on the average as they always have been so far as our knowledge goes. The most primitive societies known to us in the life or by report provide examples of as great natural goodness as, and no lesser wickedness than, the highest civilizations or religious societies that have yet come into existence. There has been no perceptible variation in the average sample of human nature in the past; there is no ground in the evidence afforded by history, to expect any great variation in the future either for better or for worse."

As indicated above, in my younger years the information I received regarding death and the thereafter was such that, if I conformed to certain artifical standards of conduct, death need not be feared. In many ways it would be a pleasant experience introducing one to a future existence where one would have about everything he couldn't have in this life and where standards of living were high and where one lived agreeably with our neighbors, relatives and friends, etc., etc., forever and ever. The material difficulties of such a continuing existence did not then loom large and were not inquired into too closely. Or if sharp questions came out of the minds of the little folks, they were successfully parried, the older folk in those days having become past master in the art of mental diversion or suppression (like our politicians of today).

But later on, there came about changes which were gradual and often imperceptible in our viewpoints, especially about the so-called future life. For me, and in general for the young persons with whom I was associated in the neighborhood, in church and in shcool more and more the material elements were eliminated some way, somehow from the problem. The physical body retunred to the dust. But "dust thou art, to dust returneth was not spoken of the soul". So little by little the future life became identified with the qualities of the person, the spirit, the character, the good, the bad, etc., etc., all of which could continue indefinitely in the world in the lives of associates. The influence of the good and the bad continued as do the molecular "disturbances" set up by "throwing a stone in the water which will reach the farthest shore and even these will, by impact, continue the disturbance in the stones and rocks" without end. (Possibly a dangerous analogy.) So in human life the good, the bad and the indifferent, ideas, opinions, emotions, etc., become perpetuated, merging into the great totality of the Universe, the trend being (and this is a Christian assumption (Breasted)) toward the better, the good, God, etc.

With exceptions, and many of them, this concept of immortality is the one I think the great majority of thinking persons subscribe to at the present time. Among such persons are included most scientists. In this age, the demands for exactness, facts, reason, common sense, the concrete, and above all the simple and understandable, are becoming ever more pressing. This is

true concerning every topic regardless of its nature. Our thinking and behaving are away from the mysterious, the superstitious and traditional into the clearer light of science and humanity.

In the broad conception and meaning of immortality as above set forth mankind need not fear that it may lose anything. There can be fitted into such a pattern all of the finest and highest and truest thoughts the human mind has ever conceived (including Lecomte du Nouy). There may be included those things having transcendental and poetical values sufficient to satisfy persons desiring and requiring such spiritual objectives.(See "Science and the Supernatural" by A. H Compton. Scientific Monthly, Dec. 1946.)

Indicative of the depth of interest that immortality has ever had for human kind, is the fact that for this reason or for that, it has caused the world to think and ponder and meditate as few other problems have. One result has been that these efforts have yielded values of priceless worth to humanity in many of the basic fields of thought and expression. This is especially true in the form of Literature, as already alluded to. As examples selected from the expressions of some of our greatest minds and hearts are the following quotations:

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

Of this, from George Eliot, many but not all will say, what finer or higher form of immortality could mankind wish or hope for.

Or this, also from George Eliot:

"That better self shall live till human time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever. This is life to come."

Or Lincoln's Gettysburg address, whose every line fairly breathes forth the spirit of immortality: "but it can never forget what they did here," "that these dead shall not have died in vain," "that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth," etc., etc. There is little wonder that this "breath of Immortality" itself, has become immortal.

Or from Louis Pasteur:

"I see everywhere the inevitable expression of the Infinite in the world; through it the supernatural is at the bottom of every heart. The idea of God is a form of the idea of the Infinite. As long as the mystery of the Infinite weighs on human thought, temples will be erected for the worship of the Infinite whether God is called Brahma, Allah, Jehovah or Jesus, and on the pavement of those temples men will be seen kneeling, prostrated, annihilated in the thought of the Infinite."

Or, the following from Mumford's "Faith for Living", p. 333:

Man's Destiny

> Man's destiny is a great one because the essence of it is tragic. All that he builds crumbles; all that he embodies turns to dust; all that he loves most he must one day leave behind him. That which alone endures on earth is the spirit in which he understands and meets his fate. This he passes on to his children and his comrades: only a breath indeed, but the breath of life. Death comes to all; but death comes best to those who are ready to die, so that Man may live. The words of Jesus are ultimate in their wisdom: "He that loseth his life shall find it." That applies to individual men; it applies to nations and peoples. No smaller faith will console us for temporary defeats, sustain us in the hours of despair, or give us the strength to push through to victory."

As a final word regarding matters having to do with religion, as with all other human institutions, including literature, music, language, mores, architecture, etc., etc., the basic evolutionary principle prevails, namely, that the various peoples of the world comprising the nations, races and tribes, in the long run create the type of institutions that seem in general to conform to their necessities, and to their natures, habits and modes of life. Since all peoples change incessantly, their institutions tend to change accordingly. These dynamic adjustments and reactions occurring as they do continually, constitute a significant phase of the process of human evolution.

3087.